THE WORLD CRISIS by ANTHONY EDEN

FEB. 11, 1939

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Y A LEADING AMERICAN CRIMINOLOGIST

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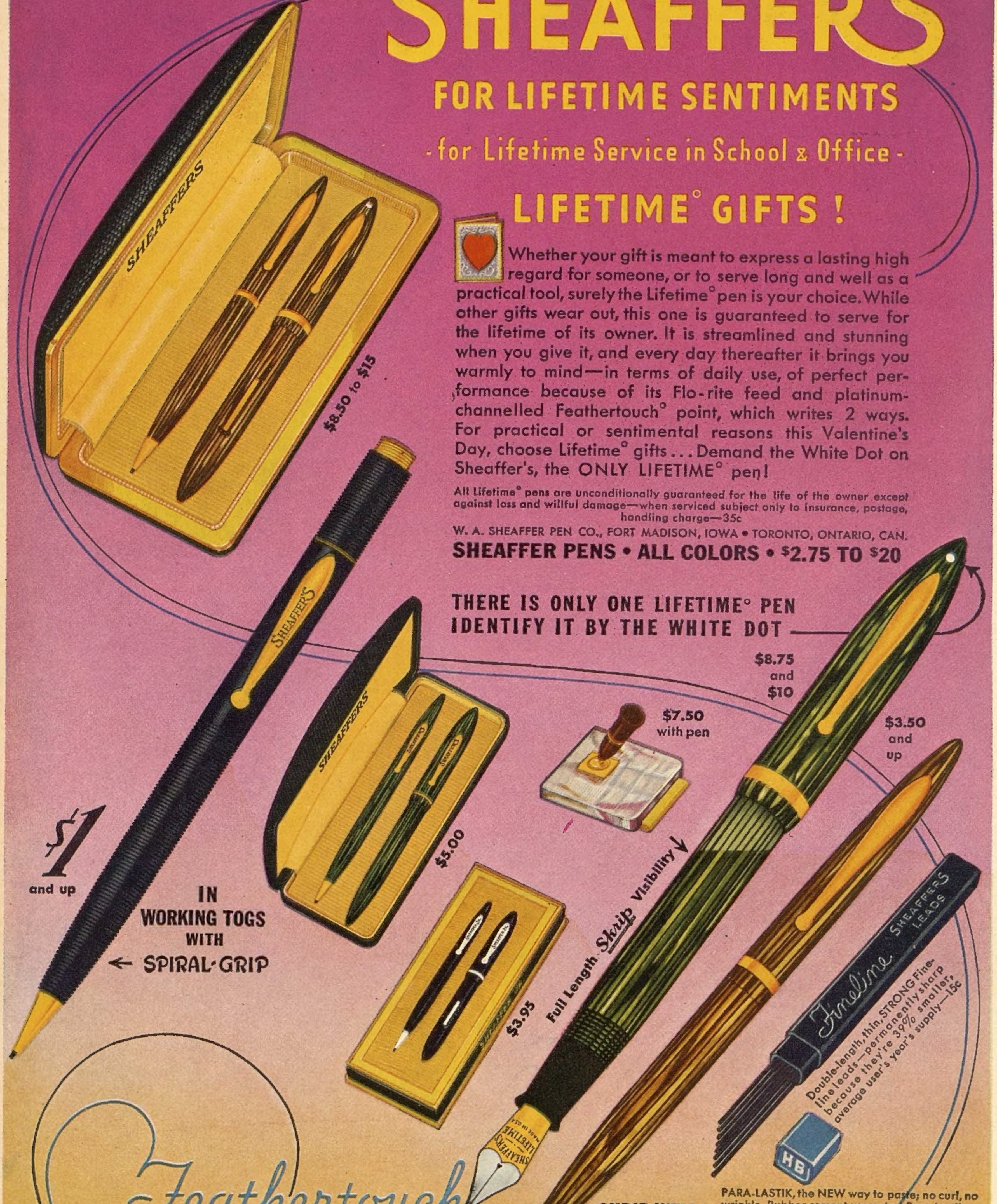

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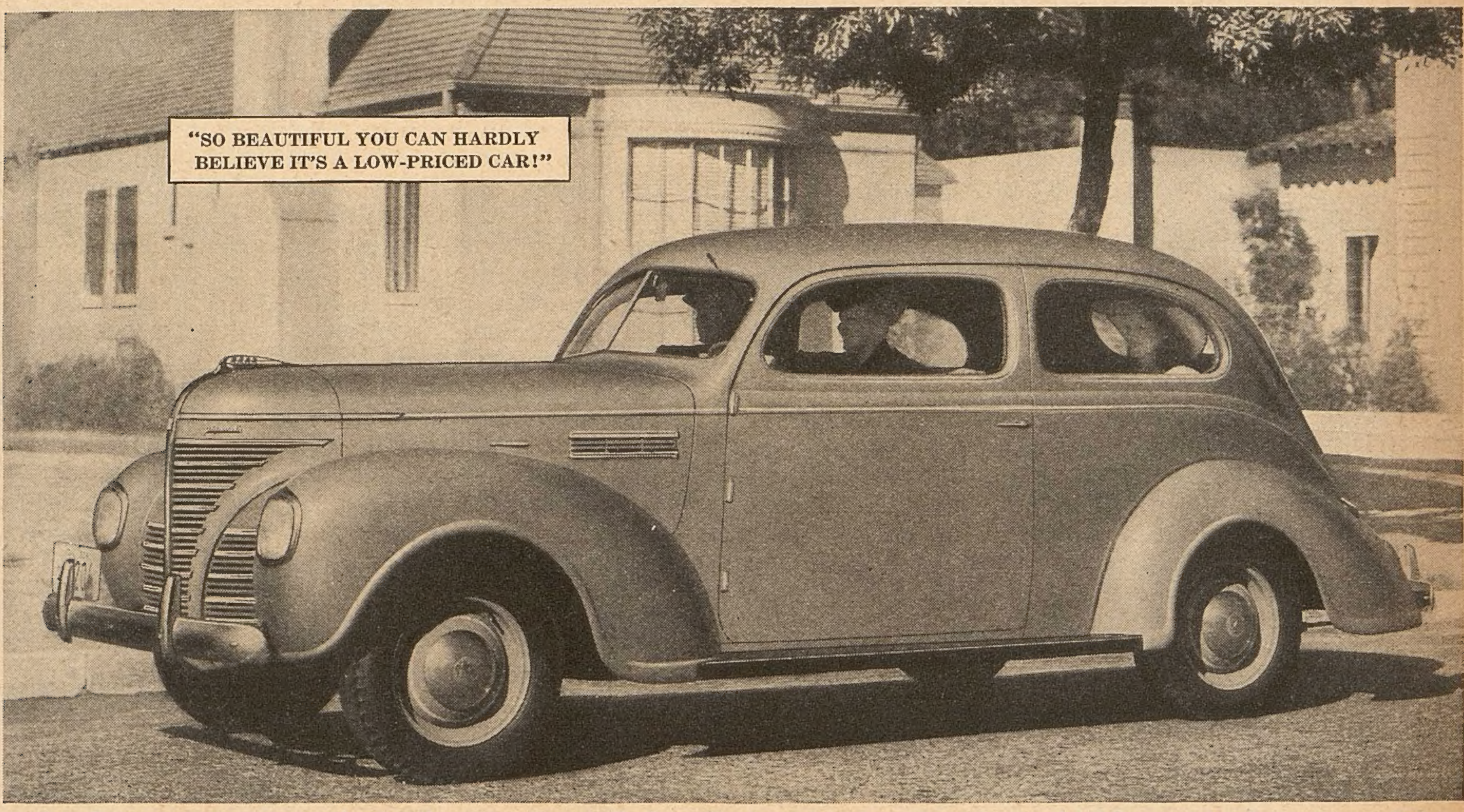
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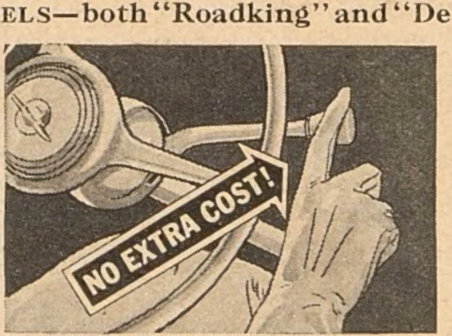
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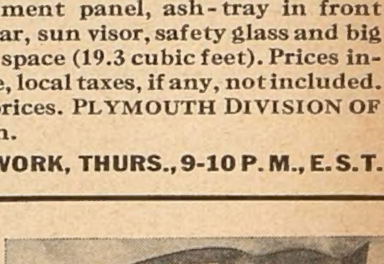

FEBRUARY 11, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 6

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

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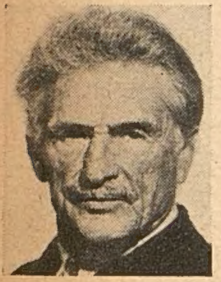
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

WHY NOT DIVIDE THE WEALTH?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Yes, I believe in dividing the wealth. I believe that every individual should have a share of the good things that the majority of our citizens are enjoying at this time, but I do not believe in charity or in encouraging handouts except in extreme emergencies.

However, I do believe in feeding the hungry, but I do not think it should be done wastefully. They should be fed scientifically, with a view of getting the highest degree of health and strength . . . with the idea of developing outstanding, splendid specimens of manhood, fine, well-set-up representatives of womankind.

And I do not believe in catering to fanciful or abnormal appetites.

I will have to admit that I do not believe that fasting for a day or two ever hurt anybody. The mental effects of an enforced fast are more harmful than the abstinence from food . . . in fact, some of the so-called foods that we consume are so lacking in nourishment that one might just as well fast.

I have taken fasts of various lengths personally, and have recommended them to thousands of people as a health-building measure, with beneficial results in practically every case.

But I must emphatically maintain that I do not believe our people should suffer for lack of the requirements needed to supply the comforts of life.

And it should be remembered that wealth does not always mean dollars and cents, bonds and mortgages. There is wealth in the form of good health. Wealth in peace of mind. Wealth in sincere friendship. Wealth in the loved ones in home life. There is wealth in the knowledge necessary to carve out a successful career.

And wealth that cannot be counted in dollars and cents can hardly be divided as you would several thousand one-dollar bills. That kind of wealth is acquired only when we take advantage of opportunities, and one must have the energy and intelligence to recognize and grasp these advantages wherever they appear.

We often hear at this time of the advisability of dividing the wealth. Suppose, for example, the country's wealth should be divided and that it were enough to give every citizen a million dollars. Just what would happen? The next morning you might call your grocer or butcher for something to eat. But the telephone operator would probably be missing. Why should she work? She would have a million dollars. The grocer would have closed his shop. Why should he bother with selling groceries? He would have a million dollars.

We could go down the line with every individual with whom we contact, and the same situation would prevail. Furthermore, the buying power of the million dollars would shrink to a very small sum. It would be difficult to buy services of any kind.

But I am an ardent believer in dividing the opportunities among our people everywhere to acquire the riches of life. The millions of people on relief and on WPA jobs are evidence of gross mismanagement by this administration, and notwithstanding this heartrending situation, the wealth in this country is divided to a far greater extent than it is anywhere else in the world.

Some time ago Socialistic orators were telling us a very small percentage of the people owned all the wealth—some said 2 per cent, others 4 per cent. A high official recently stated that sixty families controlled the wealth of this country. But definite statistics taken from corporations, insurance companies, mortgage records, etc., prove that 95 per cent of the people of this country own 80 per cent of the wealth, and 5 per cent of the people own the remaining 20 per cent.

And it is well to recognize the fact that great wealth in this country was created by men who rose from the bottom . . . the lowly workers . . . men who had the intelligence and genius to recognize opportunities and grasp them with determination and intelligence.

The rugged individualism that Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Teddy Roosevelt, and many of our great business leaders represented has been scoffed at by some of our present officials, but the wealth that is now being handed out so prodigally in Washington has been made possible by the very elemental characteristics they condemn.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 66

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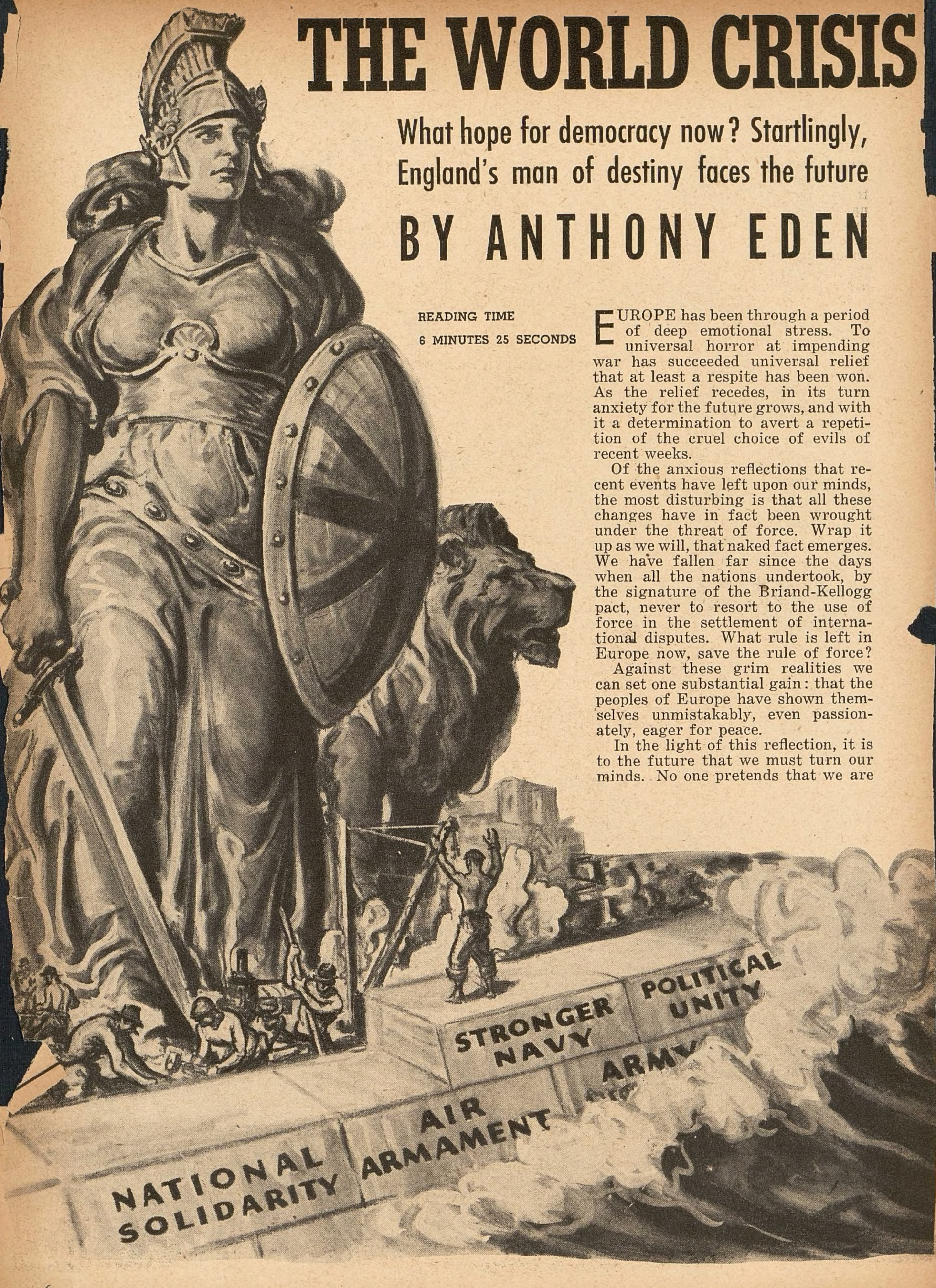
THE WORLD CRISIS

What hope for democracy now? Startlingly, England's man of destiny faces the future

BY ANTHONY EDEN



READING TIME
6 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

EUROPE has been through a period of deep emotional stress. To universal horror at impending war has succeeded universal relief that at least a respite has been won. As the relief recedes, in its turn anxiety for the future grows, and with it a determination to avert a repetition of the cruel choice of evils of recent weeks.

Of the anxious reflections that recent events have left upon our minds, the most disturbing is that all these changes have in fact been wrought under the threat of force. Wrap it up as we will, that naked fact emerges. We have fallen far since the days when all the nations undertook, by the signature of the Briand-Kellogg pact, never to resort to the use of force in the settlement of international disputes. What rule is left in Europe now, save the rule of force?

Against these grim realities we can set one substantial gain: that the peoples of Europe have shown themselves unmistakably, even passionately, eager for peace.

In the light of this reflection, it is to the future that we must turn our minds. No one pretends that we are out of the wood; many fear that we are much farther into it. Whichever view be taken, there is a widespread desire that the greatest national effort should be made to ensure that England is never placed in a like position again.

On this the country is virtually united, and there is also a very real willingness among large sections of the public to contribute anything in their power to increase the sense of national security. This in turn finds expression in a widespread demand that the pace of British rearmaments should be speeded up, and applies in particular to air armaments and antiaircraft defense in all its aspects.

Many also hold the conviction that there should be some organization on the civil side, whether by means of a form of national service or other organization, which would enable Great Britain to meet any future crisis that might arise infinitely better organized. To achieve these results, some measure of sacrifice from every one will be necessary; but the British people in the past have never been unwilling to face that sacrifice if the reality of the need was made plain to them.

Again there are many who feel that it is a national duty at this time to reduce party polemics to a minimum, and are convinced that if the democracies are to survive, they must show a vigor and an enthusiasm comparable with that which other forms of government have been able to inspire.

The two subjects which today are foremost in the English public mind are foreign policy and defense. It would clearly be an inestimable gain were the English able to achieve some measure of agreement upon these issues. Is this impossible? The difficulties are obvious and formidable, but not, I believe, insuperable. At least an effort should be made, however doubtful some may regard the chances of success. There are, of course, differences of outlook, differences of method, differences of emphasis, and these even cut across the ordinary party divisions.

Against this one must weigh the immense gain to the nation that would arise, not only at home but also abroad, from a sense of greater confidence which such unity would create. At home the country might then be spared a part at least of the now almost continuous parliamentary controversies which surround foreign affairs. The result of such controversies almost inevitably serves to emphasize differences rather than to promote agreement.

When we turn to the practical means of achieving this unity on foreign affairs, with which in present world conditions all the English home problems are so intimately connected, it is clear that the most direct solution would be the formation of a government composed of representatives of all parties, such as would inevitably arise in time of war. It is probably not possible to achieve this now, but could not the objective be approached by stages? The first of these might be the fuller and more frequent exchange of information between the government and the leaders of the other parties, and the extension of this practice, if possible, to some examination and discussion of the views held by each.

THE late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald once appealed that Parliament should constitute a council of state. It is infinitely more desirable to realize such a construction today. There can be, of course, no question of muzzling discussion; but if debate proceeded with the knowledge in all parts of the House that the government's action, whatever its character, had been taken in fulfillment of a foreign policy on which the nation was united, its whole character might be changed.

It is a constant difficulty in the handling of foreign affairs that the government of the day may have good reason for the course upon which it has decided, which cannot be made public for the while. It is this difficulty which has led in France to the creation of parliamentary commissions representative of all parties before whom statements by responsible Ministers can be made in private. In England it has led from time to time to requests for secret sessions, in particular for the discussion of defense questions. The first of these solutions is probably not suited to the character of the British people; but had national unity once been established on foreign policy and defense, more generous allowance could be made for these veiled factors than the heat of controversy allows today.

Of course it is easy to reply that to plead for such things is to aim at the unattainable; yet there is no one who would hesitate to advocate such a course had war once broken out. It seems not unreasonable to plead that an effort to secure national unity to avert war is as justifiable as a like effort to win it. Nor can there be any doubt that conditions are sufficiently serious to justify taking exceptional measures with least possible delay.

The changes wrought in the European situation as the outcome of the Munich Conference are grave and far-reaching, and the sooner they are realized the better. British and French influence has been replaced by that of Germany throughout central and southeastern Europe, and one cannot yet foresee how far this may extend. In any event, it must have a serious effect on the British trade position, already injured by hostilities in the Far East. The English people will be forced to take very serious stock of their general commercial position in the world, and to take measures to secure those markets which are most essential to them.

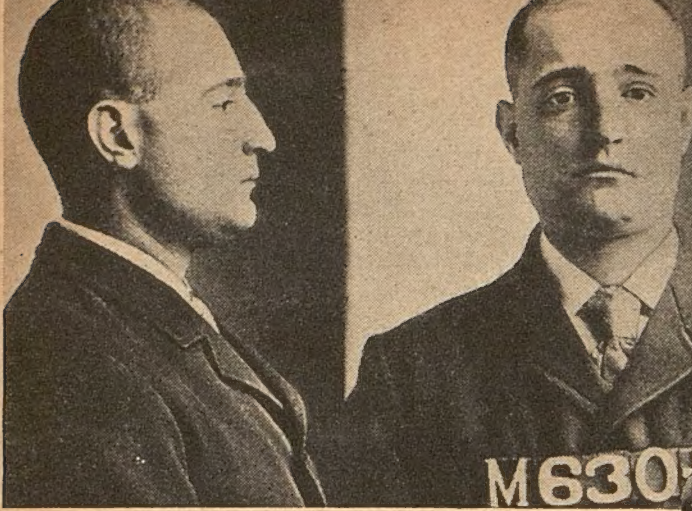
This is equally true as regards defense. It is dangerous to ignore unpleasant possibilities, and no one can deny that it is now unhappily a possibility that in a future conflict Great Britain and France may have to rely entirely upon their own strength. That strength, if fully organized and developed, is still immensely formidable. The danger is that, having once turned this perilous corner, they may be encouraged to think that all is well, that they can continue to follow the haphazard methods of the past, allowing no disturbance of the daily civil routine and hoping always that the experiences of the last weeks have been a nightmare that cannot return.

That way lies almost certain disaster. Great Britain, with her great possessions, cannot hope to survive, nor to retain even her present standard of living, in a position of military inferiority and civil unreadiness. We live in a world where, for good or ill, great military powers are organized to a constant pitch of last-minute preparedness. No one will suggest that the present state of preparedness of England, either civil or military, is in any way comparable, yet it can be made so, and that in no long period. If national unity were once realized, expression could more effectively be given to what is the true British national will.

THE END

WORLD
TURBULENCE
ROBERT A. CAMERON

DARK



Philip Musica as a first offender

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART ONE—"THE MOST FABULOUS REAL-LIFE MYSTERY OF ALL TIME."

TWO kinds of mystery stories have been intriguing ever to mystery-loving man.

The more common variety, both in life and fiction, is the one where the crime is known but its perpetrator is unknown. This situation precipitates the great newspaper sensations like the Hall-Mills and Joseph Elwell cases and motivates the first chapters and first reels and first acts of detective stories, detective pictures, and detective plays.

In the mystery writer's parlance, this is the "Who dunnit?" variety.

Less common, but often more intriguing, is the mystery in which both the crime and the criminal are known but the motive is unknown. This situation sends the inquiring mind racing through fate-worse-than-death or where-are-the-missing-papers channels to find the answer to the question "Why?"

The famous Thaw case was such a crime. Was it true that Stanford White had seduced the murderer's chorus-girl wife, or were Thaw's suspicions mere figments of a disordered imagination? It took the courts of New York State eighteen years to give the official answer to these questions, and few believe that the real answer has been given yet.

This is the "How come?" variety of mystery story.

But when two sturdy United States marshals, on a gray day in the last weeks of 1938, rushed breathless up the stairs of a certain Italian-style villa which rose incongruously from the Connecticut countryside, and found its rich and long respected owner lying dead with a bullet in his brain—his flabby aging body, fully clothed but stripped of dignity, crumpled in his bath, his spindling legs cocked up grotesquely against the porcelain sides—they bared for our inspection a third kind of mystery story, the most intriguing of them all.

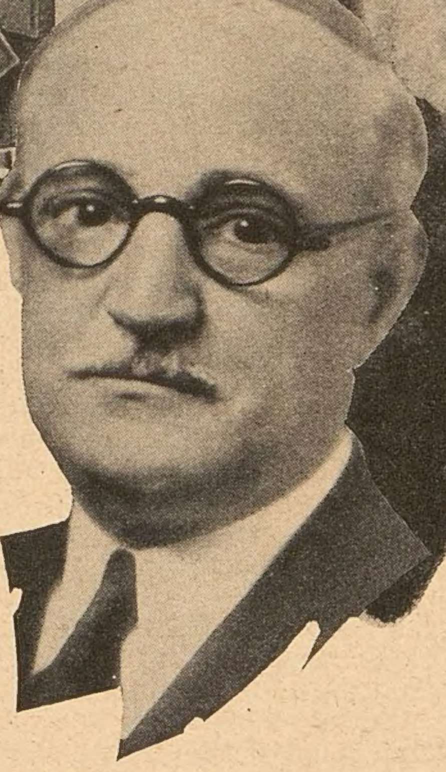
The crime was obvious, the identity of the perpetrator equally so. The bathroom door was locked. The victim's own revolver lay, still smoking, on the mosaic floor. The ring of the front doorbell had synchronized with the report of the gun. Death by suicide—that was the inescapable verdict.

The motive, too, was obvious; or seemed so.

For days the front-page headlines had shouted the bizarre, fantastic story of the looting of a great corporation of which the dead man had been the head, a melodramatic story with all the melodramatic props—forged documents, faked assets, missing millions.

Closer with each edition that fell wet from the presses had moved the finger of suspicion, until now it rested accusingly on the shoulder of this man, this rich man, this respected man—this F. Donald Coster.

The two marshals had come to take him into custody for an $18,000,000 fraud.



Twenty-nine years later: F. Donald Coster, rich and respected—not long before he was unmasked and put a bullet through his brain.

Now, when it comes to fortitude in an emergency, an $18,000,000 criminal is expected to be a cut above the small-time picker of pockets or climber of porches. It is not always so, but tradition has it that way.

The dead man had recognized this principle, this twisted underworld theory of *noblesse oblige,* and had tried to live up to it. On the bedside table in the room off that bathroom where his body now lay, he had placed this motto from the works of saintly Harriet Beecher Stowe:

"*When you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you couldn't hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time the tide will turn . . . .*"

One can imagine Donald Coster, harassed by worry, pursued by fate, realizing for the first time the truth of the old truism that crime does not pay, reading and rereading during those last hours that motto which, up to now, had been the guiding principle of his life.

It was conceivable that even in this final emergency he might have acted in accordance with these precepts; but it was more likely that he would not. Human nature is weak, even $18,000,000 human nature. It was not without precedent that a man so rich, so respected as this so-called drug king should take what seemed in his extremity the only way out.

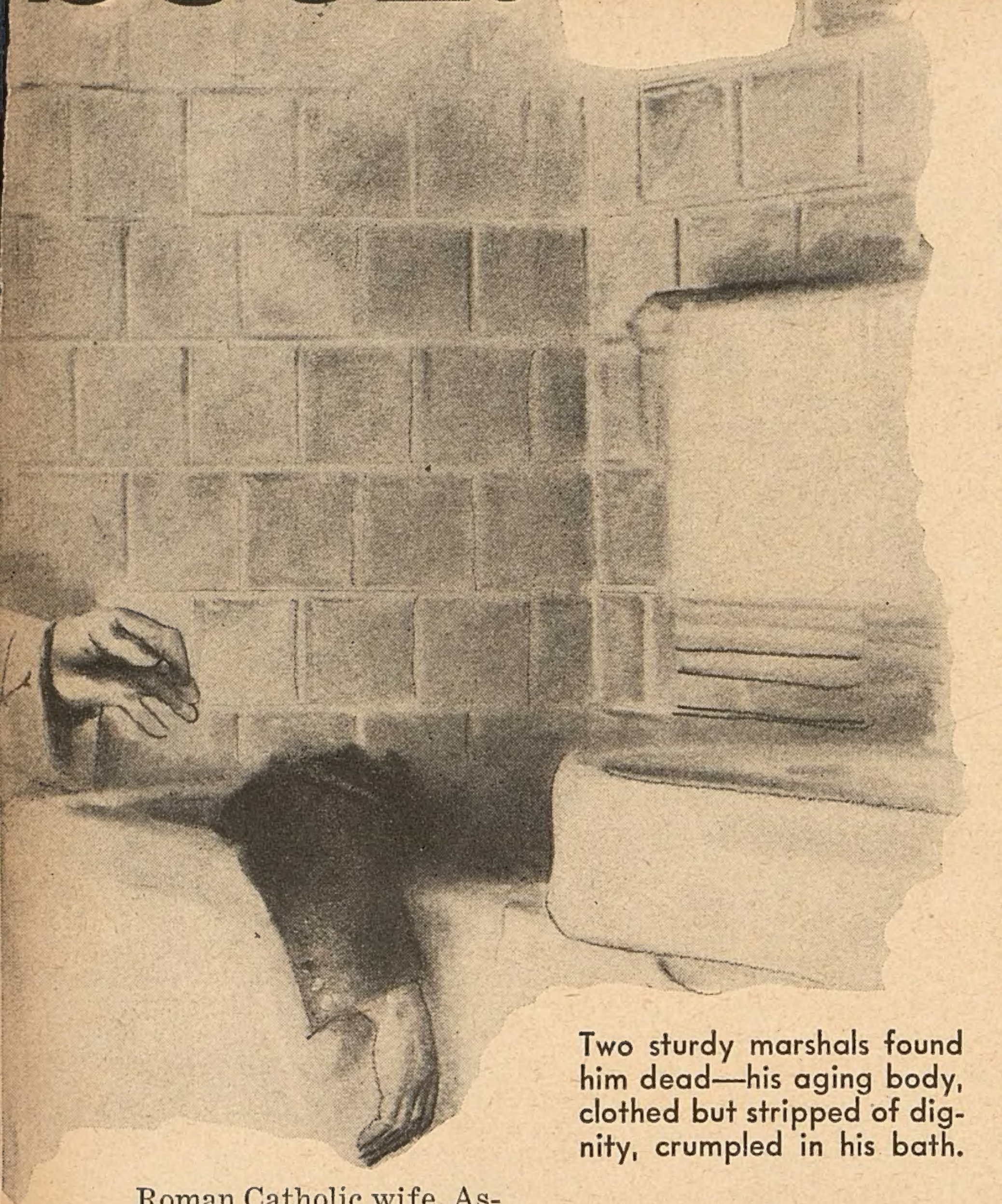
There was, in short, no mystery at all about the *death* of Donald Coster.

But the *life* of this man, who was so much more and so much less than he seemed, constituted what may well be the most fabulous real-life mystery story of all time.

The way he reached his end is of little interest compared with the way he reached the height from which he fell. Life knew him in many guises, death only in one.

Life started him in Naples, Italy—in 1877, according to the police records—the son of a poverty-stricken Neapolitan barber, Antonio Musica, and his devout

SOUL: The Secret of Coster-Musica's Crimes •



Two sturdy marshals found him dead—his aging body, clothed but stripped of dignity, crumpled in his bath.

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

in collaboration with

WILLIAM HEALY, M. D.

Director of the Judge Baker Guidance Center, Boston

FOR THE FIRST TIME A MASTER CRIMINAL IS EXPLAINED

With considerable pride, Liberty presents Dark Soul. With the co-operation of Dr. William Healy, famed psychologist, we offer here for the first time in a popular publication intended for general reading a psychological history of a first-degree liar and thief.

All America is talking right now about the man called "Coster," born Musica. What was in his dark soul that made him a criminal? In this startling series we explore this mystery in human behavior, not to satisfy mere curiosity, but to uncover the springs of human conduct, that we may better understand our neighbors and ourselves, and especially our children.

Roman Catholic wife, Assunta; brought him in the steerage at the age of six to the United States; raised him after a fashion in the tenements and on the streets of New York's Little Italy; and educated him briefly in the public schools of the lower East Side.

Death found him in aristocratic Fairfield, Connecticut, with a changed name, age, birthplace, parentage, education, background, religion, nationality—well, here is his biography as it appears in the 1938-39 edition of Who's Who in America:

COSTER, Frank Donald, corpn. official; *b.* Washington, D. C., May 12, 1884; *s.* Frank Donald and Marie (Girard) C.; Ph. D., U. of Heidelberg, 1909, M. D., 1911; *m.* Carol Jenkins Schiefflin, of Jamaica, L. I., N. Y., May 1, 1921. Practicing physician, N. Y. City, 1912-14; pres. Girard & Co., Inc. (succession to Girard Chem. Co.), 1914-26; pres. McKesson & Robbins, drug mfrs., since 1926; also pres. McKesson & Robbins, Ltd.; dir. Bridgeport City Trust Co., Fairfield (Conn.) Trust Co. Methodist. *Clubs*: New York Yacht, Bankers, Lotos, Advertising (New York); University, Black Rock Yacht (Bridgeport); Brooklawn Country. *Home*: Fairfield, Conn. *Office*: McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

This is our third type of mystery story, the "How did he get that way?" variety.

This third kind of mystery has always existed. It is only in comparatively recent times, however, that man has paid much attention to it. In the old days we would have accepted the McKesson & Robbins scandal as an isolated example of original sin, which must be punished and forthwith forgotten. Today we know that the man who was the motivating force in this situation was the product of influences which had formed his character and conditioned his life.

In the old days we would have seen only one individual. Today we see millions—youngsters born into the same atmosphere into which Philip Musica was born, inheriting perhaps the same family weaknesses, subject to the same emotional excitements and pressures—future citizens who may, if these conditions are not ameliorated or removed, grow into future Donald Costers.

Altogether, it is splendidly worth while to dig below the surface of this man's sordidly spectacular story and speculate, even tentatively, on what made the wheels go round.

You know the facts.

Antonio Musica opened a barbershop in New York's Little Italy, put in macaroni as a side line, then cheese imported from his native Italy. The importing business prospered, but not enough to satisfy young Philip, who was fast becoming the head of the business.

Young Philip went to the customhouse, bribed a dishonest weigher to mark down the invoices and let in half of his cheeses duty-free. The business doubled its profits. Then the fraud was discovered. Philip spent six months as a federal prisoner. He was pardoned by President Taft.

Out again, he formed a company to import and sell human hair to be used as switches in coiffures. A really Class A switch sometimes brought as much as $800. Here was big business. The Musicas moved into bigger and bigger houses. Philip was a rich man.

But he couldn't go straight. He borrowed huge sums from New York bankers on shipments of hair which did not exist.

He was caught in New Orleans, fleeing with his father and brothers, on board a ship bound for Honduras. The banks lost about $600,000.

After two or three years in and out of the Tombs—where he made himself so useful as stool pigeon for the state and county authorities that he received a suspended sentence—he so impressed the Attorney General's office with his ability and the genuineness of his "reformation" that the State of New York took him into its official family as an investigator. Everything was going well for Philip Musica—or William Johnson, as he was now called. The "human hair swindle" was forgotten.

But Philip couldn't stand the moral prosperity. In a notorious New York City poultry-racket murder case, he manufactured testimony that sent an innocent man named Joseph Cohen to within seven minutes of the electric chair. Later, in wartime, he figured conspicuously in the French government's exposure of Bolo Pasha as a spy. Then, in 1920, Joseph Cohen was retried and freed, and Philip was indicted for subornation of perjury. He got away before the law could close in on him.

The cheese scandal had been in 1909, the hair scandal in 1913. From 1920 until the end of 1938 neither he nor any other member of the Musica family appeared in print or, apparently, in person under that name.

By 1923, however, a man named Frank D. Coster, with $2,000 in his pocket, had shown up in Mount Vernon, just outside of New York City, and started a hair tonic factory under the name of Girard & Co. There was a great demand for hair tonic in the Volsteadian '20s. Prohibition agents kept an eye, but not a very sharp one perhaps, on Girard & Co.

By 1925 Frank D. Coster had run his $2,000 up to $37,000, and had amassed, partly by padded inventories and false bookkeeping entries, an impressive profit for his company. He was ready to expand.

A banker looked over his books, told him he "wasn't big enough yet for Wall Street," but was so taken by his personality and ability to make money that he obtained for him privately a loan of $100,000. The following year, the same banker—who knew Coster only in the most casual way—helped him borrow $1,000,000 from friendly Connecticut bankers, with which he bought the old and honored drug firm of McKesson & Robbins.

Merging his mushroom Girard & Co. with the newly acquired 105-year-old institution, Coster began to show profits which made him within two years big enough even for Wall Street. This time—1928—he borrowed $10,000,000 from the American public, and straightway began buying up drug manufacturers and distributors throughout the country, until he had built up the conservative old Connecticut firm into a giant $86,000,000 corporation doing a business of $140,000,000 a year.

Once more Philip Musica was in the money.

The picture of the young immigrant who cheated the government in his first business venture, robbed the banks in his second, and almost swore a man's life away with false testimony in his one essay on the side of law and order, had long since faded and been turned toward the wall. Even Frank D. Coster, the Mount Vernon "alky" man, had sunk his identity in F. Donald Coster, rich and respected, president of one of the country's biggest corporations, member of the city's most exclusive clubs.

Then, as all the world knows, he "went wrong" again.

There is no need of repeating at this point the details of the scandal which brought about his final retreat from justice. The newspapers have told and retold the story of the padded inventories, the mythical foreign agencies, the forged documents, the disappearing warehouses, the missing $18,000,000.

We, who are about to go behind these details, are interested in them only as they relate to what has gone before. We must try to find out what it was in Philip's youth that made him grow to be the man he was.

Can we learn anything about his heredity, particularly as to criminality and mental abnormality?

Was he a well nourished and healthy youngster? Did he ever have any disease or accident that might have affected his central nervous system?

Was a change of personality observed at any time when he was a youngster?

What was his school record? Did he find satisfactions in school life?

From either a physical or mental standpoint, do we get any indications that he ever could have developed an inferiority feeling?

Did he have a real or a slight chance of developing a socialized conscience?

Did he early show signs of developing a will-to-power complex?

Did he early find himself in association with others who were baneful influences from the moral standpoint?

What were his mental characteristics? Did he early show great facility for language, so that he did not speak like an Italian immigrant—and did he pick up any other language? Was he studious? What early indications were there of his remarkable ability for picking up scientific knowledge?

Did he early show special abilities as an organizer or a leader—and obtain great satisfaction from this?

In the family, was he adored or spoiled, or discriminated against or looked down on? Did he show real family loyalties, or was there later evidence that this supposed loyalty was merely in order to "black out" his previous career?

Did he give any evidences of being dissatisfied and unhappy? Or was he a particularly carefree person?

If given to reading, as a boy, what did he pick out to read?

Did he ever have any mentally or emotionally wounding early experience with school authorities, police, family, or others in his environment?

Did anything happen that made him lose confidence in anybody or in the good will of the world in general?

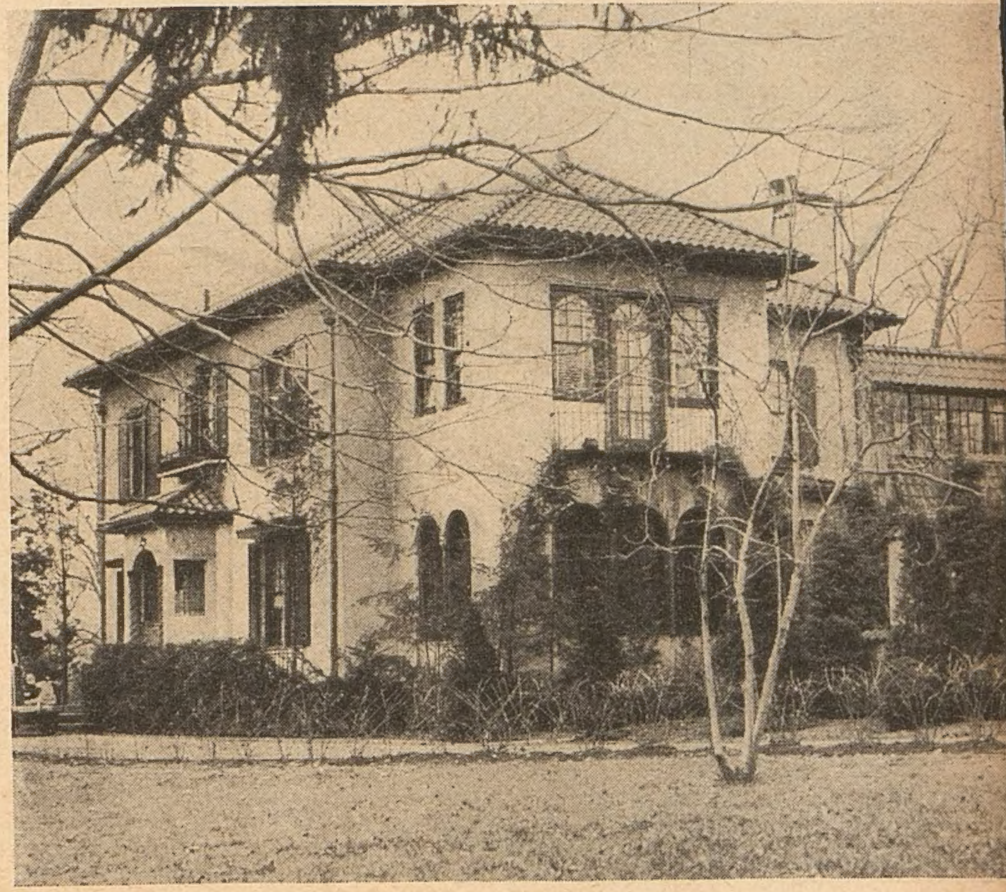
These and a hundred other questions we must ask ourselves, and if we find the answers to a considerable number of them we shall know Philip Musica probably much better than he knew himself.

We must be on the watch also for early influences that tended to develop those qualities, either good or bad, which played no direct part in his criminal activities.

For example, Philip Musica was born in what was in 1877, for all its glorious sun-warmed coloring and its setting between the mountains and the sea, one of the dirtiest cities in the world. The Naples he knew in the first six years of his life was filled with dirty people doing dirty things—in public. Goats and cows and naked children and fat purplish old women littered the streets. Half-dressed, evil-smelling adults sprawled on the sidewalks and in the alleyways. Philip Musica's Naples was a tenement-house window without a curtain, a city without shame, a city far, far from what it is today.

Out of this filth emerged a youth who was to grow into a man notably meticulous about his person and almost puritanically modest. Unlike most barbers' children, he was always carefully shorn and, they do say, perfumed. At sixteen he was regarded in the neighborhood as something of a dandy or dude. When prosperity came, his wardrobe became the talk of Bay Ridge, the scrupulously

Below: Coster's villa at Fairfield, Connecticut. Right: His yacht, the Carolita—and the Bay Ridge home of the Musicas in 1913, when the "hair swindle" broke and the family fled.



clean suburb to which he moved the entire family, and later of Times Square—suits tailored on Fifth Avenue, spats to match each suit, flower in buttonhole. Years later Coster wore solemn dark business clothes, faultlessly cut. Baths were his passion. It was the irony of fate that he should have died in a bathtub!

Now, a child so sensitive as to be affected thus by the filth in his early environment must have been affected also by other factors in it.

Naples in the '70s and '80s was not only a physically dirty but a politically corrupt city. Bribery of minor public officials was necessary before the simplest move could be made by private citizens. Inevitably there was a good deal of it in connection with the Musica family's embarkation for America. Respect for the law would be the last thing that a young Neapolitan boy of Philip Musica's class would learn.

Conditions in Mulberry Bend were not notably better. Theodore Roosevelt in his autobiography says that at least one third of the members of the New York State legislature in the '80s were openly corrupt. The New York Police Department was notoriously venal. The East Side was in the grip of Tammany at its most corrupt period.

Now, on the analogy of the boy's reaction to the filth which surrounded his childhood, we might expect a veering toward respect for law and order. But his moral senses were far less sensitive than his physical ones. Whereas he rebelled against dirt, he embraced corruption.

His bribing of customs officials in his first business venture and his paying for political protection in connection with it were simply repetitions of a procedure which he had observed from babyhood and doubtless considered quite the normal thing to do.

Let's go back to Naples again. The '70s and '80s were a period when the Mafia was all-powerful in southern Italy. Its leaders were the heroes of the uneducated and immature, just as gangsters were later, for a brief disgraceful period, in the United States. Philip Musica spent the first six years of his life in this atmosphere where resistance to the law was glorified.

In New York the boy found a city terrorized by gangs. The Gophers, the Eastmans, the Gas Housers, the Hudson Dusters, and the Five Pointers divided Manhattan Island into five kingdoms with clearly defined boundaries and standing armies of from five hundred to fifteen hundred armed men, who bullied and pillaged and murdered under the very eyes of the Tammany politicians who profited by their depredations.

The gang leader of Philip's home district, and the hero of every small boy in every congested district between Broadway and the Bowery, Fourteenth Street and City Hall, was Paul Kelly, who had merged the Dead Rabbits, Plug Uglies, and Whyos into the all-powerful Five Pointers.

Now, on the surface Paul Kelly and his thugs would seem to have had very little influence on the conduct of young Philip Musica. Whatever the boy was or the man became, he was never the gangster type. It may be that, if there had not been other and more subtle influences at work, the prominence of the Five Pointers on the boy's horizon might have produced a revulsion from crime like his reaction to physical squalor.

What were those more subtle influences? Well, one must have been the fact that Paul Kelly was not the gangster type. Like Philip himself, he was young, slim, soft-spoken, meticulously scrubbed and garbed. And, also like Philip, Paul Kelly was an Italian.

New York was in the hands of the Irish. Dick Croker was the boss of the town, Tim Sullivan of the East Side, Tom Foley of the district in which the Musicas lived. Tom McAvoy, Johnny Ahearn, and "The McManus" were all powerful in their separate kingdoms. Devery was the big East Side cop. Italians didn't have a chance. If an Italian boy wished to succeed in politics, in any line of business depending on political favor, in the prize ring —where that mighty Irishman, John L. Sullivan, was the people's choice—or in the leadership of a powerful gang, he had to take an Irish name.

It was in deference to all this, but not in submission to it, that Antonio Vaccarelli had become Paul Kelly.

It is idle to speculate here on whether this change of name on his part led Philip Musica in later years to disguise his nationality by giving himself and his family such names as Johnson and Coster and Donald and Girard; but it is not idle to recall that the most romantic figure in his immediate neighborhood during his formative years was a quiet, slender, well dressed young Italian who won fame and fortune by living beyond the law.

But there were boys beyond number who were born into squalid surroundings in graft-ridden communities and subjected to the influence of romantic lawbreakers, and yet grew up to be respectable useful citizens. Since countless other Italian youngsters resisted the factors we have been discussing, why didn't this one?

The answer to that question requires a deeper digging than we have been able to make in this introductory article into the family life of the Musicas, a more thorough study of the characters and attitudes of the parents, Antonio and Assunta, a much more exhaustive exploration of the childhood and youth and early manhood of Philip Musica. In short, the answer to that question is a story in itself!

And the story is Liberty's answer, and science's, to the thunderstroke-challenge of a riddle that rivals the riddle of the Sphinx! What DOES account for the nature, the brillancy, the subtle criminal duplicity of Coster-Musica? If masterly psychology and journalistic insight, working together, can tell you, you're going to be told—as you will see for yourself in Liberty next week!

DR. WILLIAM HEALY

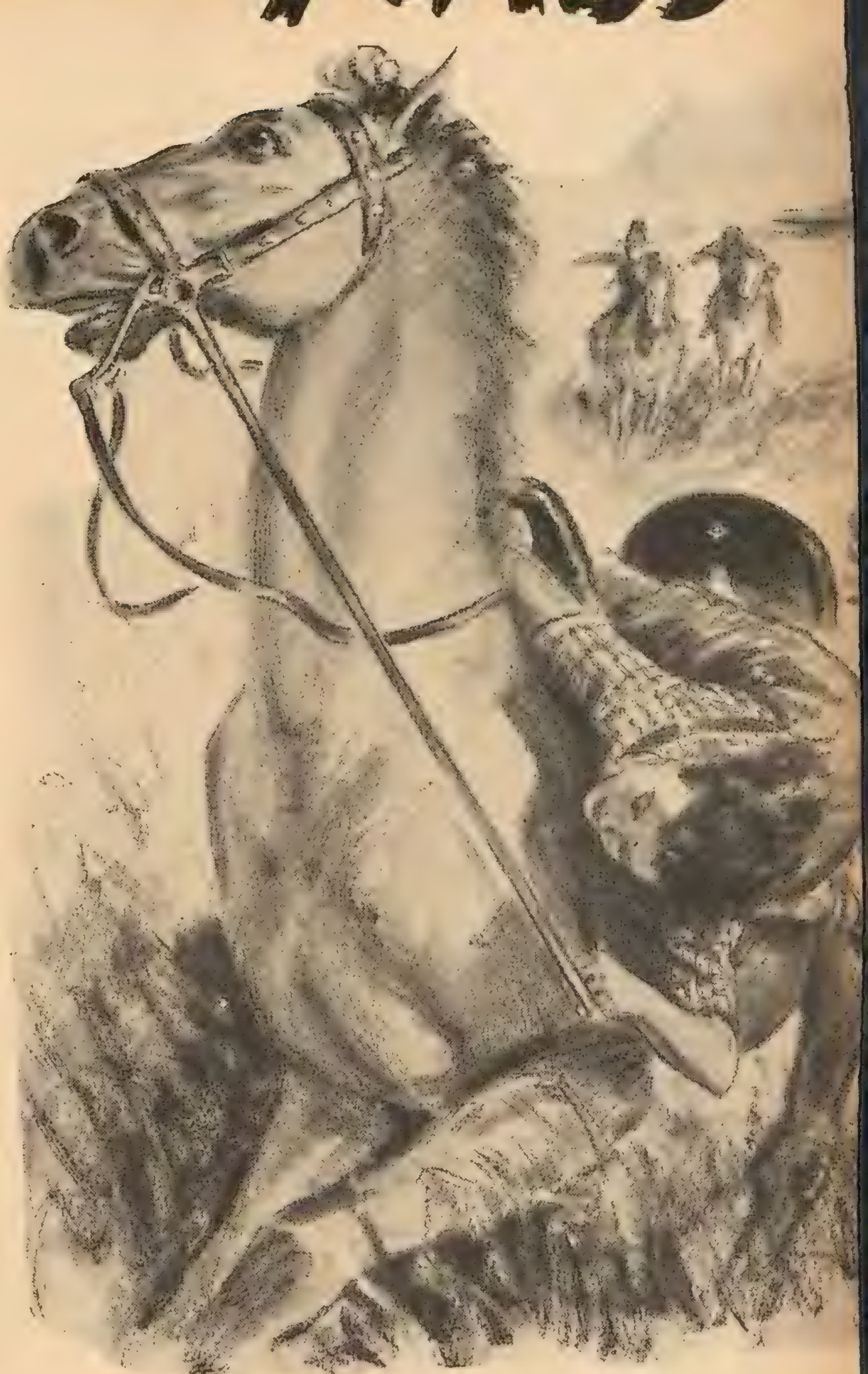
is a distinguished medical psychologist who has specialized in the study of criminality and the correction of delinquency. He is president of the American Psychopathological and the American Orthopsychiatric Associations and of the Boston Society of Psychiatry and Neurology. He was a pioneer in establishing in America psychiatric clinics for problem children and young people. Among the standard works of which he is author or co-author are The Individual Delinquent; Pathological Lying, Accusations, and Swindling; Mental Conflicts and Misconduct; Delinquents and Criminals; Roots of Crime; New Light on Delinquency.

VALKYRIE IN RAGS

BY VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



BUCK FREEHALLAN was twenty-six years old and he owned the world. By that he meant the ten-mile spread of Lonesome Valley and the hills surrounding it, the home ranch and its brand. He owned the herds of white-faced cattle, the sparkling springs, the whispering scattered pines and the willows, green along the Little Snake.

But best of all, he owned the Horses of the Fingermarks.

For two hundred miles all ways their fame was in the land, their names were known at night fire and by chuck wagon, their beauty and their speed were legendary. Byordinarily tall, proud on their slender legs, their blue eyes wild as fox fire, their thick upstanding manes billowing on their arching necks, they were something to stop a horseman in his tracks. Their perfect backs were so short-coupled as to give an Arab hint; their wide deep breasts, their long flanks, their springy pasterns and tucked-up bellies carried it out. They were silver as that metal polished, with dapples on their rounded rumps, and inside each handsome leg, at knee and hock joint, were the sharply defined black marks, five of them, exactly as if they had been smartly slapped by a tarry hand. Where their blood came from originally no one knew or cared.

It had started on the Bar Bell fifteen years back, when old Starwind, gaunt and travel-weary, had come into the valley at the tail of a disreputable buckboard, driven by a man with a lantern face and gambler's hands and eyes which had a curtain in them, only so far back.

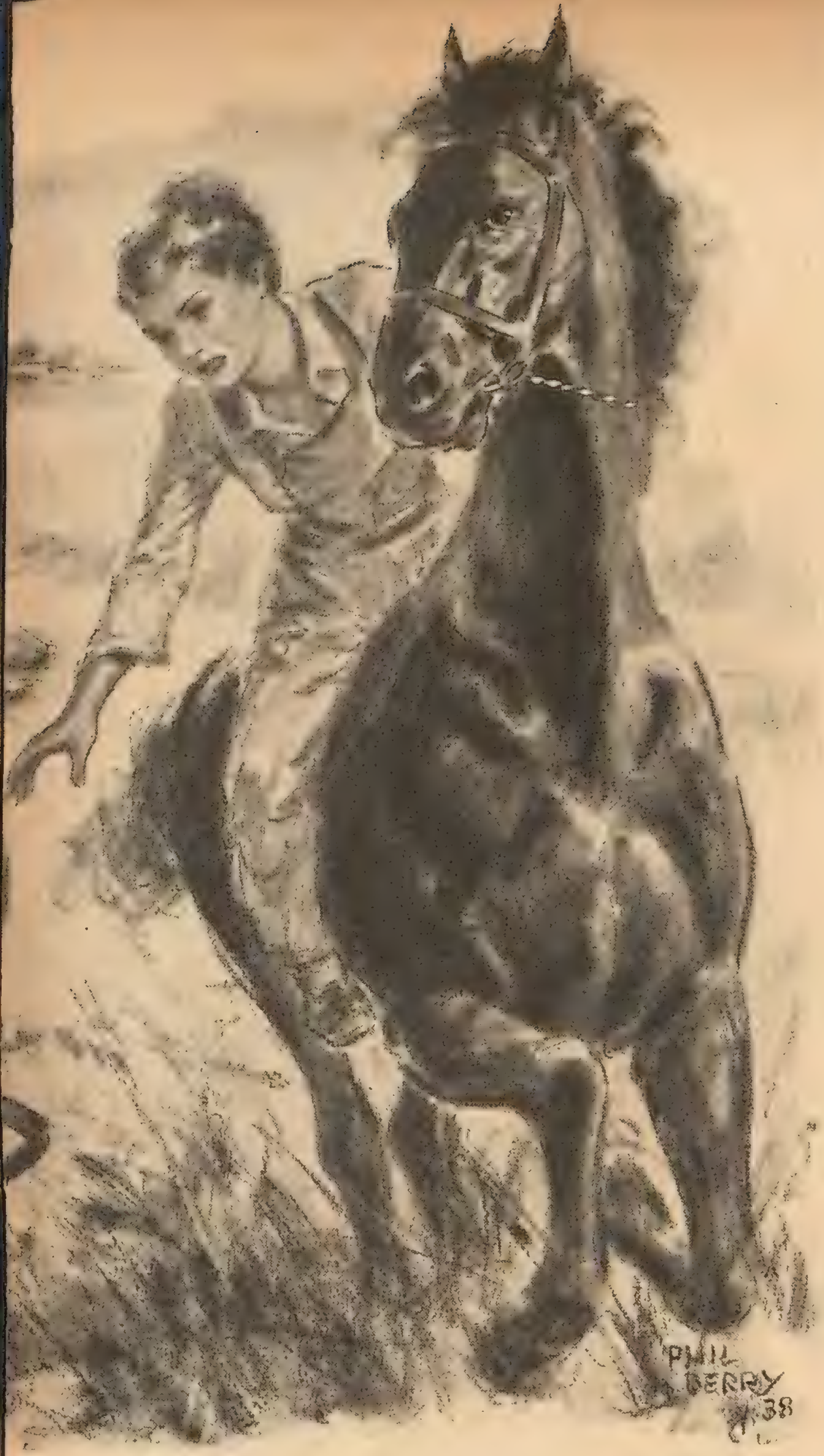
Montgomery Freehallan, violent and virile, his white hair riotous on his leonine head, had looked once on the stallion and given him his heart to keep. For all of the twenty years he had lived on Lonesome, Mont Freehallan had visioned something like this, and more like it—a running band, in fact, to flow down the sounding reaches of the rangeland to the west and south, a wild arrogant flood of such equine beauty and worth that no man would have its like. So he had paid the fabulous price which the stranger asked, and Starwind the stallion had stayed in the hidden country. A few days' food and care, and the weary head came up, the blue eyes flashed, and every puncher on the brand stood in silent wonder at his corral bars. All that was fifteen years ago, and Starwind was gone to his reward, and so was Mont Freehallan.

Sometimes of quiet twilights his son, smoking on the long veranda, liked to think the two of them were sailing down some heavenly field of asphodel, free in the celestial winds. But if they were gone forever, their blood was in the earth—young Buck himself, as tall as his dad had been, slim and brown and quiet, and the young horses of the Fingermarks. Not all so young, for there was Breeze, the brood mare, twelve, and her half brother Gale, a stallion who did his old sire credit. And there was their various get by other blood, some stained by darker dapples of bay upon their silver hides, and some as pure of shining metal as Starwind himself had been. Of these latter there was the young mare Skydust and the gelding Meteor.

So fast were they, so amazing in their perfection, that Buck Freehallan was sorry his father had not waited to see them reach maturity, for they would have satisfied him at last. They were so fast that no one knew accurately just what they could do. They had run at the county fair until they had been barred, and nothing on the spread could keep in sight of them. They were Buck's chief possessions and he loved them best of anything on earth, if one excepted Monty May, nine years old and the last of the Freehallans. Monty May, the hostage which their father had bequeathed his son, as wild a piece of baggage as one could picture, spoiled, handsome, even so early, with old Mont's eagle arrogance of face and form, a daring child, hard to manage, lovable, wheedling, and Buck's heart's heart—along with the silver horses.

These things made up Freehallan's life, and he was rich and deeply contented. Nothing marred the serenity of his days of work and his nights of healthy peace, until the summer evening when the stranger rode up along the sloping levels and stopped at the veranda steps where he sat smoking, with Monty May hugging her bare knees a little way beyond. Now, Buck Freehallan knew every soul in the country, every horse as well, and it was significant that he did not look at the youth in the faded overalls, but at the horse he rode, for the cigarette had been dying in Buck's fingers for the last ten minutes, watching them come, and he held his breath with a new and slow excitement. It was the horse which stopped the breath in his throat. A horse as black as a moonless night, as big as an engine. The dusk had fallen deeply, but Buck could see the spread nostrils, the thin silken flare of them, the light in the dark eyes under the arrogant foretop. He

A thrilling tale of a mystery-rider, a bright and shining challenge, and an unexpected rendezvous with romance



Like a fire in grass, the great horse ran and ate up the distance between himself and Meteor. The girl on his back reached over and pulled Monty May loose.

could see the breast as broad as a bull's, the great barrel behind it, the forelegs like young pine trees, as straight and strong. The arching neck was high as a man's reach almost. This was a stallion in its early prime, and the biggest horse to be built like a runner that Buck had ever seen. He got to his feet and looked at it, and forgot to speak until the youth on its back said diffidently, "Good evening."

"Oh," said Freehallan, "I beg your pardon. Will you get down?"

In silence the rider slid off, dropping with a little thud, and he saw there was no saddle. And he saw something else which shocked him. He saw that this was no slim boy, as he had thought, but a girl. A thin wisp of a girl in ragged clothes, no stockings on her feet inside the slipshod shoes. Old Annie Red Leaf, the Indian woman who mothered both Monty May and him, hearing voices and horse's hoofs, brought a lamp and set it in the dark room behind, and the light fell astonishingly on this apparition. The girl was young, and so thin that there were hollows in her neck where the ancient shirt lay open, and in the sides of her cheeks. She had black hair that fell in short rough curls above her eyes.

The eyes themselves were blue, and dark with some amazing thing like fear or desperation, and she looked at Buck intently, holding her rein.

"Sit down," he said, and she did so, sliding down beside the post.

"You'll want to know," she said straightly, "about me."

"If you wish," said Buck politely.

"I've heard," she said, "about the horses of the Fingermarks. I've come in here to beat them."

"Indeed?" said Freehallan wonderingly.

"Yes," the girl said gravely; "for money."

"Oh. You wish to bet? What—against my money?"

"Him," she said, raising the rein a little—and there was a sort of gasp in her voice.

"I see. And where are you from, may I ask?"

"I've told you enough," she said. "Just my—my aim and—need. I don't need money when I've got—him—to bet."

Again there was that sort of gulp before the word "him," and Buck caught it up kindly.

"No," he said, "you don't," and knew he spoke the truth.

"Then will you?"

She leaned forward tensely, regarding him.

"Why, this is a bit irregular," the man said. "I don't even know where you live—"

"Never mind that. I'm not—not having company. But I'll be back. Will you run the horses against—him?"

"Why, I guess so. How much money you want against—him?"

Unconsciously Buck, too, hesitated a second before naming this monstrous black creature that stood so still in the night, come mysteriously out of nowhere. The girl leaned forward again, and there was no mistaking the earnestness of her unnamed need, her desperation.

"How much does it take to get to South America?" she asked astonishingly.

"Why, about five hundred dollars," Buck said. "You want that? He's worth more."

"Twice that," she said quickly. "I'll run him three times against your three best horses, to beat them all. Done?"

"Done," said Freehallan promptly. "When?"

"In three days. I—I've got things to do. I'll be back. Run Wednesday?"

"Yes," said Buck, "that suits me."

"Thanks," she said, and, rising, went up the black mountain like a cat and rode away, without a backward look, into the loneliness and the dark.

"I hate her!" said Monty May out of the night, with some sudden vicious stirring of a woman's instinct in her little-girl soul.

Buck Freehallan was completely dumfounded. He beat his mind for light on this mystery, and found none. It was sixteen miles to the nearest ranch, and no one there would have let a girl go ragged and underfed. Also, the monstrous stallion was a complete stranger to these parts. He told the hands about the occurrence, and no one else was any wiser.

"Why don't you trail her, Buck?" asked the half-breed, Billy Bass.

"Too dry. And he wasn't shod."

"Must be bigger'n our stock," said Billy; "I'll look-see tomorrow."

That was on a Sunday night, and all next day Buck Freehallan thought about the oddly assorted pair who had come out of the dusk with their desperate hope—the magnificent black horse and the thin and ragged rider.

He puttered about the work, and late in the day he took the ancient car and rattled away to the town across forty miles of wild country. He spent ten minutes in the bank and came back again, under the tall skies with their flaming pageantry of sunset, and, swirling into the ranch yard, found his riders bunched about a central object sitting up against the steps. He pushed through and looked down at Billy Bass, whose shirt was dark with dried blood from under the bandage on his shoulder which Annie Red Leaf had put there.

"What's here?" Buck asked sharply. "Billy—what's up?"

"Trailed that horse," the half-breed said sullenly, "clear into the White Rock Roughs. It went up the canyon and tracks petered out. Was close to Old Bear Cave. Was goin' up, and gun cracked once. Got me here." He touched his wounded shoulder. "Come on home. Some one in that cave. No horse in sight."

The rider laid up in the bunkhouse, and the talk was slow and wondering, and Buck Freehallan was more uncomfortable than he had been for many a long day. He kept seeing those dark desperate blue eyes, hearing the tones of the young voice. He'd never encountered mystery before, and now he had it with him with a vengeance. And Monty May watched him from around corners, frowning.

"Whyn't you go to Old Bear Cave and take her to the sheriff?" she asked. "Shot Billy, didn't she?"

"How you know she shot him?"

"Holding up for her! Just seen her once! Nasty thing—scarecrow in dirty pants."

"Go to bed," said Buck.

"Imagine! As I'm gettin' in this car I'm gonna steal, a cop walks up an' hands me a parking ticket!"

He put away in his old desk the money from the bank, a thousand dollars of it, and went out to the corrals to look at Skydust and Meteor and the dappled young stud, Red Cloud. They were worth a king's ransom in that country, and how fast they could run no one really knew. He leaned on the fence and thought long thoughts about the monstrous black horse, and despite his racial fairness he knew he wanted it. Wanted to win it for the Bar Bell and its future herds of horses. Yet he knew that somehow, someway, he must see that its owner got that thousand dollars; for that she was in dire and tragic need of it he knew full well.

No one looking at her pinched small face, her still and desperate eyes, could doubt it. But who was she? Where did she hail from? And what was she doing hiding in Old Bear Cave up the White Rock Roughs?

And most of all, why had she shot the half-breed trailer who followed her there? It all looked bad, and Buck knew it did. But he waited for Wednesday in a strange excitement. Monty May was incorrigible. She spat at him with venomous phrases concerning the strange girl, and once Buck threatened to spank her if she didn't shut up. She cried then and flung herself upon him, hugging him fiercely.

"I don't want you to run that race!" the child cried. "I don't want you to ever see that girl again!"

"Jealous!" said Buck disgustedly. "A little girl like you! And of your own brother!"

Monday passed, and Shorty Smith, the smallest and best rider on the Bar Bell brand, took out the three young horses for long swift runs along the eastern flats, and Buck watched their shaftlike flights with a lump in his throat. Always he felt that choking when great horses laid away, their bellies down, their necks out. He'd heard his father say he felt the same. They were horsemen, the Freehallans. Even Monty May, the stormy violent child. Maybe she was the nearest to Old Mont, after all. Tuesday went into the great back country of time, and Buck was oddly nervous. What could that black horse do? How fast could he go? How long could he endure? Could he run the young silvers off their feet, all of them, according to the confident offer of the ragged girl? She had seemed so sure that she had offered to beat them all or lose—"him"—with that gulp of painful love.

Strange thing all round, mysteriously strange. And why was she so dead set on making that trip to South America and coming back? She must have enough for both ways, it seemed. Well, Buck thought, search him! But he meant to have the great black stud if it was humanly and fairly possible, though the memory of those despairing eyes, blue-black with tragic trouble, stirred at his heart profoundly. She was such a little thing, so slim and hollow-cheeked and poor in her ragged garments.

Watching Skydust sail obediently away and Meteor ramp in angry protest, he found himself wishing he could put clean clothes upon the girl, give her some little slippers with childish straps across the instep. "Hell!" he muttered, and watched Meteor try hard to dump his rider. Of all the silver brood, Meteor was the one bad one, the violent, the incorrigible—like Monty May. But Shorty made him run. And Wednesday came in bright and warm, and with it, trotting up the far-down slopes, they saw the monstrous stallion and the girl. In the ranch-house yard she looked at them all gravely, and Buck saw that all he'd thought was true and then some. She was beset by tragedy after some hidden fashion, and she was sweet to the eye as mountain flowers by a stream.

"Get down, Miss—?" said Buck, but she shook her head.

"I'm ready now," she said. "Let's get it over with. Have—have you got the money?"

"Yes," said Buck, and could not take his eyes from the astounding pair.

For the horse was something whose like was never seen in the cattle country. Neither the younglings of the Bar Bell nor old Starwind himself had ever had such height and depth and monstrous strength. And he was indeed ready, as his owner said, standing straight on his long legs, quiet, alert, his great head up, his brilliant eyes fixed on the horses being led from the down corrals. And then they went to the east slope, and Buck pointed out the white string stretched across the track a half mile down. They came to scratch at once, only waiting to state the stakes to all the men, and Shorty was on Red Cloud. At Buck's shout of "Go!" they were away in one leap and sailing down the stretch so fast that Buck did not breathe. Neck and neck they went, low, level, beautiful in their co-ordination. A third, a quarter, half the way—and then Buck saw the black horse draw away as easily as one leaves a toddling child. He said nothing as the two came back and the girl looked at him with her somber, anxious eyes.

"Fair beat?" she said.

"Fair beat," said Buck.

"Damn!" said Monty May behind him. "Johnny, let me hold Meteor?"

"Careful," said the puncher as the child pulled at the rein.

Shorty mounted Skydust, a little lighter, a little faster than Red Cloud. Again Buck shouted "Go!" and again there was that tense small drama of speed and hope and fearfulness. Meteor, behind him, screamed in his wildness, waiting, as the best of all the Bar Bell breed, to rescue the toppling traditions of the brand. No one noticed Monty May climb on him as they watched Skydust do her best and fall behind so pitifully at that last stretch. And when the runners were coming back the angry child kicked the ramping horse and shot him forward, away from restraining hands. Rearing, plunging, shaking his silver head, the bad gelding went out upon the plain.

"Catch *me*, you scarecrow!" yelled Monty May, and flailed him with the reins. Now, Buck had seen Old Mont take long and dangerous chances, and in this spoiled young child of his he rode again, down the distant slope of the Bar Bell. His son swore once and leaped to Red Cloud's back and shot out after them. The gelding ran at first in the pure wildness of uncharted speed, head level, long tail streaming; but far down he slowed and shook his head and began to pitch as only he of all the decent silvers ever did. High in the air he went, his thick mane flying, and the child clung, her legs tight above the flying stirrups which she could not reach. Up and down and sideways, corkscrewing, bawling, exactly like the wild ones whose blood he bore, he had become a mad thing bent on destruction.

Buck Freehallan saw Monty May slip sidewise, lose her balance, and slide down along the saddle on the left. But still she clung, flailing at the horse's side. And with the change in balance Meteor laid down to earth and began to run. And from the tail of his vision Buck saw a long low object shoot out after him. The girl on the black racer was going after Monty May. Buck, riding hard on Red Cloud, with Shorty on Skydust following that other, they began to play with destiny, and Death shook his wings above.

LIKE a wind, like a fire in grass, the great horse ran and ate up the distance between himself and Meteor. With perfect rhythm, low and long and level, he ran the best of the silvers off his feet, and the girl on his back reached over and pulled Monty May loose. She held the struggling child and brought her back to Buck. She gave her to him and looked in his face anxiously.

"All fair?" she asked. "Are you satisfied?"

Freehallan only nodded. He could not speak.

"Then give me the money," she said, and held out an avid hand.

Still without speech, he pulled out the thick wallet and gave it to her.

"You'll never know," the girl said profoundly, "how much I thank you."

And turning the stallion, she went away, again on that dead level run.

"Wait!" Buck cried excitedly. "Come back! Come back!"

But she did not turn her head.

More things were in Freehallan's heart than it had ever held before—anxiety and pity and a nameless longing to see the shadows lighten in those young blue eyes, and he smoked long and quietly far into the night, sitting on the dark veranda. When the stars of the afternight were high above, he threw away his smoke and went and saddled Red Cloud.

Silently he rode away, and an hour later, far over at the edge of White Rock Roughs, he dismounted and tied him in the brush and went on up on foot, cautiously. Close to Old Bear Cave he stepped with the stillness of an Indian, listening. He had been hearing on the still night air a sound. It came and went, steady and rhythmic, and it was all the hopelessness of earth; for it was the weeping of a woman. For a long time Buck Freehallan stood at the corner of the ledge beyond and listened to it. Then he spoke.

"Listen," he said. "I'm Freehallan. I had to follow you. I beg you to trust me—to let me help. Please let me help you!" His voice was low, careful.

The sobbing ceased. Then a small thin form was there beside him and a flashlight played in his face. As if satisfied at what she saw there, the girl spoke drearily.

"Thanks," she said. "And now I'll tell you why I seemed so strange. I wanted that money—desperately—to go away. Far away—out of the world—"

"But you meant to come back," said Buck. "The two-way fare—"

"No. One was for—him." She gulped exactly as she had done when she spoke of the stallion. "But now he—will not—need it. Look."

She moved and turned the light into the dark cave, and Freehallan stared, amazed. A man lay there on a ragged pallet, wasted and tallow-white and still.

"He was—wanted—in a dozen states," she said dully, "and he was shot a long, long time ago. But—oh, he was my brother! My twin!" She sat down suddenly and began to cry again, and the beam of the fallen light picked out the barren cave. Somewhere in the rocks beyond, the big horse stamped and whistled. For a long time Buck Freehallan stood in silent thought. Then he knelt beside her and drew her into the circle of his arms, pressed the black head against his breast in gentleness.

"Cry it out," he said, "and tomorrow we'll bury him, here in the lonely Roughs, and no one will ever know." He laid his face softly on the dark curls. "I've needed a girl like you for half my life and didn't know it. You'll love Bar Bell Ranch, and maybe some day you'll love me too. Will you give it a try?"

The sobs deepened at the steady words. She sank in against him helplessly. "I—know—I will," she whimpered. "I knew it Sunday night."

THE END

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20 QUESTIONS

1—This week's early photo at the right is of the daughter of an army founder. She was born in England, served nine years in Canada, and for many years headed self-sacrificing toilers for humanity in the U. S. Dollars to doughnuts you can name her. Who?

2—Halley's comet appears about how often?

3—Which major Vice-Presidential candidate was unsuccessful in 1920?

4—Advertising is not allowed on what kind of U. S. radio broadcasts?

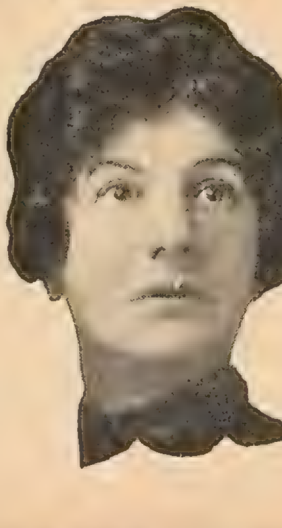
5—Are persons with short eyeballs nearsighted or farsighted?

6—Which state first seceded from the Union?

7—Which state last joined the Union?

8—Where in the Bible is the chamois mentioned?

9—Is a dolphin a windstorm, a mammal, or a fish?



10—What are the four stages of an insect's life cycle?

11—Is El Reno in Nevada or Oklahoma?

12—Commercially, which tree is considered most valuable?

13—Of what did Lenin die?

14—If Gilbert wrote the words, who composed the music?

15—What national and nonsectarian movement was founded by Mrs. Juliette Low?

16—Who was Boz?

17—Threadneedle Street and Cheapside are in which large city?

18—Copra is what part of a what?

19—How many squares are there on a checkerboard?

20—Which radio and picture star has a Spanish title of honor for his given name?

(*Answers will be found on page 44*)

HOLLYWOOD THANKS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

SEVERAL years ago Sinclair Lewis' prophetic novel, It Can't Happen Here, was bought for the screen but was forbidden production by arbiters of screen destiny on grounds that the work might jeopardize international relations with a "friendly Power."

Today, in Hollywood, a major picture company is working overtime to make ready, as soon as possible, a film called Confessions of a Nazi Spy.

Within the last few weeks word has got about that American motion pictures are finally to be allowed to compare democracy with other forms of government.

Of course we have always been allowed to praise our own government—in fact, expected to; but never before have we been permitted to imply that any other form of government was not equally perfect. The motto of the American screen has been that of the three Chinese monkeys: "Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil."

What has changed the viewpoint of our movie commissars that they will risk putting upon the screen ideas which some one might possibly dislike? Who is the knight in shining armor who has slain the dragon which spouted flame whenever Hollywood wished to deal with any vital international question of the day?

The knight's name is Adolf Hitler, and the dragon was called "European market." By killing the sale of American films in most of Europe, Mr. Hitler, aided by the leaders of various other totalitarian states, has finally removed that chance of commercial gain which lies so close to the heart of international politeness. With all hope of profit gone, we can, at last, become properly indignant and raise our voices in shocked protest without any pecuniary regrets.

Years ago, the European market was just a nice little baby dragon which wouldn't have hurt a soul. It begged prettily for American films, which it lapped up in amazing quantity, digested easily, and really paid for. But as the power of motion pictures to make friends and influence people began to be felt, the little dragon began to feel his own importance and insisted that the celluloid be flavored to suit his taste.

By this time American producers were depending upon the foreign market to keep them out of the red. Therefore they heeded the dragon's voice. And the resulting restrictions, mind you, were in addition to our local rules and regulations, which aimed to please all our own organized groups: churches, women's clubs, bar associations, medical associations, legislatures, censorship boards, the S. P. C. A., the S. P. C. C., the League of Decency, and a hundred other bands of earnest citizens ready to scream that motion pictures were doing the devil's work if a film stepped upon any one of their multifarious toes.

Let those who criticize the screen for its eternal lack of maturity realize that these well meaning groups have established a virtual reign of terror in Hollywood. Constantly suspended above studio heads is the Damoclean sword of federal censorship. That is why the screen finds it so difficult to deal with most of the facts of life. No politician in office may be corrupt on the screen. No policeman may be false to his trust. No clergyman may fall from grace. There are no houses of prostitution, no prostitutes, no opium joints, and no drug traffic.

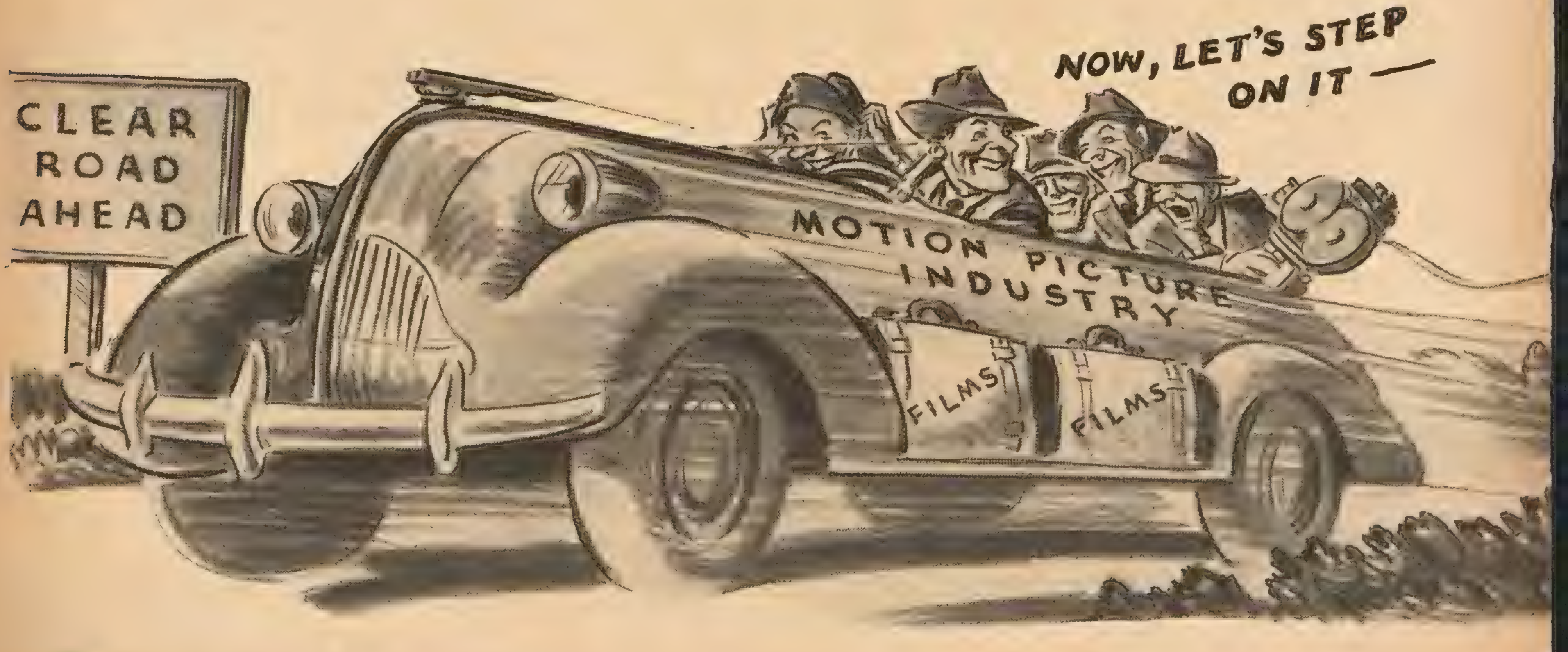
For many years villains of the screen have had no nationality. Any hint that a gangster was of Italian vintage was followed by lupine howlings from the Tiber. If a screen malefactor had just a trace of Teutonic accent, Berlin immediately threatened to punish ten thousand German Jews for the offense, and it hinted that if our screens showed any German Aryan doing anything unworthy of a superman, the Gestapo would ultimately take the whole United States into protective custody.

Even Mexico let it be known that, as far as the screen was concerned, there were no Mexican bandits or bad men. And Mexico is a good customer.

Threatened by so many despots both at home and abroad, it was inevitable that Hollywood should have acquired an oppressed minority—a group of intellectual refugees, made up of certain writers, directors, and producers who were anxious to deal on the screen with vital problems of today without being compelled to pussyfoot. Well known dramatists, lured by huge salaries, found their hands tied when it came to grasping an important subject without gloves. The dramatists sighed, and settled down to writing new versions of Tarzan, Dracula, Frankenstein, and other less important matters.

Directors and producers who yearned to grapple with political, economic, or social questions were told gently but firmly by the Hays office that such pictures were fine and added much to the industry's dignity—only the answer, in every case, had to be that our present system is perfect, all our laws wise, and that what may look to some people like social injustice is due merely to an unfortunate set of circumstances for which no one is to blame and which nobody can help.

The would-be torchbearers sadly doused their torches and went back to making gigantic productions of Little Women and Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.



HITLER

BY WILLIAM C. deMILLE

But now Hollywood's oppressed minority sees a ray of hope. An open season has been declared on dictators and subversive elements in our own back yards.

Hitler has thrown us out, bag and baggage—Protestant, Jew, and Catholic. No one in Germany, except the German people, wants to see an American film, and the people find it wiser to leave their desire unuttered. Mussolini has cut his supply of American pictures down to an absolute minimum and insists that we take our pay in spaghetti. It is quite possible that these two iron-handed gentlemen have started something which may lead to a Declaration of Independence for the American screen.

It is more than likely that the various reasons given for barring or limiting American films are merely excuses. The real reason is fear. Dictators do not want their followers to see the life of a people who have freedom of thought, of politics, and of religion; to feel the joy of living which permeates most American films as a result of individual liberty. They want their people to see America as a land in which democracy has failed; where all women are jitterbugs and most men gangsters; where lynching has become a substitute for law, and desire for wealth the sole national motive; where most of the population is unemployed, the rest underpaid, and the government interested only in collecting unjust debts from poor but honest foreigners.

From their own points of view the dictators are quite right. American pictures, reflecting as they do the everyday life, customs, habits, and psychology of the American people, are much too dangerous to be allowed to make their appeal to populations under yokes. The average American today is still better off and lives a fuller life than the average citizen of any other country. Even our unemployed have a better time than many who are " employed " in Germany. But because our economic machine has not been running smoothly, an opportunity has arisen for missionaries of European systems to work upon the minds of those who are bewildered. This is for the most part a danger deliberately aimed at us from outside, engineered by those to whom individual liberty means the end of their political system.

The best way to deal with these foreign gophers making tunnels through American soil is not to silence them but to answer them. And they can best be answered on the screen—the screen with its brakes off.

Our people, as a whole, read few editorials, but they listen to the radio, and more than half of them go to a movie every week. With the screen free to express itself politically, enemies of democracy would finally become aware of their unpopularity. Up to now, when they have been able to assemble a few thousand people in beer halls, they have mistaken the echoes of their own voices for public response. Once the screen is allowed to show what conditions really are under totalitarian rule, it will be hard for any brown-shirted enthusiast to sell this form of government to many Americans.

In line with American tradition, let the screen even present the Nazi arguments rather than try to win the debate by suppressing all opposition. If the full doctrine of totalitarianism were exposed to the great mass of our free people, it would be completely rejected. Let the screen show that the dictator governments depend upon armed minorities taking charge of the people and establishing their system by force, fear, and suppression. These have been the methods successfully used in Rome, Berlin, Moscow, and Jersey City.

If hyphenated Americans or foreign guests clad in fancy uniforms wish to mount soapboxes and proclaim the power and the glory of the Third Reich, they have a right to do so as long as they commit no overt act. But, in answer, let the screen show why thinkers, writers, musicians, and scientists, Aryan as well as Jewish, have fled the dictator countries rather than abandon their ideals. Let our people realize that in those countries Truth, Beauty, and Humanity wear the livery of the State. Art and literature are in bondage. They must confine themselves to an arbitrary set of opinions formulated by the government.

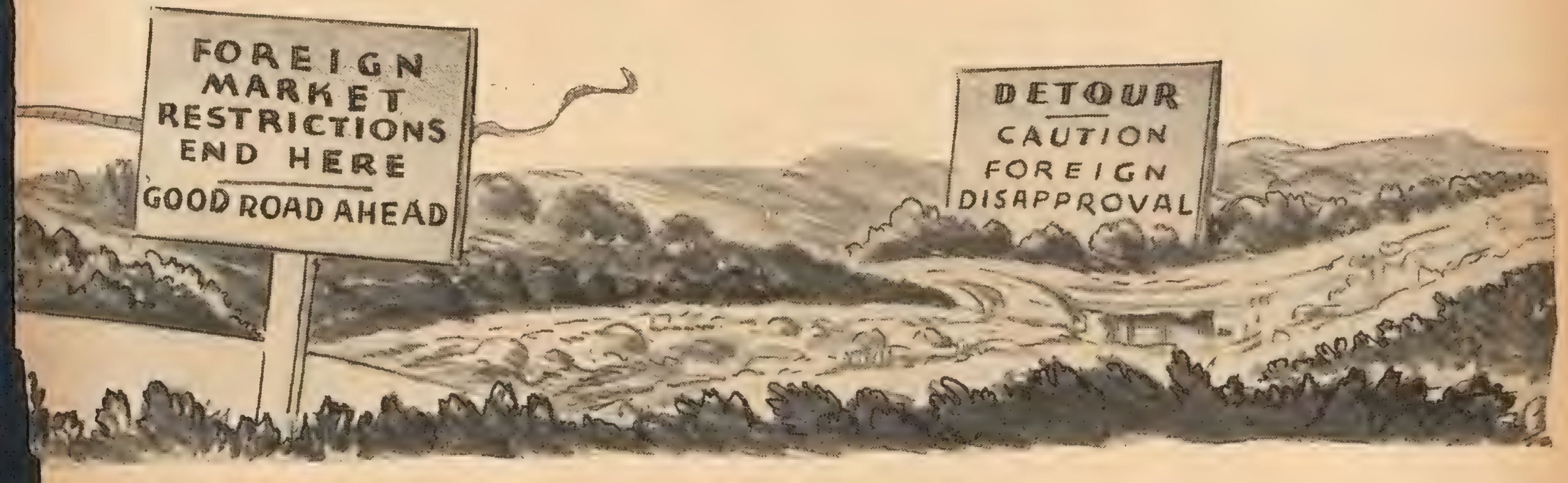
For years Hollywood has longed to take part in the world-wide discussions which events in Europe have provoked. But it was never allowed to cast a vote or voice a conviction. Both sides in Spain were right, both sides in China were right, the conquest of Abyssinia was Il Duce's private business. But finally the ingenious Nazis tried the profitable device of kidnaping a large section of their own people, despoiling them of all possessions and then offering them for ransom, in packages of five, to the rest of the world to save them from being tortured to death. At this point powerful motion-picture leaders decided that international courtesy might, after all, be overdone.

Now it can be told upon the screen, and it will be told, we hope, with no punches pulled.

Messrs. Hitler, Goering, and Goebbels may not be achieving much in the way of human freedom in their own land, but, unintentionally and indirectly, they have struck a mighty blow for liberty in ours.

THE END

Here's news!—An insider's astonishing, ironic revelation of how Der Fuehrer has given American films an era of new, outspoken freedom



To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN the dark at a movie show, a girl and boy were having a whispered love-brawl. Back of them sat a lady with professional ears for just that sort of stuff. Her eavesdropping resulted in the words of a hit song we all know—A Fine Romance—popularized by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

Dorothy Fields is the lady who overheard the squabble and put it into verse. She writes many of Hollywood's catchiest lyrics, getting her ideas nearly always from scraps of conversation picked up by chance. The chitchat of a salesgirl in a dress shop inspired her successful song, You Couldn't Be Cuter, while another well known number of hers, Don't Mention Love to Me, was the by-product of a falling out with one of her own boy friends.

Fieldsie, as she is called, has a genius for making the most of every little true-life comedy or tragedy she can kibitz. How many girls, do you guess, have been softly besieged by the lines of her song, Lovely to Look At? In how many parked cars have boys made use of her sentimental come-on, I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby?

Dorothy's father is Lew Fields of Weber-and-Fields fame. "He's the world's stingiest letter writer," Dorothy told me. "In his whole life," she said, "during all his travels, he has written only five letters to his family. We keep those five letters in safe-deposit boxes at the bank. We actually do!"

☆ In this country we feel extra respectful toward Finland—the small nation that pays its debts. . . . I believe you will like the following true story told me by Alecko Lilius, globe-trotting Finnish newspaperman.

The story begins with an eight-year-old boy being left home alone on a Finland farm one winter night while his elders drove miles through the snow to the village church. They considered the boy too delicate for the long, cold ride. They didn't know he had promised to meet a little friend at church that evening. But he *had* promised. So, after his folks were gone, he harnessed a reindeer to a sled and started off alone. Too strong for him, the reindeer ran wild; capsized the sled; dumped the boy into a roadside snowbank, where he lay rapidly freezing—with the distant sound of church bells ringing in his ears. . . . Somebody found him. He woke up, hours later, in the village hospital. "I said I'd be there," he explained. "I tried to keep my promise."

The name of that little Finnish farm boy was Kyosti Kallio. Today he is President of Finland.

☆ *Three inexpensive novelties of the new year:* . . . Self-illuminating telephone pad. You pull out the pencil and a little lamp twinks automatically alight. No wires. . . . *Macadamia* nuts, an unfamiliar delicacy now being imported from Hawaii. Excellent with cocktails. . . . Dinner plates in English blue, decorated with pictures of the various 1939 World's Fair buildings.

☆ Some friends of mine have a Chinese cook, and we are all very fond of the way he prepares beefsteak with bean sprouts—a version of Chinese pepper steak. It is easy for any one to do. . . . Your steak should be an inch and a half thick. Use a heavy pan well rubbed with beef suet. Get the pan good and hot. Sear the steak quickly; let it go on sizzling about 15 minutes; then remove to hot platter. Drain 1 can bean sprouts and heat them a few minutes in the steak pan, adding 1 teaspoon soy sauce and ½ teaspoon granulated sugar. Stir well before pouring over the steak. On the side serve fresh green peppers, seeded, quartered, and fried.

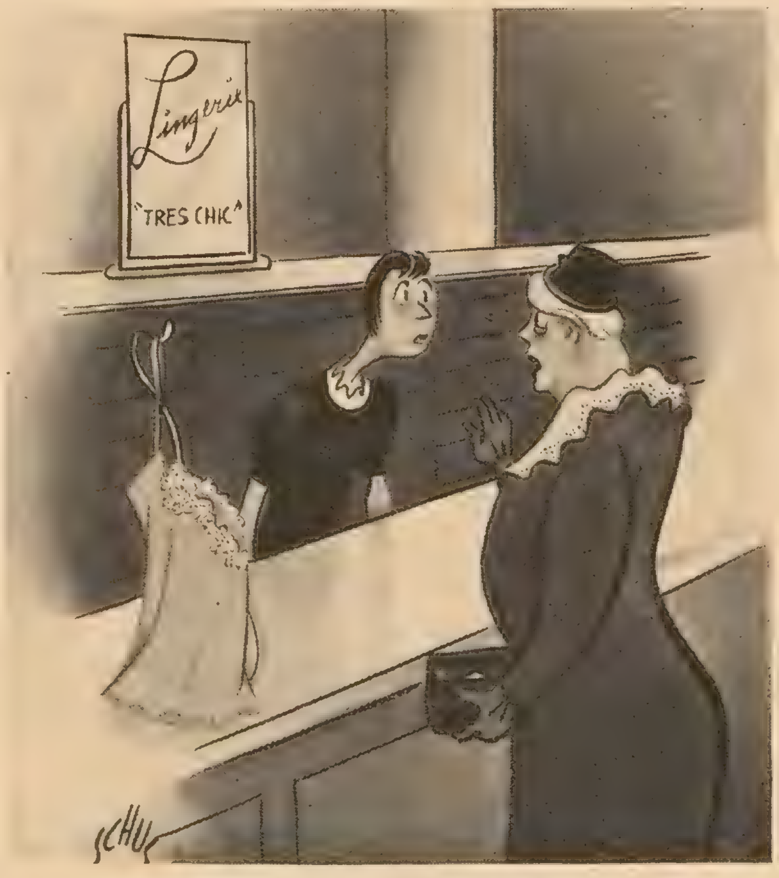
☆ Loads of California letters replying to my item about women and "folly" mansions. Attention focuses on Winchester House, near San Jose—five-million-dollar freak erected by the late Sarah L. Winchester, widow of the noted gunmaker. She was *occult!* Her huge sprawling home is fantastic with spirit galleries, thirteen-step stairways, and halls that lead to dead ends. She let no visitors in—not even President Theodore Roosevelt when he tried to pay a call. Her husky menservants threatened to keep T. R. out by means of violence if necessary.

☆ For high-school girls aiming to be trained nurses I recommend the Sue Barton books by Helen Dore Boylston. Newest is Sue Barton: Visiting Nurse. (Published by Little, Brown & Co.)

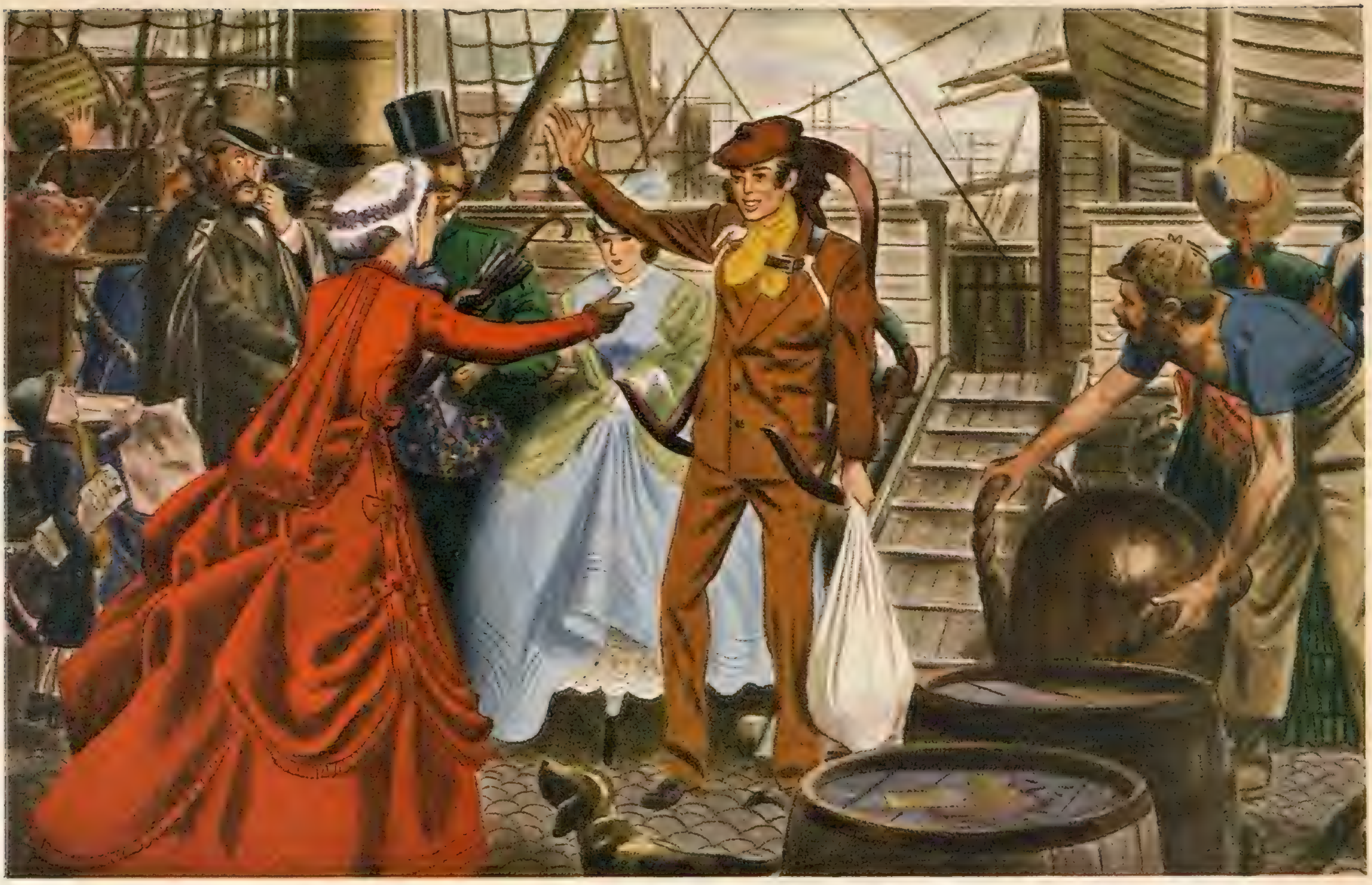
☆ Clothes make the man. They make him plenty of trouble at times. . . . Cornelius ("Neil") Vanderbilt, Jr., who writes swell stories for Liberty, had a dinner date with Charlie Chaplin. Traveling by trailer as usual, Neil had camped his wardrobe at the Beverly Hills abode of Rob Wagner, editor of Script Magazine. Neil being late, Rob and Mrs. W. left for the Chaplin fiesta, locking all doors. They thought Neil had gone on by himself. He hadn't. At the Wagners' he couldn't get in to change: rushed to a near-by store, bought a clean shirt and black necktie.

Started to change in the Wagner bushes—where he was nabbed by a cop as a prowling burglar.

After listening to his lament, the cop escorted him grimly to the Chaplin home for identification.



"I want something in black lace—but you mustn't let me!"



With £100, a sack of flour, and a rocking chair

DID YOU know that Sir Thomas Lipton—famous sportsman and "Tea Merchant By Appointment" to three Royal Families—began life without title or fortune?

• • •

Born in Glasgow of Irish parents, he came to America at 17, had jobs in Virginia and New Orleans. When he went home to start a business of his own, he had a hundred pounds in money, a sack of flour, and a rocking chair for his mother.

1. The young merchant with the up-and-coming American ideas soon had a chain of fine provision shops. He sent to America for bacon, to Denmark for butter. And every time he opened the black-and-gold tea canisters, he wondered where to go for finer tea.

2. At last he found that finer tea. It grew up in the hills on the Isle of Ceylon, and it had a remarkably rich, deeper flavor—an unmatched aroma. Straightway, he bought plantations on those remote plateaus, began the scientific cultivation of tea.

LIPTON
TEA
LIPTON
LIPTON
Known All Over the World for its Supreme Quality
Thomas Lipton
CHOICEST BLEND
ORANGE PEKOE & PEKOE
TEA
CHOICEST BLEND
ORANGE PEKOE & PEKOE
TEA

—"PEPS YOU UP!"

LIPTON'S TEA

3. With superb varieties from his own gardens as a basis, the eager planter perfected his new blend. Lipton's Tea won medals at five World Fairs; it is the favorite of seven nations—including ours.

A luxury? Yes!—*but not in price!* No beverage except water costs as little as tea . . . even tea as fine as Lipton's! So get a package today. Steep three to five minutes in freshly boiling water. Then taste! Here's tea in all its wonderful goodness—Lipton's Tea.

ON MOST OVERNIGHT TRIPS OF 300 MILES

This "3 Room Apartment"

for only $2.65*

Here's a typical Pullman Rate showing how much REAL travel comfort you can now get for surprisingly little cost!

As you can see from the pictures, Pullman travel on most trains offers far more than a place to sleep.

Actually, on such trains, you enjoy the full use of a "3 room apartment"—consisting of a lounge parlor; sleeping accommodations, with a bed that makes you think of home—and the convenience of a dressing room, with complete toilet facilities!

For this spacious "apartment"—on the average 300 mile overnight trip—you pay $2.65 plus your first class rail fare. In total cost, therefore, rail and Pullman is not the cheapest way to go—unless, like all the travel-wise, you've discovered that travel value can't be reckoned in dollars alone!

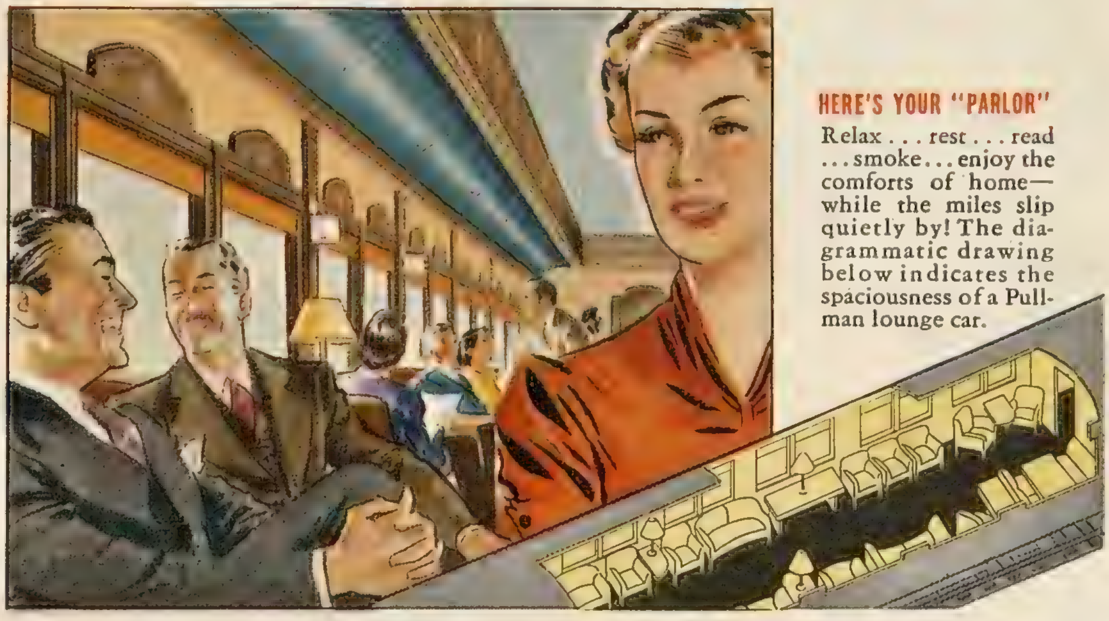
Then, you know it's *more* than worth the small additional cost to avoid the countless delays, annoyances and ever-present hazards of highway travel. Or the discomfort of sitting up all night in the harsh glare of a crowded, noisy day coach.

The fact is you pay more to go by Pullman. And it's *also* a fact that Pullman offers the best travel investment you can make. Because, for what is still a small amount of money—you will enjoy the greatest comfort, travel safety and *all-weather* dependability any amount of money can buy!

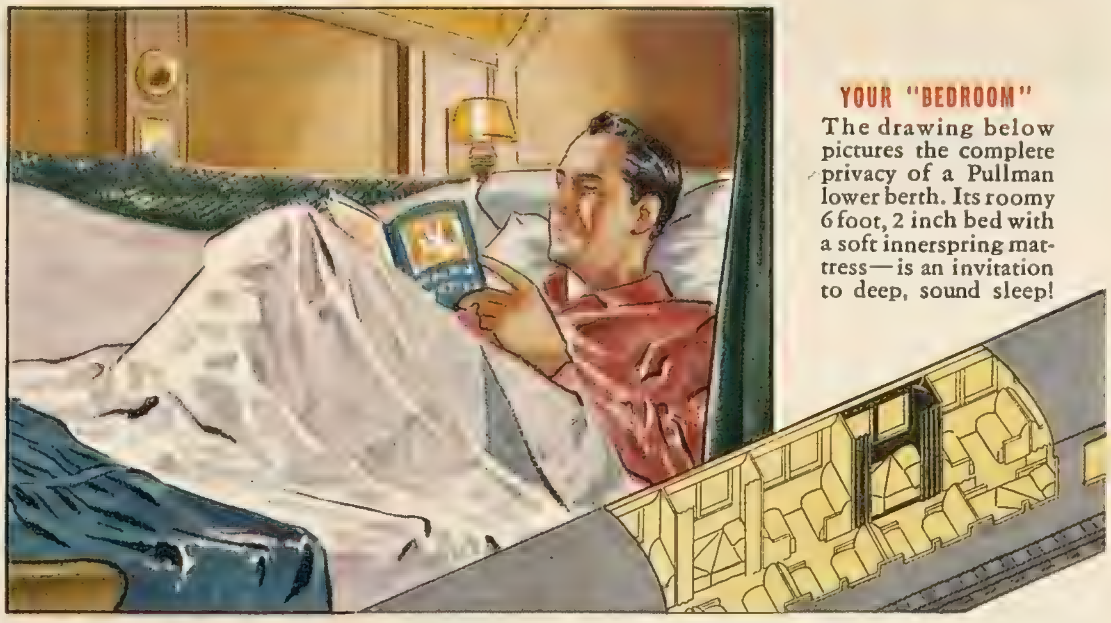
And you will be using a means of swift transportation that has not had a single passenger fatality in over 4 years!

Plan your next trip by Pullman. Ask your ticket agent for full details on the low cost of going by Pullman.

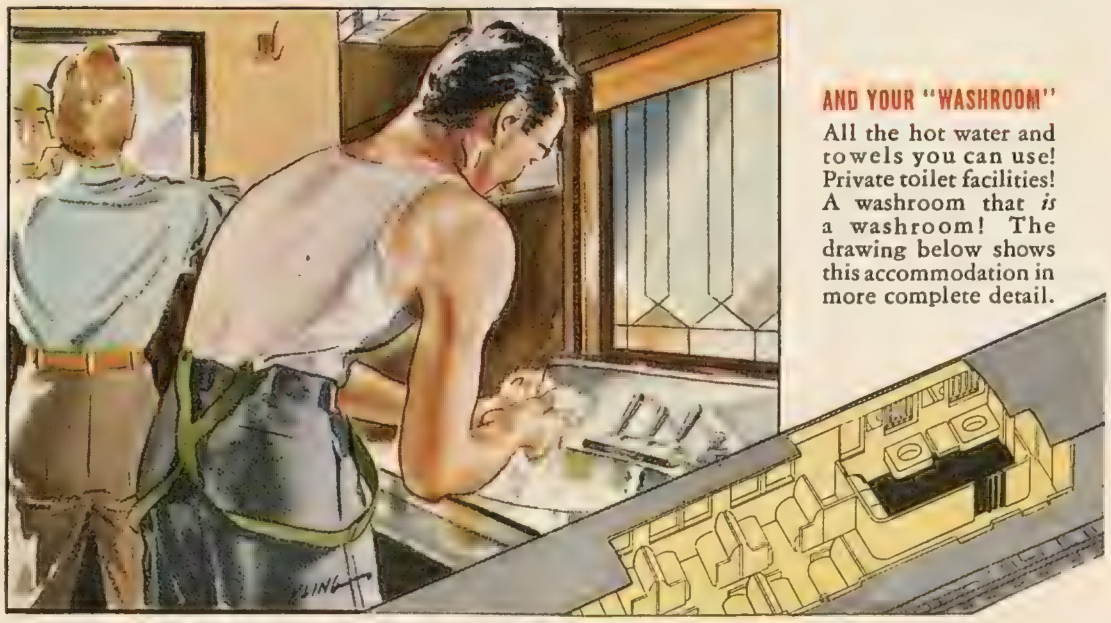
**(PLUS, of course, first class rail fare for transportation)*



HERE'S YOUR "PARLOR"
Relax . . . rest . . . read . . . smoke . . . enjoy the comforts of home—while the miles slip quietly by! The diagrammatic drawing below indicates the spaciousness of a Pullman lounge car.



YOUR "BEDROOM"
The drawing below pictures the complete privacy of a Pullman lower berth. Its roomy 6 foot, 2 inch bed with a soft innerspring mattress—is an invitation to deep, sound sleep!



AND YOUR "WASHROOM"
All the hot water and towels you can use! Private toilet facilities! A washroom that *is* a washroom! The drawing below shows this accommodation in more complete detail.

Go RAIL AND Pullman

NOW OUT . . . "LIFE ON A PULLMAN" A new, 16 page booklet, telling Pullman's complete story, is now yours for the asking. This fascinating word and picture story of the amazing extent of Pullman service contains information and suggestions that show you how to get the most out of your next Pullman trip. For your copy of "Life on a Pullman" write to The Pullman Company, Dept. L1, Chicago, Ill.

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THE COMFORTABLE AND SURE WAY TO GET THERE . . . WITH ALL THE SPEED THAT'S SAFE!

The American Legion entertains the School Safety Patrol boys.

THE COP WHO CARED

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

The inspiring story of a man, an idea, and a human experiment that worked

The School Safety Patrol on its way to the American Legion outing. Inset: Inspector Walter M. Germain.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

GET a load of that kid," the detective said. "You'll come across him again. He's the toughest little brat in eighteen states, a born criminal."

The rookie cop who was being taught police routine looked at the boy and shook his head in wonder.

"Why, he's only ten or eleven years old!" he said. "And you say he's a confirmed criminal?"

"Jimmy's been in here at least a dozen times for petty thievery. God knows what he'll be when he grows up. Maybe another Dillinger. Maybe just a punk."

"Strange," said the rookie. "A little soap and water would make him look like an angel. What do you do to him—or for him?"

"Do to him? What *can* we do to him? The law says a kid has to be at least twelve before he can be put in the reformatory. We can't do anything but bawl the living daylights out of him and throw him back in the street. Look at him. He's laughing at us—at the whole police force. He's got it on us, see? And he knows it."

"Are there many kids like that?" the rookie asked.

"Yeah, there are lots like him. You'll find them in every city in the land. Thousands of them—growing up into jailbirds."

"But why do kids of that age steal? Can't the police do something for boys like that, something to prevent their growing up wrong?"

"Why do they steal?" the detective said. "I don't know. I guess because they think it's a cinch to cop something and get away with it. Or maybe it's just because the devil's in them. Or they were born that way. And as to doing something for them—that's poppycock. There's nothing to be done except send them away."

The rookie, Walter M. Germain, didn't agree.

There must be a way to handle these kids, he thought, and it's up to the police to find that way. It's up to the police to prevent crime, as well as to suppress crime. There's no such thing as a born thief.

Germain began to study the problem of juvenile delinquency. He read all the books he could find on the subject. He corresponded with men experienced in that field—probation officers, superintendents of reformatories, clergymen, teachers, police chiefs in cities all over the world. He questioned thousands of boys.

He was appalled to discover that so little was being done to prevent crime, that so few men were interested in saving boys from becoming criminals. He determined to do something about it.

Eventually he helped to establish a Juvenile Division in the police department, an organization meant to be a citizenship clinic, and not a law-enforcement agency.

In this clinic he learned a lot of things about boys—their temptations, their problems, their needs, the hardships many of them had to undergo. And, as a result of what he learned, he instituted, in June of last year, the first bureau of its kind in the United States—the Crime Prevention Division. Germain is superintendent of this division, but he is better known as the "police counselor."

All this might have happened in any of the big cities of America, where the problems of juvenile delinquency have grown with the years and the costs of crime have reached staggering figures. But it happened in the little city of Saginaw, Michigan.

Within the year, the Germain idea of the "police counselor" and the Crime Prevention Division has spread to every police department in the country. The idea has spread, but it has been put to work only in Saginaw. And there it has accomplished amazing things.

"The police-counselor idea is built on common sense," Superintendent Germain says. "It gives the young lawbreaker a chance to make a decent citizen of himself. All kinds of boys are brought into the police station—tough kids, hoodlums, truants, petty thieves, beggars, mischievous imps, children of wretched parents. What usually happens? In most police stations they are third-degreed. Methods of questioning and intimidation are used by policemen that are nothing short of ruinous to suggestible and impressionable children. Boys are sent to the reformatory who have done nothing worse than you or I did when we were kids. I have seen few youngsters get a decent break, once they were brought into a police station. I know that most children are worse after their first contact with the police than they were before.

NOW, these are absurd and monstrous facts. Children should be bettered by their contact with policemen. The cop should never be a bogeyman to anybody, much less to a child. He should be a friend and protector, a help in trouble, a counselor upon whom one can depend.

"The boys in Saginaw have learned that the policemen are really their friends. And what are the results? I have just compiled the figures for the first fiscal year of the Crime Prevention Division.

"They show there were 348 complaints involving 554 boys as compared with 451 complaints involving 716 during the 1936-37 period. Larcenies by juveniles decreased from 174 to 113. Breaking and entering dropped from 29 to 25, and all other offenses from 278 to 210. The number of boys taken to court dropped from 115 to 35; the number confined in the detention home from 60 to 3. Only one boy was sent to the reformatory, whereas last year twelve were sentenced. There were 64 repeat cases as against 125 during the previous year.

"The whole procedure is predicated on the belief that a boy who has offended the law is more likely to respond favorably to friendliness than to fear."

The idea has worked beautifully, but it would not have worked, Germain admits, without the help of many individuals and agencies outside the police department.

"No one agency working alone can expect to do a thorough job of curbing juvenile delinquency," Germain maintains. "And no crime-prevention program can succeed unless it deals with the causes of crime. Once the cause is discovered, you can begin the treatment.

"All kinds of boys come to me," Germain says, "the guilty and the innocent, the wild little devil and the poor kid who steals to eat. There's a warm human story in each of them—but the story that appeals to me most is that of a boy named Gavin.

"This boy used to sell papers in Saginaw. He had a route. He was about thirteen, a skinny, undernourished boy, the youngest child in the family. His father was out of work. His mother scrubbed floors for a living. His elder brothers worked only when they had to. Gavin was the big breadwinner of the family. He'd bring home five or six dollars every collection day.

"I didn't meet him until after he was arrested. He had turned thief. He stole little things from the homes of his customers. One of them caught him in the act, and notified the police.

"There he was in front of me, trembling but sullen and defiant, in danger of being sent to the reformatory until he was twenty-one.

"It took me a long time to win his confidence.

"'You don't want to go to the reformatory, do you, Gavin?' I asked.

"'Well,' he said, 'that would be better than getting beat up every week.'

"I didn't understand what he meant. Not until he pulled up his shirt and I saw the ugly bruises on his body. His father and his big brother had beaten him every Saturday—every night he came home with less money than he should have collected from his newspaper route.

"He told them that some of his customers had quit taking the papers, that one had moved, that another said he couldn't pay this week but would pay next week. They thought he was lying.

"Gavin's father and brother made a thief out of him. He stole things and sold them in order to make up the money expected of him every Saturday night. He stole in order to save himself from being beaten to death.

"Now, don't you see it would have been a crime to send that boy to the reformatory? Don't you see what the reformatory would have done to that child? But that's where he would have landed if it hadn't been for the Crime Prevention Division.

"What happened? We investigated his story and found it true. Then we talked to the boy's father and brother. They were ashamed of themselves—so ashamed they both went to work. We put Gavin in high school. We saw that he had a chance to become a decent citizen.

"What we did in this case we have done in others—with equal success. It has cost the city little. It has cost those citizens and agencies co-operating with us very little in time and energy and money. It has saved scores of boys, prevented who can say how many crimes, how much loss of property, how much bloodshed!"

Like other social workers, Superintendent Germain believes that reformatories do not usually reform boys—rather that they educate boys in crime and prepare them for entrance into the penitentiary.

YOU can't cure anybody of criminal tendencies by punishing him," he says. "You have to find out the causative factors of misconduct.

"The task of preventing crime, as a whole, is one of character building. The primary responsibility, of course, belongs in the home. But when parents fail in their duty to their children, some other agency must step into the breach—not only for the children's sake but for the sake of the community itself.

"What agency will this be? The school? The church? Or the police? If the parents fail in their duty to a child, and the school and the church fail, the child will assuredly fall into the hands of the police. And unless the police can direct that unfortunate child on to the right road, he is lost."

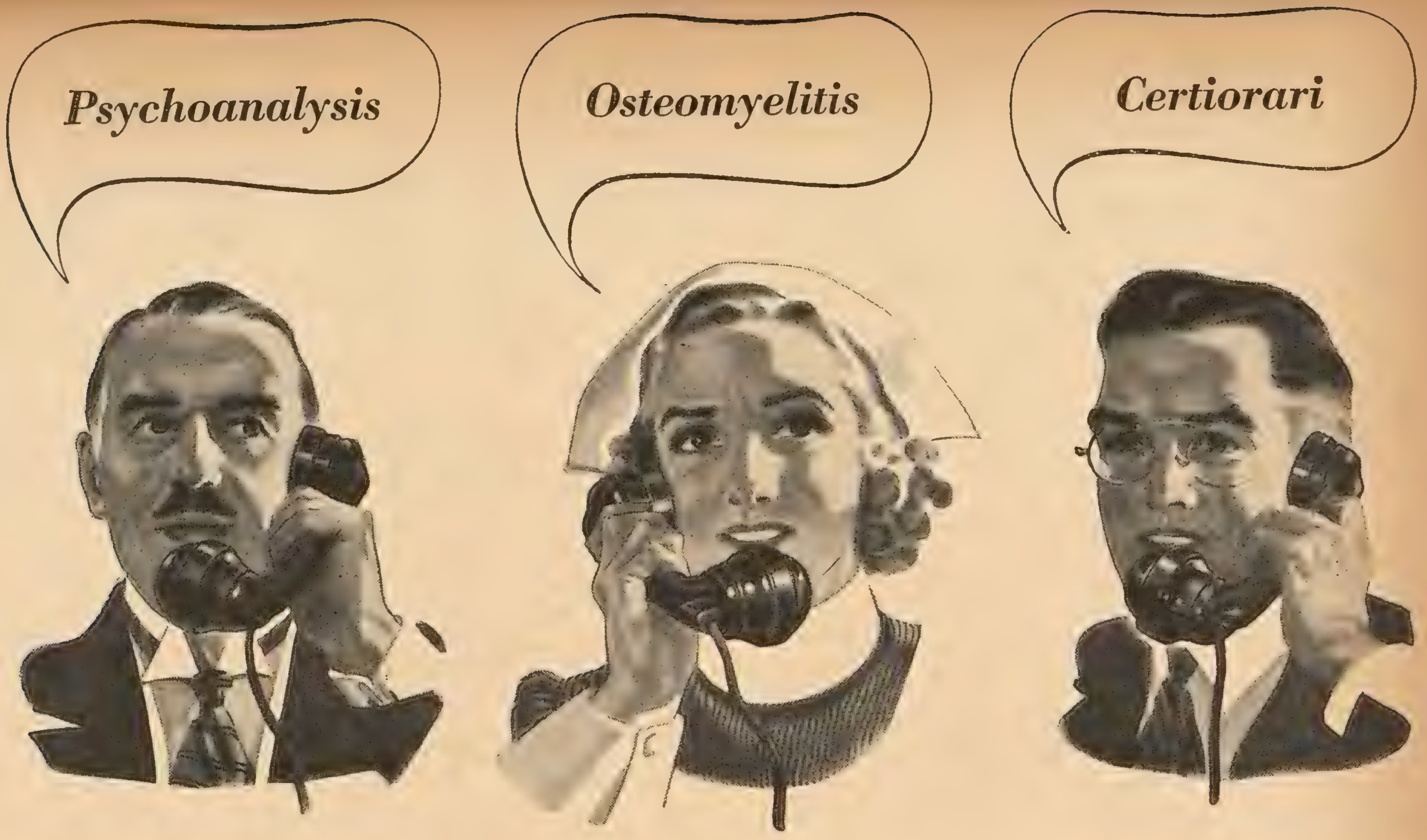
Mr. Germain was asked what had become of Jimmy, the "confirmed thief" who started him thinking of the police-counselor method of crime prevention.

"Oh," he said, and his eyes brightened, "Jimmy! Jimmy was rather an easy problem to solve. We discovered that he stole because of a hungry, overmastering desire to create music. Ever since he could remember, he said, he had wanted to play a cornet. His parents had no sympathy with this passion of his. They had money enough to buy him a cornet. But they wouldn't do it. So Jimmy began to steal things and to sell them to his pals so that he could buy the cornet. He was arrested and questioned. The first time, he was frightened. But later he wasn't scared at all. He grew hardened to the police routine, laughed at and despised the cops who took him into custody.

"But that's all over now. Jimmy's in high school. He's at the head of his classes. And—here's the pay-off—his great ambition is to be a detective on the Saginaw police force!

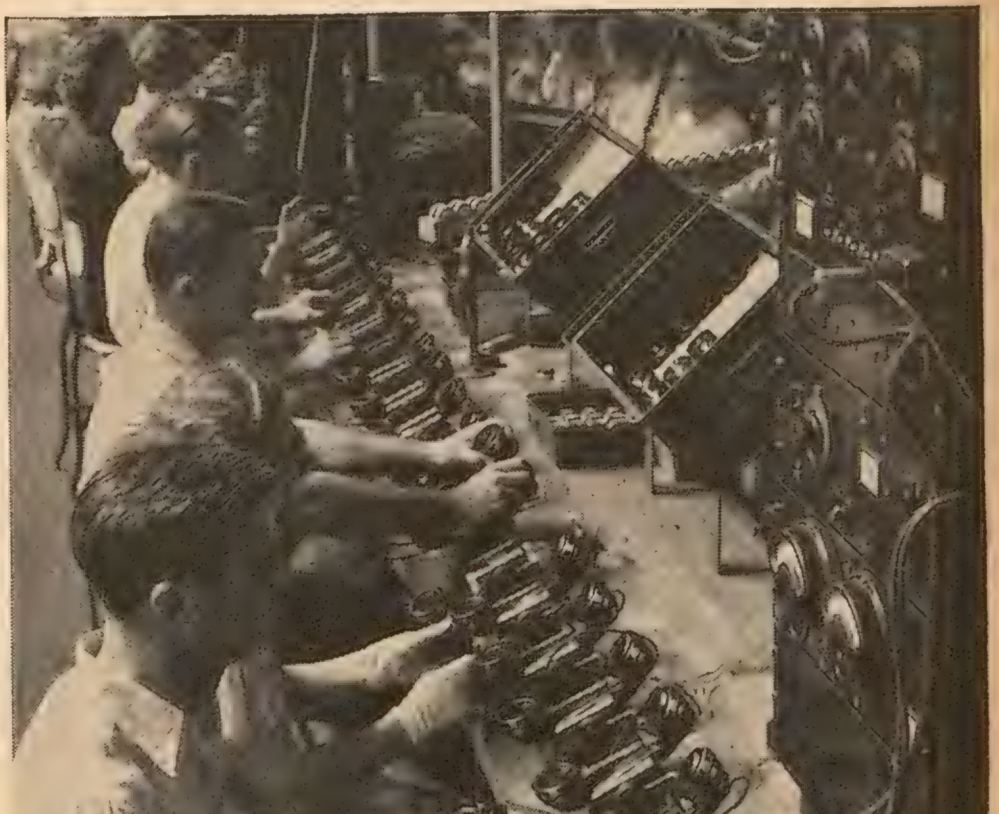
"How did we bring about this miracle? Simple. We got Jimmy a cornet, and saw that he was enrolled in the high-school band. That's all we needed to do."

THE END



Even these jaw-breakers get through

—because telephone tests at Western Electric made sure of it



Your Bell telephone will transmit clearly any spoken word, be it short or long. For it represents not only skillful design by Bell Telephone Laboratories, but skillful construction by Western Electric—manufacturing unit of the Bell System.

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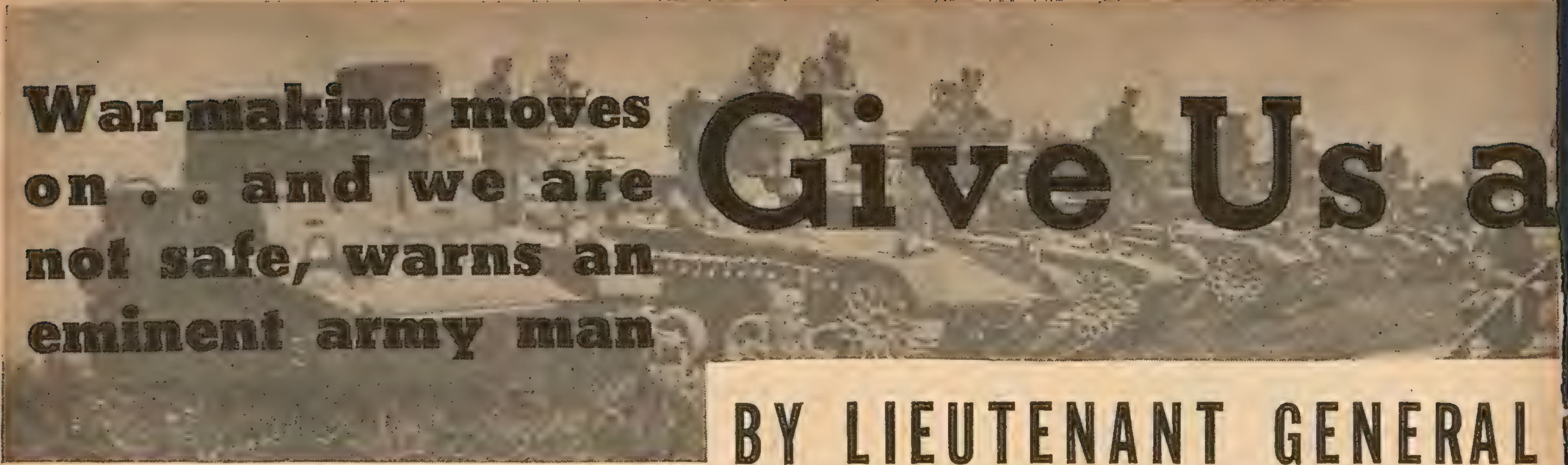


War-making moves on . . and we are not safe, warns an eminent army man

Give Us a

BY LIEUTENANT GENERAL

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IT is so little to ask. But we *should* ask. Give us a small MODERN army for defense.

Gladly I endorsed the Liberty National Defense Program. But, it is clear now, it was not enough. In the months since, maneuvers, battles, and every glimpse we've had of the new might of the Great Powers of Europe have clinched the same lessons:

War technique has advanced swiftly. *Machine* power and fire power determine strength in battle. Anything but *modern* defense is useless.

War's spread is unpredictable and, whatever its seeming unlikelihood for us, we cannot be safe if warmaking methods move onward, leaving our defense obsolete. Therefore I urge an increase in the Liberty Program as follows:

"Equip and maintain FOUR *fully mechanized* Regular Army divisions, one in each Army Area. Provide also for National Guard units FOUR modernized divisions of the 'streamlined' type tested in Texas last year."

We need to modernize our thinking on defense. To help that, let's look about the world.

In Spain, General Franco launched what he hoped would be his "victory offensive" toward the sea. At zero hour, war correspondents reported, no *men* were visible. The jump-off was made by *planes and tanks.* Planes zoomed, machine-gunning the enemy positions. Then tanks sped forward—fast, not at lumbering 1918 speeds each blazing with the fire power of a company of riflemen. The enemy broke in pell-mell retreat, and the break-through was deep. Only then did men come visibly into this battle. The infantry surged forward to consolidate and hold new, advanced positions.

In this battle we had a vivid close-up of modern *mechanical* war. And we'd better think about it.

Soon the ending of the Spanish civil war through Franco victory was predicted. But resistance stiffened, and by late summer Barcelona troops had been able to take the offensive in some places. Why? Because of "reinforcement" by new supplies of tanks, planes, and bombs from Russia. The tide of the battle was shifted by modern weapons.

Japan invaded China with the latest machinery of war. Northern victories were swift. The world noted that an old-fashioned army cannot stand against war of today. Later, at Shanghai, there was *apparent* stalemate, with stories of prolonged and "heroic" Chinese resistance. Doubt arose for a time about Japanese, and mechanical, superiority. Actually the Shanghai expedition's first job was merely to hold masses of Chinese troops in that area and prevent their use as reinforcements on the northern fronts.

When Japan was ready to attack, a relatively small armored speed army was landed from the sea south of Shanghai. In a series of swift slashing outflanking drives, this force quickly crumpled the resistance of the masses of Chinese foot soldiers. They fled in panic to Nanking, then beyond.

This was debacle. It actually broke the organized defense of China. Thereafter, the Generalissimo announced, fighting would take the form of a series of guerrilla attacks. That is always hopeless defense, and so it proved.

At the same time Europe, upon war's brink, reached with feverish haste for the modern weapons which had proved so effective and deadly in Spain and China.

Months earlier, China had estimated one million casualties. Of these, 200,000, or *one fifth*, were civilians! Here, as in China, war may reach *you*, though you wear no uniform. Our ablest army chiefs are thinking about these lessons. Clearly, we must all do so.

In the greatest of all war maneuvers, which extended across north Germany, the major defense problem was repelling a highly mechanized force coming from the sea. Though it hasn't been advertised, some of our own war games have been based upon a similar invasion problem. Our army, as now equipped, didn't solve it.

Further, in Germany it was assumed—as a matter of course—that some of the invading land machines of war would be carried through the air. A part of the tactics of defense was the prevention of this kind of air-to-land invasion, the technique of which has been perfected by Russia. In a word, the technique of warmaking is advancing so rapidly we cannot tell where or how war will strike.

Turn to Russia. War Commissar Voroshilov, giving a public accounting of Soviet war power, dismissed one item with a sentence. "Our tanks," he said laconically and with a striking gesture, "are good enough."

His audience thundered cheers—and laughed. Russia is known to have at least *eight* fully mechanized divisions, and to be creating more. The nation which maintains the world's biggest standing army, 1,500,000 strong, is not relying upon mule speed or 1903-model rifles.

Germany has several such divisions. Italy's war machines have been seen in action in Ethiopia. Britain is rushing the production of such weapons with the help of our own tank genius, J. Walter Christie. Many readers may have seen, as I did the other day, the newsreel of French tanks rolling out of a factory like cars off an assembly line. *All* Great Powers are reaching for the newest mechanics of warmaking, of all types.

In the face of that, it is folly to think that what we learned about fighting in 1918 will serve us now. Or that World War equipment will protect us.

Note the declaration of War Secretary Hore-Belisha in London, March 10. If Britain again must "defend her frontier" by fighting beyond the Channel, not millions of men but a highly specialized army on wheels and airplanes will be sent. He spoke of the formation of new types of divisions. These are smaller; some chiefly motorized machine-gun units, others more heavily armored and armed—or mechanized.

The British War Secretary actually was giving a hint about war tomorrow. Or as well say, today.

Because of the new developments in tanks, armored cars, swift machine-gun units, "rubber-tired" artillery, and airplanes, the world will not go back to war by millions of riflemen on a fixed and entrenched front. Instead, a war of speed, extending over a vast theater of

MODERN Army!

ROBERT LEE BULLARD

operations, literally nation-wide for some countries. Old ideas do not help envisage it. To illustrate:

You know that the strength of a battle fleet is estimated in ships, not in men; of an air force, in squadrons, not in men. But military strength has been calculated in men. However, *now* land forces, too, are to fight with mechanics, not man to man. Modernize the classic dictum of the general who said he won battles by " getting there fustest with the mostest men," and today's version—an imperative one—would be:

Get there first with the most fire power.

Or with the most, speediest, and deadliest modern weapons. If that can be done—and victory won—with the *fewest* men, so much the better.

Measurement of an army's strength in numbers already means little. China has numbers. The popular thought that none would dare attack us because we have such huge potential " man power " for defense is one of the old ideas we'd better discard. *Machine power*, rather than man power, will win future wars. *We haven't got it.*

We have entered each of our wars prepared for the last one. We modernized—in equipment, training, and methods—*during* the World War. Then we were content to remain almost at a standstill for fifteen years. Our arms became obsolete rapidly. Maneuvers were elementary. Army motorization was only fairly started. We had only *seven* modern tanks! The rest of the world set a fast pace, but " the United States was floundering along in the ruck," as Secretary of War Woodring stated in his annual report.

Germany's defiant rearmament, wars abroad, and frenzied preparations and threats of wars; such things jolted us. We have built up one mechanized cavalry brigade at Fort Knox, Kentucky. I witnessed and reported in Liberty sham battles by portions of this force which demonstrated the truths lately driven home by actual battle in China and Spain.

Bringing our thinking—and actions—further up to date, we tested in Texas a " Proposed Infantry Division," widely publicized as the " streamlined " division. I rode with that on a record cross-country march. It was very impressive, and in many ways. But for straight thinking you should have the record clear on it.

Here we merely motorized a division *for the first time.* To get troops for this smaller (13,000 men) motorized division, it was necessary to draw from such scattered points as the Rio Grande, St. Louis, New Jersey, and Denver. Even then some elements were " imagined." This was *not* a " mechanized " division armed with powerful self-propelling and armored weapons—such as exist abroad.

It *was* a step toward a specialized army on wheels, and amid all the " expert " talk I heard, one reaction stood out most vividly. Sons of officers at Fort Sam Houston play with short-wave radio. After watching streamline army speed, they were passing around through the ether a suggestion that Uncle Sam give all his old-fashioned army equipment to China!

That was Youth speaking. Youth of a high-geared, swift Machine Age. It was likewise the voice of those who may have to defend us. And it was sound thinking.

The third step in our awakening was the announcement in January—two months after publication of the Liberty National Defense Program—that as a part of a " gradual, long-range " program we are to have *one* mechanized division. It will be built—how gradually I do not know—by expanding the Fort Knox force.

Our military authorities are not agreed on what should constitute a mechanized division. Foreign nations do not make public what they are doing. I am able, however, to help at least partial visualization of machine-made war with some incomplete detail on a modern British division. In it are included:

One tank brigade: 57 medium, 24 close support, and 125 light tanks. Two cavalry brigades, mechanized; number of armored cars unknown. One infantry battalion, motorized; no data on machine guns. Twenty-four 96-millimeter howitzers; engineer, signal, and other troops; total personnel, 7,800 officers and men.

The tank total is 206. In the First Cavalry maneuvers in Kentucky we used twenty tanks.

How would you stop that single division, if it were invading us? Can you imagine pitting rifle-bearing infantrymen, on foot, against it?

If we need only about 1,000 tanks and 1,000 armored cars, and sundry other modern weapons to provide a swift hard-hitting *modern* division in each of our four Army Areas, let's have them. If a mere 6,400 motor vehicles (and no slow-moving animals) plus sundry other equipment will permit us to streamline four National Guard divisions, why wait? War doesn't, when it comes.

All that is outlined here is a trifle for a people who can produce and buy 5,000,000 motor vehicles in a year. And that this nation on wheels keeps its army on foot—while the mechanization of a single division is a four-year program—seems an absurdity.

True, the fleet is out there, but in *one* ocean. Perhaps the wrong one, hence Secretary Woodring's new demand for " impregnable " Canal defense. Even grant that, and two-coast attack is conceivable in our world today.

True, we are building up our air force. But even if we build it to what it should be—and we are not doing so—it can never completely guard us against attack which can pick its course through a billion *cubic* miles of air.

And right here, in the midst of great current emphasis on a navy almost alone for defense, keep in mind that men live on the ground and fight not for the sea or the air but for the ground. So to the ground—and to ground forces, to the army—battle must finally come.

New mechanics, as well as world conditions, make it advisable for us to shake off our complacency. We *were* safe, because it was so unlikely that any enemy could invade us with a million men. But cripple the fleet, or hold it in the wrong ocean; outnumber the air force—and it would be possible for an enemy to attack. With 100,000—possibly even 50,000—who would have the *fighting power* a million men once had. That is, if we had to send against the invader only a small *old-fashioned* army. That is, far too much, what we have now.

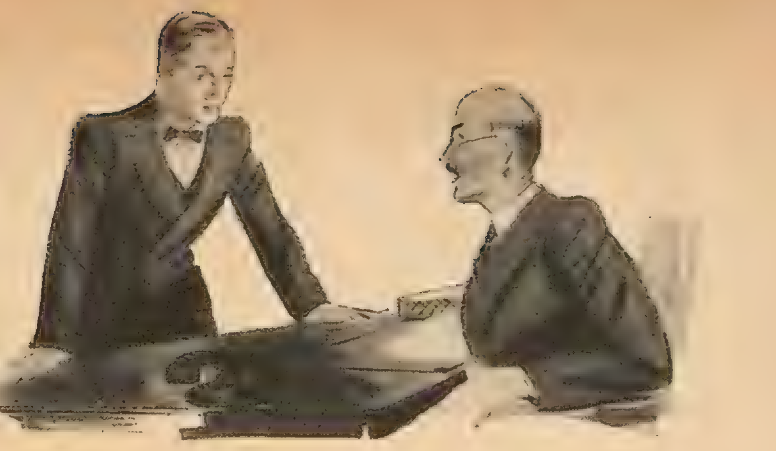
The simplest common sense dictates that if warmaking has moved beyond us, we *must* modernize defense.

THE END

"THINK FAST, CAL!"

Two-Minute Story

BY LYON MEARSON



THEY tell a thousand stories, in the advertising profession, about Cal Bartlett, and some of them must be true, for it is well known there is no cleverer writer of advertising, nor one more resourceful. His salary is legendary, he has no failures, and he is tops in a highly competitive profession.

But Cal was not always that way. There was a time when he had graduated from college and needed a job, and no one would give it to him. He wanted to be an advertising writer, but no one would hire him without experience. And he could get no experience unless some one hired him.

Cal, determined to get a job, walked into the office of the head of a large chain grocery, and nearly got thrown out for his pains. It seems that the merchandise buyer was having a hot session with the boss, who was sore about an enormous purchase of white salmon. Now, there's nothing wrong with white salmon. It tastes just as good as pink salmon, and it is just as good. But people are used to pink salmon, and now the Hudson Grocery Company had a big stock of white salmon on their hands, and no one would buy it, though they made the price very inviting indeed.

That was the moment that this young college boy picked to walk in, unannounced.

Myron Hardwick, the head of the firm, looked up in exasperation.

" How did you get in and what do you want? "

" Through the open door, and I want a job," said Cal. " I'm an advertising writer."

If Cal had been much older and Mr. Hardwick much younger, Cal would have been thrown out on his ear. He wasn't, however, and from the remarks that ensued Cal managed to find out what the problem was.

" I can move that salmon for you," he announced.

" If you can, I'll talk to you about a job," said Mr. Hardwick.

Four days later there was not a can of white salmon in any of the company's stores, and when the amazed Mr. Hardwick inquired how it had been sold, he was shown one of the window cards Cal Bartlett had devised. The card read:

EXTRA SPECIAL OFFERING
GENUINE White Salmon
Guaranteed not to turn pink

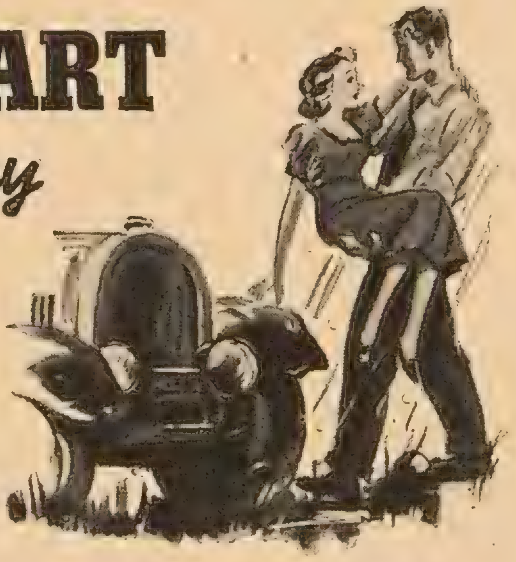
Cal has never denied this story, and neither has he ever denied that he now commands the highest salary in the advertising business.

THE END

KEY TO A HEART

Two-Minute Story

BY JANE MAGILL



BREATHLESSLY the boy and girl had looked forward to this picnic. Now, at last, they would be alone together. Now he would say . . . the girl thought. Now was the time that she . . . he thought.

He'd called by the farmhouse in his open-topped secondhand car for her. Far into Dead Man's Woods they'd driven; then, hand in hand, walked deep into the forest.

Full of food, still empty of words, the shy boy now lay on the pine carpet of the woods. Fern sat beside him, hiding her eagerness in plucking at leaves. They were both a little awed at each other's nearness, at each other's accessibility. Inarticulate with his first heady, terrible love, Ed struggled for the words he sensed she expected to hear. Fern, with the old patience of women, waited for him to phrase what was so clearly in his eyes. And all the while he thought he could not bear to say, " I love you, Fern," while that cool look was on her face and while she played so idly with a leaf.

And they both, fearful of exposing their hearts to a cold nothingness, each waiting for the other to break the accumulating ice, started fretfully to become irksome about things that did not matter. They quarreled finally, and the quarrel was as sudden as the rain that came to beat down upon them—as sudden and as completely without reason.

Underneath the quarrel, of course, was her burden: He doesn't love me or he'd tell me. And his fear, She'd laugh at me—just a farmer and no money. They didn't say these things, but other harsher words, until the rain sent them running to the car.

It was when they'd reached it that he discovered he'd lost his keys and couldn't turn the ignition on. She taunted him with his carelessness and ran angrily ahead, face hot against the raw chill rain. Miserably, furiously, he ran after her. It was then she tripped and fell in the muddy road.

" My knee," she sobbed, and he gathered her in his arms.

" If you can't wait to get home and away from me," he said, " I'll carry you there! "

His hurt and anger tightened his muscles, and as he carried her she was very close to him. This, their first intimacy, shocked them both out of their inarticulateness. A sudden sweet passion swept through her. She turned her wet face to him. " I—I didn't really hurt my knee," she said. " I just wanted to—to—"

" And I didn't lose my keys," he said.

Her slim body tensed in his arms. " Why, you did, too. Because I stole them from you—to keep you with me until you'd told me . . ." She lifted her chin. " Why, I've had those keys in my pocket all this time."

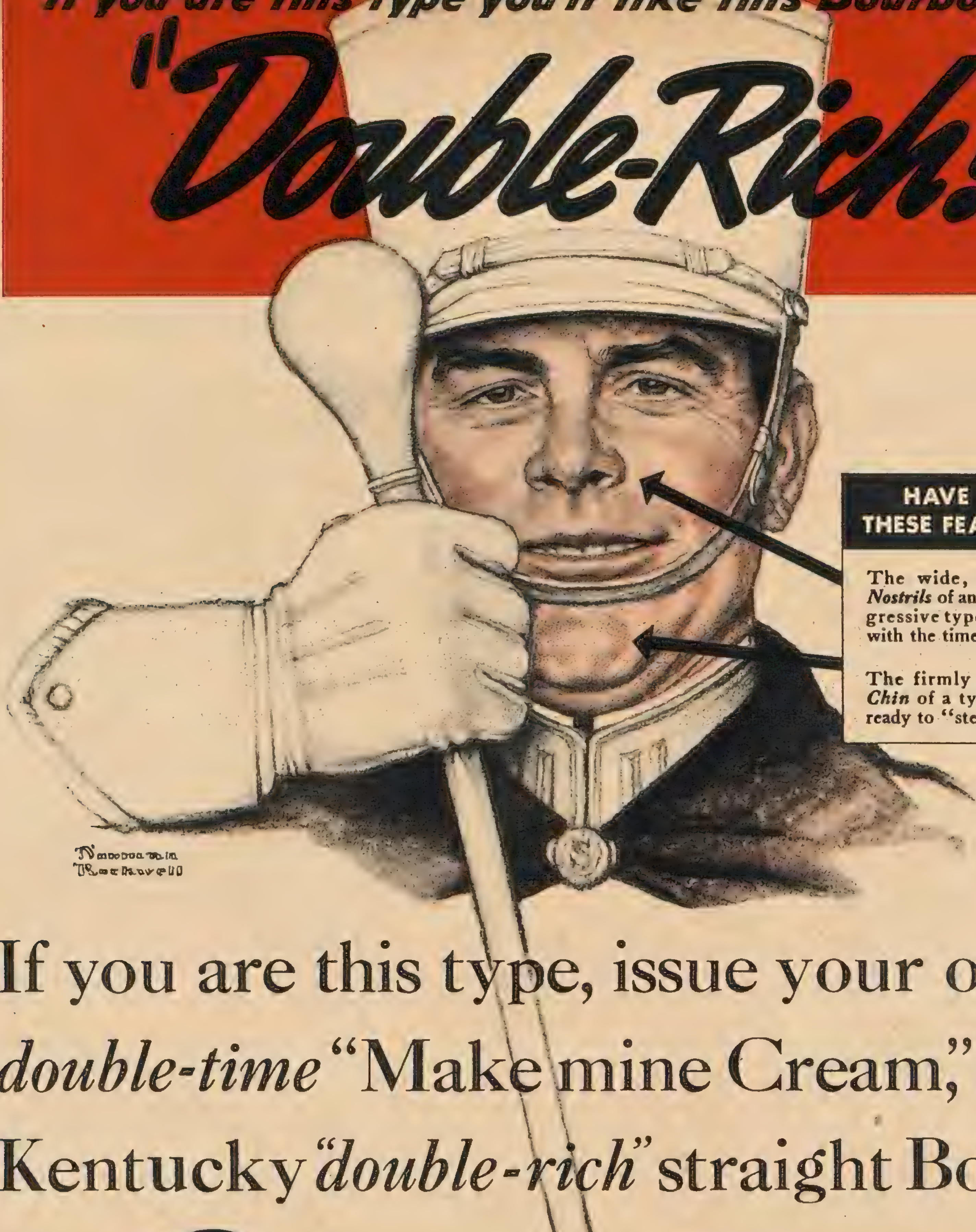
" I know," he said, and the words came easily now: " Darlin', those keys have been cuttin' into my hide ever since I picked you up, a way back."

THE END

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding them.

If you are this type you'll like this Bourbon that's

"Double-Rich!"


Norman Rockwell

HAVE YOU THESE FEATURES?

The wide, distended *Nostrils* of an alert, progressive type "in tune with the times."

The firmly pulled-in *Chin* of a type always ready to "step out."

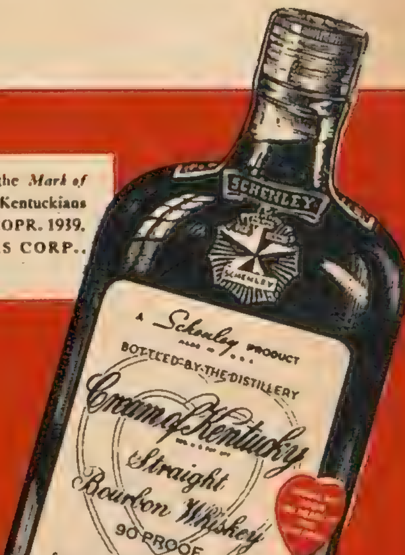
If you are this type, issue your order in *double-time* "Make mine Cream," and get Kentucky *"double-rich"* straight Bourbon!

SCHENLEY'S

Cream of Kentucky

STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKEY

A 90 PROOF whiskey with the *Mark of Merit.* Made in Kentucky by Kentuckians the good old Kentucky way. COPR. 1939, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., New York City


SCHENLEY
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Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR
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DEATH TAKES A RENO HOLIDAY

Now a frightened girl follows a strange clue . . and finds a grim, fantastic adventure

BY PHILIP WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD DENISON

AGAINST her will, Mary Whitman goes to Reno to divorce Curt, who is infatuated with Jeanne Bentley, also married. Hardly is she settled at the Sierra-Plaza when Jeanne arrives for her divorce from Bill. Ironically, the two women have suites opposite each other on the third floor. Jeanne, hateful and selfish, gibes at Mary whenever the chance presents itself—a fact noted by Dr. Ansley, a sympathetic middle-aged man staying at the hotel.

Marjorie Bentley, Jeanne's sister-in-law, who loathes her, registers at the Sierra-Plaza, and tells Mary that her brother Bill's former wife, now Mrs. Alice Williamson, lives in the environs of Reno. To complete the "family party," Wally Burke, hopelessly in love with Jeanne, suddenly appears in their midst. His adored one is furious and orders him to return to New York.

A few nights later the beautiful Jeanne Bentley is stabbed to death in her suite while apparently cutting and pasting newspaper clippings about herself. The chambermaid's scream brings Mary to the dreadful scene first; then Ansley, Burke, and others pile in. Celeste, Jeanne's maid, returns from a night off and is overcome with horror.

Captain King and Sergeant Foster take charge and put the Sierra-Plaza guests through a grilling. They try to fasten suspicion on Mary, she being the one with the greatest motive for such a crime. Knowing herself innocent and feeling that Curt ought to be told of the tragedy, Mary phones him in New York.

Bill Bentley flies to Reno. His former wife, Alice Williamson, invites Mary to dinner at her home. Mary senses the woman still loves Bill. On her return to the Sierra-Plaza after this visit, Mary is astonished to discover Curt smoking a cigarette in her rooms.

PART THREE—THE BLOODSTAINED SHEARS

MARY just stood.

He looked at her long and searchingly. Finally he said in an odd voice, "Hello, apple."

"Curt! You've come! Thank God! You sweetheart—you've come!"

He was just looking—not holding out his arms. He said confusedly: "Sure. Flew. Minute I could. Been waiting for you. My room's down the hall. Heck! You didn't think I'd let you ride out this storm alone!"

She stood very still. He'd called her "apple" but—his room was down the hall.

That made everything very plain. He didn't need to say it was not capitulation but only armistice. He didn't need to tell her that he expected things to go on as they were going—even now that Jeanne was dead.

Mary knew what to do—how to behave. She smiled gravely at him and walked past him and took one of his cigarettes. He held a match, and she said evenly, "This is swell of you!"

"Look, apple. I didn't barge over to Mrs. Williamson's after you—because I wanted to ask a few questions around here. I spent an hour with that squid Beaton—and I strolled over to see Captain King. Genial bird. I gather that they're trying to put the finger on you."

"Yes, Curt. I suppose the whole country is grabbing extras about it—Jeanne's name is good for any front page—and so they have to catch somebody."

"It may even be more dangerous for you than you think." He smiled to belie his words—and failed. "I'm no criminologist—but I'll give odds I'm brighter than King and his man Foster. I want you to tell me everything—every minute thing—that's happened since you came here. So—if they arrest you—"

"*Arrest me!*"

"Don't be scared. I'm pretty sure King is toying with the idea. Thinks it might make you—confess. But—if I know all you know—"

So she told him. Beginning with the night she stepped off the train in Reno. Occasionally he asked a question. When she said, "That's all of it," he shrugged.

"In other words, it could have been anybody—and nobody has a good alibi. Well—"

He stood and stretched. He said, "Good night, onion." And he went to his room. . . .

Two days passed. They were dark, neurotic days, with heavy rain that sometimes changed to sleet.

Curt went walking with her, and sat in the bar with the others—and remained remote and hurt and uncommunicative. On one of the nights he had dinner with her at Alice Williamson's. On the second night, he elicited a scrap of information from Marjorie. It was the day before Bill started back East with Jeanne's body.

"Say, Marj," he said. "Want to ask something. Bill didn't fly here from New York. Came from San Francisco. Why?"

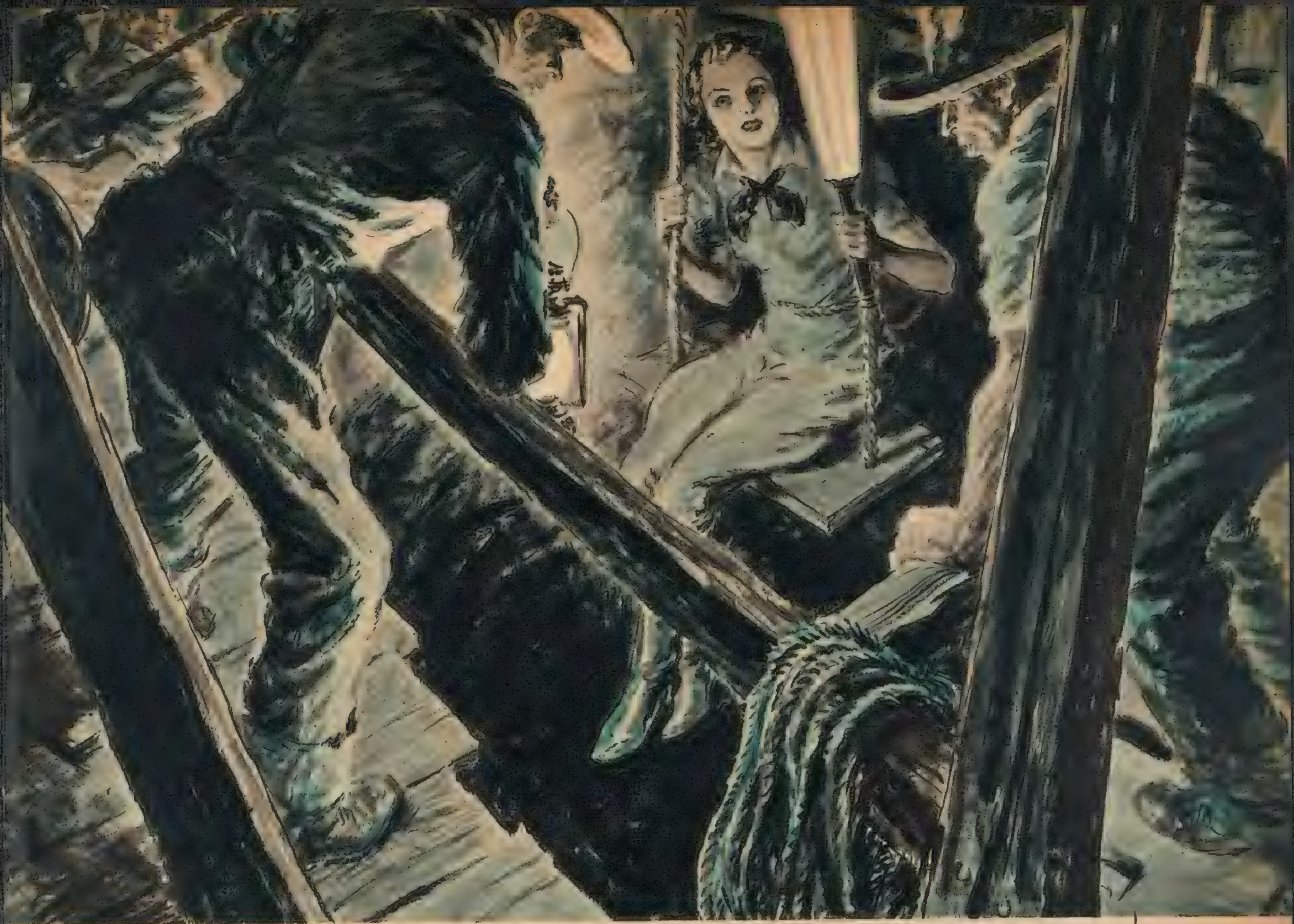
Her habitual poise and bonhomie were shattered for an instant. She thought before she answered. Finally she said: "I'll tell you two guys—only I hope you keep it to yourselves. Bill had business in Frisco last week. In fact—he came out with me, and when I got off here he went on. But he didn't want Jeanne to know he was so close. She'd have hopped over to torment him—sure as sin. Then—she was killed. And I phoned him. And he thought it would be embarrassing if the police knew he'd been near by all the while. So he just pretended he'd been in New York. And I did, too. How'd you find out?"

Mary explained.

Marjorie grinned ruefully. "Kismet! It's like the books. You can't win. Well—Bill didn't fly over and kill his wife, I can tell you that. You see, since his mission to Frisco was fairly secret, he'd already fixed things so that people would think he was still around New York somewhere. That gave us the idea to carry on the deception." She laughed. Then, "I guess we aren't very good conspirators."

Curt said nothing.

Dr. Ansley came in with Wally—who was sober and



Sick, weak, clinging desperately to the rope, she felt herself swing out over inky emptiness.

nervous. The five people sat quietly, tensely. Rain and the inaction, suspense and enforced imprisonment by the weather, speculations and fears—these were the unseen companions of all of them. It was hard to wait and do nothing.

Mary was wakened the next morning by some one banging on her door. She thought that it was Curt—but it proved to be Marjorie. She came into the sitting room with her familiar buoyant stride and said, "I've ordered your breakfast and you've got to be ready in half an hour."

"Ready for what?"

"I've chartered a bus. We were sitting around—all of us last night—like a bunch of dying pelicans. I decided something would have to be done. So I've arranged for the whole mob to go over and visit Virginia City. Wonderful place. The Comstock Lode—mine, you know—and the place where Mark Twain started in. A whole city, I understand, sitting in the mountains. Once held forty thousand people and now has a few hundred. But the houses are there—hotels, saloons—everything just as it was sixty years ago. It's as historic as anything, and picturesque too, the folder says. And we're all going. Curt too."

Mary shook her head. "I'm afraid I can't. Captain King wouldn't approve of it."

Marjorie chuckled, opened the door for the waiter, poured a cup of coffee for Mary and one for herself, and said, "I arranged that also. I called up his Excellency and got permission. I gave him a guest list, and no doubt the driver and the guide on my bus will both be Scotland Yard men—armed to the teeth."

Then Mary giggled.

Not a half hour but an hour later the bus parked in front of the hotel, and Marjorie began to assemble her guests. Curt was there. Wally stepped out of the elevator in a more cheerful mood than he had been in since Jeanne's death. And then Celeste came—following Marjorie.

"I brought her along," Marjorie murmured to Mary, "because she's lower than Beebe's bathosphere these days."

"That's a nice idea. Poor thing!" For an instant Mary wondered if Celeste was a "poor thing."

They filed through the door into sunlight that was bright, if temporary, and air that seemed neither autumnal nor hibernal but was still cold. Mary was getting into the bus when she heard Marjorie's voice raised in a strident yell: "Hey!"

A car stopped in the middle of the street, and Alice leaned out.

"We're all going over to Virginia City for lunch! Come on along!"

Alice shook her head. "Can't. I've got to shop. Besides, I've been to Virginia City."

"Well, you're going again! Just pull up there and come on. Your life hasn't been any too merry these last few days, either."

Alice nodded and laughed a little and allowed herself to be persuaded. Dr. Ansley helped her into the bus. She said "Hello" to everybody. Marjorie counted noses.

And they were on their way.

The bus traveled for a long way over the flat sere valley, and then began abruptly the ascent of the mountain, on a road that snaked back and forth and breathlessly skirted the rims of precipitous gorges.

When they were well up on the flank of the mountain,

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the bus stopped. They stepped out and looked back across the valley. They stood for a long time, regarding that scene, and finally Dr. Ansley expressed sentiments which all of them had felt in some degree: "This country looks as if it was never intended for human beings. It looks as if at any minute it would crush you or freeze you or starve you to death!"

"Or blow up," Marjorie added, gazing off at the steam plumes that hung above the hot springs.

The bus went on, and where the side of the road had necessitated excavation the raw earth was sometimes yellow, sometimes lavender, and again an incredible blinding crimson. When they skirted the steep side of the last canyon and drove into Virginia City, all the passengers were silent with wonder.

It was a city in which tens of thousands of ghosts were far more alive than the few dull-eyed inhabitants who lounged in doorways.

Mary was the first to speak. She did so in unconsciously hushed tones. "Why, Marjorie, this is stupendous! It was an elegant idea to come here! I'd like to move over and spend a month here. Let's get out and look at it."

For two hours they hurried fascinatedly from one spot to another. Then they had lunch. Afterward they continued their enthralled inspection. And it was during that second part of their adventure that Mary's mind was brought back to the stark threat which still lay in Reno, over the mountain.

Their guide asked them if they would like to look at one of the mine heads, and when they excitedly agreed, he led them on a dirt road down the face of the precipitous mountain to which Virginia City clung. The mine head was covered by a crumbling wooden building. A railing had been built around it to keep the curious from falling in.

IT was very dark inside the structure. Somewhere a rat scuttled, and Mary shivered. They took their places around the rail and looked down into a wide unutterably black hole.

"This," said the guide, "was one of the last of the big mines. It goes down five hundred feet and then drifts off. There are several galleries on the way down. It was completely worked out fifty years ago. As I remember it, they took out about five millions here."

The beam of his electric torch ran slowly down the jagged side of the wide appalling hole and was finally lost in darkness. Mary shivered again and moved close to Curt. She thought that she could hear sounds—hissings and rumblings—deep in the vertical cave. And it had a fetid breath.

"I'll drop a stone," the guide said. They could see his hands only dimly, so he counted: "One, two, three!" There was a long silence, and then a distant chitter of the stone hitting bottom.

"I don't like this place," Marjorie said suddenly.

The guide turned his flashlight toward the door.

And then Mary heard something else. A sound that came up from the mine. A distant metallic tinkle and clink. Something else fell in, she thought. Somebody must have kicked in a big spike.

The people were moving toward the door. A big spike, that rang on the rocks at the bottom of the pit. And abruptly, horribly, she thought of another object that might similarly ring on the rocks: A pair of shears—long, narrow shears. . . .

She realized that, as she stepped outdoors into bright midafternoon, Dr. Ansley was staring at her.

"Hi, there, Mary! You're white as a sheet! Bend over and put your head down for a minute." He helped her perform the restoring act. "Feel that way myself! Ghastly in there!"

"Yes," Mary answered. "It was horrible."

They went back to the bus and started home.

SHE had no opportunity to tell Curt until that night. She did so feverishly and with assurance. To her astonishment, he laughed at her. "Mary, the strain is making your imagination work overtime! That's about the wildest assumption I've ever heard anybody make in my life."

"Is it?" She was cold then, and struggling to be reasonable. "Whoever did it took away those scissors—"

"And I'll grant you," he said, "that it probably was the scissors—"

"I tell you, Curt, one of the people standing around there with us this afternoon is the murderer—and the proof is in the bottom of that pit."

He looked at her, and she saw with a feeling of helplessness that his expression was only one of sympathy. For the first time since he had come to Reno, he touched her. He shook her gently by the shoulders. "Listen, mulberry. You're shot to pieces. I'm going to get Ansley to stir up a little sedative for you."

That night, after he had gone, she knew that she would have to do it on her own initiative—if it was to be done at all. The very thought made her physically ill. But the desperateness of her situation—and particularly the fact that Curt had been kind when he should have been co-operative—gave her a fierce determination.

She rose early the next morning, put on riding clothes, left word that she had gone to the hairdresser's, and took her car from the garage. She drove to the stable and found the cowboy with whom she had once ridden. She asked him if he knew any miners in Virginia City who were out of work.

He looked at her as if she had taken leave of her senses. "Miners? Sure. Know plenty."

"Then I want you to hire some to rig up a hoist so that I can go down in the old Pink Elephant Mine at Virginia City."

His expression was no longer suspicious. "That so?"

She had her lie ready. "Charlie! We went over and visited it yesterday, and I dropped my necklace. It had a big diamond in it. It's worth a lot of money. I'll give you two hundred dollars if you fix it so I can get down to it—and I'll give the men you hire anything they want. If my husband knew I'd lost it, he'd be wild, and if he knew where I'd lost it, he'd never let me go for it."

That made sense—at least, partial sense.

"Reckon we could do it tonight."

"*Night!*" She hadn't thought of that.

"Sure. Property still belongs to somebody. We wouldn't want a sheriff asking us what we're doin' before we pulled it off. And it's as black as the inside of your hat down that hole anyway, day or night."

"Then I'll meet you here after midnight. And now I think I'll go for a little ride."

ALL the rest of her life she tried not to think about that night. She went to bed early—and she actually went to bed. Her shadow—or his substitute—was, as usual, talking to the taxi drivers. She dressed in the dark. She waited until there was silence in the hall, and then stole through it to the service stairs. She crouched in the darkness for a while, watching to see if the police had a guard there—but she saw nobody.

She hurried down the street and around the corner. It was a mile and a half to the stables, but she was forced to walk. If she had gone to the garage for her car, they might have reported her.

Charlie was waiting, bundled up against the cold. Behind the barn doors a horse nickered. "Where's your car?" he asked.

"It broke down just after I got to the hotel this afternoon."

"Oke. We'll take mine."

They started toward the mountains.

There were the hills then—the sheer edges, the night, the headlights—and finally the place where they turned out their headlights and crept along side roads past ghostly buildings. Inside the shack over the mine head were three men. They had a lantern that burned dimly.

Mary looked over the rail at the great black maw, and felt faint and nauseated.

Charlie was terse. "Everything all set?"

"All set."

Then they were putting her in a seat like the seat in a child's rope swing.

"Just hang on here as you go down," a gruff voice said.

They lifted her over the rail. They put a heavy flashlight in her hand.

"All set?"

She struggled for words: "Couldn't I have some matches in case this goes out?"

That feeble request was answered by a loud snort. "Lady, if you lit a

HERE'S WHY MARIA WAS MAD AT HIS BRIAR!

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THERE HE SITS—wondering how to make peace with his pipe and his wife. Funny thing, though—it isn't his *pipe* that smells bad, it's that hot-and-heavy *tobacco* he buys.

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match down there, and there happened to be blackdamp—"

"Oh," she said.

"Here you go."

Sick, weak, clinging desperately to the rope, she felt herself swing out over the inky emptiness. She rocked back and forth in the air like a pendulum.

"Just brake her down," somebody called cautiously, "like a swing."

She tried.

"All right, lady. We're going to start lowering."

Then came the part she didn't want to remember. She went down, down, her light moving across the jagged face of the rocks that sparkled and glinted and changed color as she descended. Sometimes she spun slowly.

Actually it took only a short time to lower her, but it seemed days. When she saw the bottom of the shaft by directing her light straight downward, it was quite near—an irregular heap of debris that had fallen down the shaft through the years. Her feet touched the ground and the rope went slack. She was in a chamber that had widened out to a diameter of perhaps a hundred feet. Somewhere near the center of it, where she was, would be that for which she was looking. For a moment she couldn't walk, and then she began to scramble around on the rubble, shining her light ahead of her. It was very warm there, and the air was thick and stinking.

She could scarcely think. Her heart raced. She was fooled several times by the glint of minerals in the fallen stone. And then she saw something red that was not quite like the earth. It wasn't what she had expected for one horrified second. It was a long narrow morocco-leather case—a sheath, really—open at one end and divided into two compartments. She knew then that her frightful undertaking had not been in vain; for the article she found was a very common one, made to contain a pair of long desk shears and a paper knife. She found the knife first, and wrapped it carefully in a handkerchief. Except for dirt, it seemed clean. Then she found the shears—one blade was broken off and missing, but the other blade was darkly stained. The shears were initialed "J. B." She wrapped them up in a second handkerchief, and then waved the rope back and forth as they had told her to do.

From far away, echoing eerily, came the voice of one of the men. She could not make out what he had called, but there was cheer even in the echo.

She didn't faint until they lifted her over the rail.

They had carried her outside when she came to. They asked her if she had found the necklace, and she said she had. Charlie helped her into the car. "After you got down there, I kept worryin' and listenin'. Sometimes, you know, a big boulder will break off in one of those old mines and go crashing down."

And when they reached the stables he said, "I can drive you back to the hotel if you want."

But Mary had recovered—at least temporarily. "Thanks; I'll walk."

She didn't try to conceal her return to the hotel, and the man set to shadow her stared popeyed as the object of his duty, presumably asleep, appeared from nowhere and walked unconcernedly into the lobby of the Sierra-Plaza.

CAPTAIN KING had heard her whole story. He had listened with open incredulity. As soon as he had understood its purport, he had telephoned for somebody named Pearson, and sent away the shears and the paper knife and their leather sheath. Mary had gone on talking, explaining how she had first adduced the existence of the shears, and how she had heard the tinkle, and how she had gone back to investigate. The triumph of her success overrode her fatigue. She talked for nearly an hour, answering his questions and finishing up by saying, "So, you see, one of the people on that bus yesterday killed Jeanne Bentley, and you'll find the fingerprints of whoever it was on those shears."

"If that's true," King replied, "we'll be mighty grateful to you. But who in the world would think of lookin' at the bottom of the Pink Elephant Mine for the only decent clue in the case?"

Mary smiled. "I didn't *think* of it—"

King's telephone rang. He said, "Hello," and then, "Yes, Pearson." After that his face grew hard and his eyes focused malevolently on Mary. He hung up. He drummed on his desk for a long moment. Finally he leaned forward. He did it so suddenly that it frightened Mary. "Mrs. Whitman," he said very quietly, "I'm goin' to arrest you for the murder of Jeanne Bentley."

Mary, in her state, was beyond nervous shock. She only stared at him and said just as quietly, "Why?"

King leaned further, pushing her back in her chair with his eyes. "I've heard of lots of clever murderers; plenty of cute dodges. Nothing to beat this. You dropped those shears yesterday, Mrs. Whitman. Then you went through all the hocus-pocus of findin' 'em last night and bringin' 'em to me this morning—just so we'd think how smart you were and how noble you were. You thought you could not only get rid of the thing you used to kill Mrs. Bentley, but you could fool us so bad we'd quit suspectin' you—and suspect every one else *but* you. Well—it ain't goin' to work! We've got you, Mrs. Whitman."

Half a minute passed. Mary shook her head. "Why?"

"Because there ain't nobody's fingerprints on those shears! There never was anybody's but yours in the first place! And you took care to clean them off! This is one time when the lack of fingerprints is what catches the guilty person!"

MARY looked him in the eye. "What I told you was the absolute truth. There may not be any fingerprints on the shears, but the murderer had to hide them anyway. You probably noticed—Jeanne's initials were on them. You couldn't hold me on those grounds. If you could hold me, you couldn't make a decent case against me in any court in the world. You're not going to arrest me! I'm going back to my hotel! I won't leave town, because I can't leave town—and you know why! If I were you, I'd stop worrying about what *I've* done and try to find out which one of the other people did it."

She got up. She walked across his office. King didn't try to stop her. It was not far to the hotel. The man in the black hat was right behind her. As she walked she realized that King would talk it over with the district attorney. Then—if they decided they had a case—some one would come for her.

She went up to Curt's room and knocked, and told him all about it.

He sat in his pajamas and bathrobe, with his breakfast untouched and his face ashen, repeating, "You went down in that place alone. *Alone*, Mary."

Mary gazed at him for a moment. Over her came a surge of forlornness and debility. Her nerves and her exhausted muscles were beginning to invade all her mind with a demand for rest. And Curt seemed to appreciate only the impersonal elements of what she had done. His feelings were involved in the horror of that pit and the solitude of her descent into it. She needed kindness and care. She needed to be held closely—as a woman—and not regarded in stunned dismay as the figure in a stupefying enterprise.

"I've been up all night," she said finally. "I need a bath and some sleep."

She went out then. She had bathed and put on a negligee when he knocked on her door.

"I'm sorry I was so offhand, apple," he said. "I've been trying to think. Trying to do something. It's got me down." He dropped into a chair. "I'm half nuts, I guess. I can't find a place to start from." He took a cigarette from her box. "Look. I tracked down one of your leads—and got nowhere."

She wished—almost—that he would go, so she could sleep. That wish showed the extent of her fatigue. "What lead?"

"About Wally and the hundred-dollar bills. I got thinking about him. I swiped the maid's master key and opened his door, and put the key back in my own—where I'd got it. I read his mail. There was a letter. Some guy at his club who signed his name 'Goofy' had written a note saying something like 'Can't send a grand, old berry, but here are five Cs to help tide you over. Envy you being on the loose in a place like Reno.' So I guess the touches he mentioned were real enough—and the money he changed in the bank—was his own."

Mary sighed. "Which proves nothing."

"Exactly. It just shows that he probably didn't steal the money missing from Jeanne's pocketbook."

There was at that moment a knock on the door, and Mary said, "Come in." When nobody came, she opened it. A man wearing a vest but no coat was standing outside. "I'm the valet. There was a note to call here for cleaning?"

Mary nodded. "I left it—yesterday. Better late than never." She went into her bedroom and came out with four or five dresses. "I want them all dry-cleaned—as quickly as possible."

"Yes, ma'am." The man examined the dresses rather carefully.

Mary watched him impatiently. "Just the usual things. A spilled drink—spots—"

The valet apologized. "I like to look over everything before I send it out—so the cleaning won't be blamed for accidents that have already happened. Like this hole—"

"What hole?"

"Here. In the green dress. On the sleeve. You must of let this sleeve fall on a cigarette and it caught a spark that spread and then went out."

Mary had crossed the room. "There wasn't any hole in that dress." She picked up the full bell-like green sleeve. On the under side, where it would hang down, there was a hole the size of a half dollar. She frowned vexedly. "That was a new dress! And I'm sure there was no hole in it." She took it from the valet. "No use cleaning it—till that's fixed."

THE valet left, and she gazed at the hole. "It looks like a burn that had spread. Brown around the edges. But I don't remember any chance of doing that. I was sitting here—using the ash stand—all evening—till that scream. Of course, afterward—"

She had said that idly. But there was interest in Curt's voice: "You mean—you were wearing that dress the night Jeanne was—"

She nodded. "And I haven't worn it since. Well—"

He was thinking again—half lost to her. "You're going to take a nap, I imagine?"

"A long one. I hope they don't wake me up to arrest me."

He went out. Mary lay for a long time thinking of the mine shaft—shivering. Sometimes she thought of Curt. At last she began to cry—and, crying, fell asleep.

It was late afternoon when she woke. The light outdoors was dim and the rain was falling again. She stretched and yawned and felt better. When memory fully returned she had a new sinking feeling in her stomach: one of the people on the bus was—a murderer. She sat up and resolutely subdued it. She turned on her bath. Then she came back into her bedroom to assemble clothes. She stopped in front of the mirror. Her hair was a

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mess. She wondered, with that feminine speculativeness that will creep into any crisis, if perhaps Curt would pay more attention to her with some other style of coiffure. And, still in that natural mood, she picked up her comb and parted her hair in a different place. She surveyed the effect.

And her blood ran cold. For, as she did that, the picture of Jeanne lying dead automatically flashed back into her brain. With the picture came the memory of a sensation which had evanescently accompanied it—a vague feeling of something wrong about it all. She had not recaptured that feeling since the moment when it had first come to her. She caught it now—because she had discovered the reason for it. She flew to her telephone. Curt did not answer—but the operator said he was in the bar. She had a bellboy sent for him.

He sounded quite cheerful. "Hi! You awake? Swell. We're all going over to Alice Williamson's for dinner tonight. Get dressed. I'll be up for you in half an hour!"

"Curt!" she cried. "Come here right away! I've—I've remembered something—horrible—and I don't know what it means!"

"Right, onion!"

He was there, knocking, a minute later. He came in quickly, a little tensely. "What was it? If it's nothing—I'm going to be terribly disappointed. I've seen too many nothings in this—"

"Curt!" She was standing in front of him in a negligee. "Listen. When I saw Jeanne lying there dead—I knew dimly that something was the matter with—how it looked. But I couldn't figure out what it was. Now—I know. Her hair!"

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"What have you got that's closer?"

"What about her hair?"

"You know how she did it in a loose knot on her neck—"

"I know—" he said quietly.

"Well—it wasn't done quite that way. It was—horizontal instead of vertical. And her part—was right down the middle—and not a little to one side. Do you see? I could draw it—"

"I see. Yes." The muscles on his jaw were standing out.

"What does it mean, Curt? Maybe she was experimenting with a new way of doing her hair—just as I was. That's why I remembered. But, if she wasn't, then—"

He sat down. "You go on and bathe, pomegranate. Your tub'll overflow if you don't cut it off. I'll think about this. Maybe it means something—and maybe—"

She went, dubiously and with an emotion like fear. He sat down in a chair. While she was bathing she heard him pacing back and forth in the sitting room. She dressed rapidly. When she came out, he was still there. But he seemed alert and no longer lost in meditation. "Look." He held up a key with a round tag that said, "Maid."

"What's that for?"

"I swiped it again. She's cleaning my place. Kept her out till I went down to join Ansley. I'm going into 318."

"You— Why?"

"I want you to go with me. I want you to do just what you did the night Jeanne was killed."

"Suppose—we're found doing it?"

"I think," he answered steadily, "it's worth *any* chance."

So she did. He unlocked 318 and switched on the light. Then he returned the maid's key. They went into the room and shut the door. The rug had been changed. The furniture was the same—except that there was a different ottoman in front of the vanity. Or perhaps the old one had been done over.

"Now—" he said.

"Why—Curt?"

"I can't tell you—yet. Go on. You came in—"

So she acted it out. She came through the little hall. She stopped and stared. She looked around the room. She walked over to the center table with the glass-covered top and picked up an imaginary newspaper clipping. Again she looked at the place where the body had been. She pondered and said hesitantly, "I can't remember whether I had that feeling about her hair—the first time I looked—or the second time."

"Never mind. That'll do, all right."

They went out of the room. There was no one in the hall. They opened Mary's door. And then the elevator banged, and Marjorie came down the hall—followed by Celeste. "Hey! Mary! Curt! You ready? Alice's expecting us early!" She followed them into the parlor.

Curt glanced at his clothes. "Golly! I've got to change. You go along with Marj and Ansley. I'll follow pronto—"

"Yes," Marjorie urged. "We can't hold her up. And I'm taking Celeste along too." Marjorie smiled at the French girl with a friendliness that belied her words. "She's an O. K. maid—but her nervous system wouldn't be adequate for a good busy gnat. She said if I went out tonight without her she'd go nuts."

"I am afraid alone here," Celeste said simply.

Mary nodded. "When you get the willies—you get 'em. I think it's sweet to take Celeste." She turned. "Why don't you go as you are, Curt?" She knew that the request was probably futile.

"Take me a second to change—and I'll come in a cab. Go ahead."

So she went—without having a chance to ask Curt any more questions.

After she had gone, he sat for a minute in her rooms, thinking. Then he walked to his own and dressed with lightning rapidity. He rang for the elevator and took out a ten-dollar bill as he descended. He went to the desk and asked Mr. Beaton if he had in the office the registers for years back.

Mr. Beaton was uncertain until Curt gave him the bill. He spent twenty minutes in the office.

Then he hailed a cab. He was almost certain that he knew—everything, and he was ready to do—what he had to do.

What does Curt know that makes him so sure he is on the trail of the real killer? To whom will it lead him? And what can he prove? Highest excitement and a succession of thrills are in store for you as the deep mystery comes to an end in next week's Liberty.

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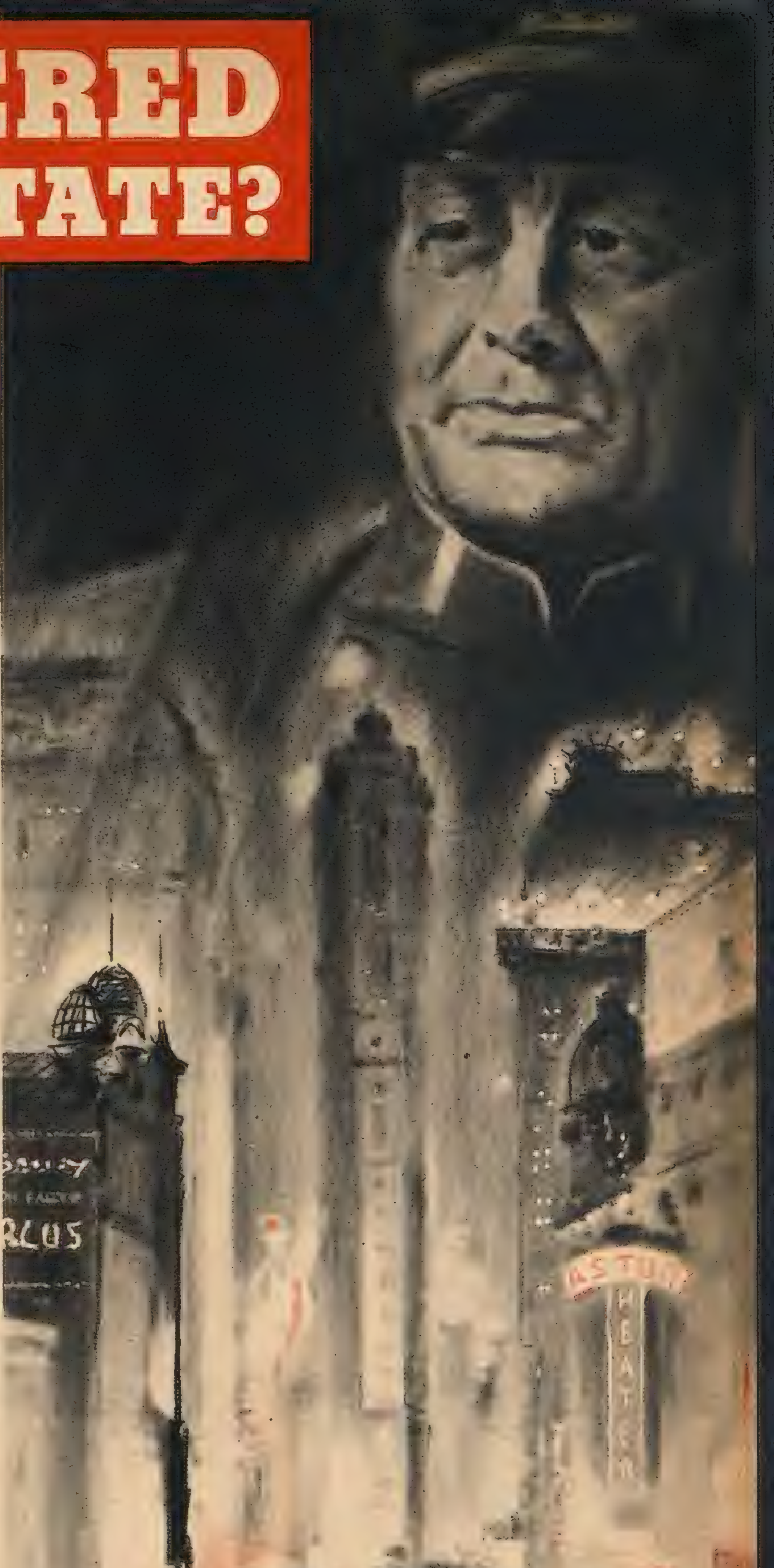

With the earth on his grave still soft, Charles Becker came back to Broadway. His wraith seemed almost real, touchable.

Having tentatively identified one Zelig gunman, "Dago Frank," as a passenger in the Rosenthal murder car, Deputy Police Commissioner Dougherty spotted another, "Lefty Louie," as Dago Frank's pal—and learned that a third, "Whitey Lewis," roomed in Brooklyn with Lefty. Thereupon Shapiro admitted that these three had been in his car, and named a fourth passenger, who proved to be "Gyp the Blood," also of the Zelig gunman stable.

Then Bald Jack Rose went to District Attorney Whitman and made the "full confession" that was to send the four gunmen and Lieutenant Charles Becker to the chair. After the Becker-Rosenthal row, he said, Becker had told him to have Rosenthal killed, lest the sorehead squeal. He hadn't been quick enough about it, so (he said) Becker had told Bridgey Webber to hurry up the Zelig trigger artists.

Eventually, according to Rose, Becker had got him, Webber, Vallon, and Sam Schepps together in a vacant lot in Harlem, and had demanded action before Rosenthal could reach Whitman. Then had come Rosenthal's preliminary squeal in the morning World, followed by the Sam Paul clambake, and—in the small hours of July 16—by the murder itself.

On July 29, Dougherty perforce arrested Becker. Schepps, brought back from Hot Springs, Arkansas, made a statement that Whitman told reporters was "satisfactory." To get Rose, Webber, Vallon, and Schepps away from Becker, the D. A. had them removed from the Tombs. Presently it became known that, in the West Side jail, they were living in flagrant luxury, with visitors of both sexes. Becker sat grimly silent in his cell. Rumor had it that he could, if need be, rely for help upon Big Tim Sullivan, the Tammany boss who had had him made head of the Strong-Arm Squad. Big Tim was known to have been much sobered by the news of his plight.

Then came rumors that Big Tim had "gone nuts."

PART FIVE—A GHOST ON BROADWAY

THE rumor about Big Tim Sullivan was more than a rumor; it exaggerated the facts of the moment, but there were plenty of fire behind the smoke and sinister events in the offing. Eminent doctors had been called in to attend Big Tim, and they decided that the political boss was being eaten alive by an unrevealed haunting fear, and was headed for an asylum. One of them, in fact, said to a colleague: " Sullivan is, I think, afraid Becker is going to talk. Why, only God and Sullivan know."

The man whom Rose, Webber, and Vallon charged with the instigation of Herman Rosenthal's murder could have, of course, been maintaining a silence in the hope that one or more of the four gunmen would, when and if they were apprehended, exonerate him. At any rate, Becker sat sphinxlike in his cell, and the Three Musketeers and their pompous pal, Schepps, continued to cavort as members of the West Side Court Prison Athletic Club while Dougherty turned the heat on full blast in the hunt for Dago Frank, Lefty Louie, Whitey Lewis, and Gyp the Blood.

Today we have our FBI—perhaps the most deadly efficient organization in the history of crime detection; but Dougherty and a handful of Irishmen with detective shields didn't do so bad, a quarter of a century ago, when, with little but instinct and horse sense to guide them, they really set out to track murderers.

Depending on three sources—the police files, his memory, and stools—Dougherty had assembled some little data on the four wanted killers. Lefty Louie and Gyp the Blood were married, the Dago and Whitey Lewis being single. That meant that Lefty and Gyp were probably together, and that their wives were also. Gyp at least was quite fond of his wife, and Dougherty felt that there would be communication sooner or later. So problem number one was to locate the wives.

Lefty Louie's real pal of the quartet had been Whitey Lewis, the two having roomed together in Brooklyn when Lefty wasn't hitting it off so well with the missus; but when high-voltage danger had brought out the fundamental emotions of the four gunmen, Dougherty knew that Lefty would team up with Gyp, on account of the wife situation, while Lewis would probably go it alone.

Mrs. Charles Becker with her doomed husband (at right) at the door of Sing Sing Prison.

The fourth gunman, Dago Frank, Dougherty figured he had a line on so long as he kept a line on the Harris girl, the Dago's sweetheart, by keeping her apartment on 134th Street covered.

Three weeks after the murder the deputy commissioner had two important clues. Stools had located an apartment on 110th Street, near Broadway, where Lefty's wife and Gyp's wife were living as sisters under the name of Collins. Then, in the Brooklyn roominghouse where Lefty and Whitey had lived, the landlady dug up an old shirt of Whitey's. It bore the laundry mark D2Y.

Dougherty went to town on that laundry mark. He knew that every laundry had a system all its own for putting identification marks on clothing; also that a mark used by one laundry for a given customer would be followed by another if the same person sent garments to it, unless some customer of the second place happened already to have the same mark. And the chance of that was slight.

So he dispatched sleuths to the Catskill Mountain area, particularly in the vicinity of Tannersville, with instructions to learn if any laundry there was doing shirts marked D2Y. He had learned that Big Jack Zelig and some of his hoodlums had favored Tannersville, which was within easy distance of New York, with their presence in the past. Rich and poor alike were drawn to that section, with its cool breezes and sparkling streams. And it offered a hundred or more hide-outs to the square mile.

The dicks soon found a laundry which had done for a Frank Langer, living at the Tannersville Inn, some shirts bearing the telltale mark, D2Y. At the inn they learned that Mr. Langer, who had checked in the day after the Rosenthal murder, had left for an unknown destination after a stay of a few days. The Langer handwriting on the register was similar to that of Whitey Lewis; and then a bellboy identified a rogues' gallery mug of Whitey as Langer.

A local drayman called Butch had moved Langer's trunk from the inn to a shack on a knoll in near-by Fleischmanns. But Negroes were now occupying the shack, Whitey Lewis having left with two friends forty-eight hours before the bulls got there. Whitey's pals fitted the descriptions of Gyp the Blood and Lefty Louie.

Meantime, a woman stool pigeon had got acquainted with the "Collins sisters," and Dougherty's men had opened a letter to the Harris girl. It was from Dago Frank, had been mailed in New York, and said the Dago would be along for a visit shortly.

On a steaming August night a dick dressed as a Western Union messenger knocked on the door of the Harris girl's apartment. A phonograph was playing Irving Berlin's Everybody's Doing It, the hit of the day. "Telegram from Detroit!" the detective shouted. The girl, Headquarters had found out, had kin in Detroit.

When she opened the door, the "messenger" pulled a gun on a tough young man lounging on a couch. It was the Dago. Strategy had called for his being taken in the apartment rather than on the street, for he was quick on the trigger—and Dougherty wanted him alive.

The stool fraternizing with the wives of Gyp and Lefty saw that the girls were much unnerved by the Dago's arrest. The fact that all he would say at Headquarters was " Me no talk " didn't lessen their fear.

Then one day Gyp's wife said in the informer's presence: " I'm glad Gyp and Lefty have come back to town from the Catskills. Whitey thinks it's safe up there, but I don't." A little more maneuvering, and the stool learned that Gyp and Lefty were somewhere in Brooklyn, in a flat from which they could look down into an open-air movie theater.

A prowl of Brooklyn disclosed that there was a tenement on Ridgewood Avenue, the rear of which overlooked the Acme Open Air Theater. The superintendent of the building quickly identified photos of Gyp and Lefty as his tenants Smith and Jones. Later in the day Lefty was lured to the door, and he and Gyp were taken without a struggle. They wouldn't talk at Headquarters, either.

Dougherty let it be known that a hundred detectives were combing the area in the Catskills for Whitey Lewis. And what did Whitey do in a panic but go down to the Tannersville railroad station in broad daylight to board a train for New York and walk right into a pair of Centre Street bracelets!

If Charlie Becker had been hoping that one or more of the gunmen would hand the lie to the confessions of the trio who implicated him, he had hoped in vain. None of the boys would talk.

So Becker went to trial on October 7, 1912, less than three months after the crime had been committed. The three confessed plotters—Vallon, Rose, and Schepps—got up and told substantially the same story that Rose had told in his confession to Whitman. Then Sam Schepps sat in the witness seat, his status being officially recognized as that of an outsider or nonplotter, which made it possible for him to offer corroboration to the confessions, required under the evidence rules.

Schepps sunk a spike in Becker's coffin when he testified that he had witnessed the famous Harlem conference, at which Rose, Webber, and Vallon said Becker had given them final instructions for the erasure of Rosenthal. Schepps said that he himself, while at the conference, had *seen* but not *heard*. Upon this remarkable failure of the Schepps hearing apparatus rotated Whitman's case against Becker, for had Schepps heard what went on, he would have been no good as a corroborative witness.

A SURPRISE witness against Becker was one Morris Lubin, who was brought from a Newark jail to tell his story. Lubin said that he had been at the Metropole at the time of the shooting, and he identified three of the four gunmen, who had not yet gone on trial. Then he said that in the Lafayette Baths, about eight o'clock the previous evening, he had seen Becker and Jack Rose together and overheard a conversation between them.

"And what were Becker and Rose saying?" asked Mr. Whitman.

"Becker was telling Rose that if Rose didn't kill Rosenthal, he, Becker, would have to kill him himself."

Charlie Becker would certainly have been the dumbest of the dumb to have made a crack like that when he could have been overheard by a total stranger. However, that was Lubin's story. But he wasn't so good when cross-examined. Asked what he had been doing between the time he saw Becker and Rose in the baths and the hour of the shooting, he said he had attended a performance at Hammerstein's Theater. He still stuck to his story, although somewhat shakily, after the records disclosed that Hammerstein's had been dark that night.

Well, you might have snorted, as many did, at the testimony of Lubin, Schepps, and the Musketeers. But the jury didn't. They found Becker guilty of plotting the Rosenthal murder, and made no recommendation for mercy. Thus the death sentence was mandatory. That Becker hadn't taken the stand—no doubt on the assumption that the jury would feel that the Musketeers were passing the hot poker to save themselves—didn't turn out to have been such astute legal maneuvering.

And so Charlie Becker was taken up to Sing Sing. Then the D. A. set about the trial of the four gunmen. They had been found to be in possession of "rods" of the same caliber as some of the bullets in Rosenthal's body. There was no way of proving beyond doubt that their weapons had discharged those bullets, for the science of ballistics, which now can establish such a thing, was not then so far advanced. Zelig's boys offered

Mr. Macfadden poses with a group

BERNARR MACFADDEN SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN

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A Boarding School for Boys and Girls
(Pre-School through Sixth Grade)

SECOND SEMESTER—FEBRUARY 1939

The buildings are situated atop a commanding ridge overlooking the Hudson River in beautiful Westchester County—35 acres of wooded land—less than an hour's drive from New York City.

Staffed by carefully selected, registered grade school teachers, this new-type school offers youngsters from pre-school age through the sixth grade competent, individual guidance and plenty of good, wholesome body-building food.

CAREFULLY PLANNED HEALTH PROGRAM

Health is a primary consideration at this school. Daily rest periods, balanced diet, proper ventilation and clothing, and a regular routine keep the child fit during the winter months. An accurate height and weight chart and a record of the physical condition of each child is kept by the competent registered nurse who is in attendance.

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Rm. 1603, 122 E. 42nd St.,
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Please send me detailed information regarding your Boarding School for Children. I may be interested in enrolling my child aged..................

Name..

Address...

City.......................................State.......................

A SWEETHEART OF A FLAVOR!

When we say "you'll like Teaberry" we mean it—for thousands are switching to this better flavor every day—it's fast becoming America's most popular gum. Buy a pack today.

REAL TEABERRY
CLARK'S TEABERRY QUALITY GUM
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ALWAYS PURE
LASTING FLAVOR
REFRESHING

IT TASTES BETTER!

You'll like
CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

to plead guilty if Mr. Whitman would let them escape the chair, but he would have none of it. So he went through with another spectacular trial and they were found guilty, Shapiro, the driver of the murder car, being the principal witness against them.

Becker was still carrying on his fight for a reversal of the verdict in his case when, on April 13, 1914—twenty-one months after the crime—Sing Sing had its first quadruple execution.

Then the Court of Appeals gave Becker a new trial, principally on the grounds that Schepps should not have been recognized as a corroborative witness, inasmuch as he had "obviously acted in collusion" with the Three Musketeers. The higher court lambasted the witness Lubin, regarding as "significant" the fact that before the trial Lubin had conferred at length with Bald Jack Rose, who immediately followed Lubin on the stand. As to Rose, Vallon, and Webber, the Appeals tribunal felt that "the harmony of their testimony might be the result of . . . conspiracy rather than proof of truthfulness."

In the meantime, strange things had been happening to Big Tim Sullivan. A few months after Becker's first conviction, the politician's mind had gone for good, and he was committed to a sanitarium. Subsequently he was taken to the home of a relative, and there watched over by three brawny male nurses. Big Tim just sat in a wheel chair, staring straight ahead.

Then one night he escaped from his nurses, and the following morning his body was found on the New Haven Railroad tracks in the Bronx, not far from his brother's home.

THERE was some mystery about his end. For one thing, his body, with the back of the head crushed, was found lying across a pair of rusted tracks over which no train had run in several weeks. The engineer and the conductor of the train that had supposedly hit Big Tim said that his body had been cold when they lifted it from the tracks. There wasn't much of an investigation, and the New York police decided that Big Tim had been struck by the cowcatcher of the train.

And so the man who had been close to Charlie Becker was taken on a last drive through the lower East Side, the sordid caldron from which he had sprung into luxury and into the national spotlight, and then given an elaborate funeral from St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue.

The belief was now stronger than ever that Big Tim had had his hand in the lucrative gambling pie, and that if Charlie Becker had talked at the outset, he could have saved himself at the expense of Big Tim's ruin. For it was thought now that if Bald Jack Rose had fronted for Becker in the financial deal with Rosenthal, then Becker had in turn been fronting for Big Tim. Then everybody had been put in a spot when the naïve and honest Police Commissioner Waldo ordered Becker to raid Rosenthal. Becker was damned if he made the raid, and damned if he didn't.

Judge Samuel Seabury, the crusader who in later years was to make the municipal investigation that culminated in the sudden and dramatic resignation of dapper, wisecracking Jimmy Walker as Mayor of New York, was the presiding judge at Becker's second trial, which opened May 6, 1914. The testimony at this trial was a virtual duplication of that at the first—with one important exception. Schepps' story being ruled out as corroboration of the tale of the Three Musketeers, Whitman produced a new witness—a colored buck-and-wing dancer and stool pigeon, one James Marshall.

MARSHALL said that on the night of June 27, 1912 (the night of the alleged Harlem conference), he had been on his way to report some stool intelligence to two of Becker's officers when, in passing the corner of 124th Street and Seventh Avenue, he had seen Lieutenant Becker himself. He said he had crossed the street to talk to the lieutenant and, as he got within a few feet of him, had seen that Becker was talking to some men who stepped back into the shadows.

One of the men with Becker, Marshall said, was Jack Rose. The others he couldn't identify. All right; that was corroboration enough for legal purposes.

Under cross-examination, the Negro admitted that he had never laid eyes on Jack Rose before that night in Harlem, and had seen him then for only a few fleeting moments and at a distance of several feet. Yet this man had been able to pick Rose out of a roomful of people in the district attorney's office twenty-one months later. True enough, Bald Jack was a guy you would remember—but only if you saw him in the daylight, with his hat off.

Well, the jury believed Marshall, and for the second time Charlie Becker heard the death sentence pronounced upon him. Nine months later, when his attorneys were fighting for a third trial, Marshall was arrested in Philadelphia for being drunk and disorderly. An Evening Ledger reporter, Joe Fenerty, got him in a corner in the police station, and later in the day Fenerty's paper came out with a front-page splash to the effect that Marshall had signed an affidavit admitting that he had lied at the Becker trial and that he had never laid eyes on Bald Jack Rose until just before the second trial. He charged that F. B. Groehl, one of Whitman's assistants, had caused him to testify as he did, under threat of prosecution on another matter.

Just listen to this part of the star witness' affidavit:

"He [Groehl] told me that he wanted me to testify in Becker's case, and to say I saw Becker at 124th

Street and Seventh Avenue in New York, speaking to Jack Rose. . . . I did not know that the man speaking to Becker was Jack Rose except from what Mr. Groehl told me and what I had read in the newspapers. . . . I can positively state now that at the time I saw Becker at 124th Street I could not possibly identify Rose as one of the men who was speaking to Becker, and I would never have identified this man as Rose were it not for what Groehl told me and what I read in the newspapers."

Marshall, of course, still declared he had seen Becker where the conference was supposed to have taken place, but it was a matter of record that Becker had been in Harlem on official business that night in question, having staged a raid not far from that spot. It would have been quite possible, then, for Becker to have been at the spot in question, talking about almost anything under the sun with almost anybody.

It need hardly be mentioned that the Marshall affidavit was a bombshell. It didn't, however, cause a stir for long. For Marshall was returned to New York, where he made another affidavit for Mr. Groehl, in which he said that he hadn't meant what he had said in the Philadelphia affidavit at all, and that his statements had been obtained while he was drunk and under duress on the part of investigators working in behalf of Becker.

So everybody was back exactly where he had started from.

Meantime, District Attorney Whitman, mainly on the strength of his mop-up on the Rosenthal case, had achieved his ambition. He was elected Governor of the Empire State and took office on the first day of January, 1915. Following his inauguration, Becker's case was again carried to the Court of Appeals, but this time it affirmed the verdict, finding the testimony of the retracting and re-retracting Negro buck-and-wing stool pigeon substantial corroborative evidence.

BECKER'S execution was set for the night of July 30, 1915. The court of last appeal was none other than Governor Whitman. While the chair was being given a last-minute tune-up, the wife of the man who was to sit in it pleaded with the Governor. Whitman listened patiently. Through his mind, no doubt, passed thoughts of the 12,000-word statement Becker had written to him on the eve of the execution. One paragraph read:

"*I am innocent as you of having murdered Herman Rosenthal, or of having counseled, procured, or aided his murder, or having any knowledge of that dreadful crime. Mark well, sir, these words of mine. When your power passes, then the truth of Rosenthal's murder will become known.*"

"Mrs. Becker," said the Governor when the woman had finished her plea, "you are a brave woman and a fine woman. But, unfortunately, the qualities you possess cannot interfere with the course of the law. I cannot—I will not—hold up the sentence that has been imposed on Lieutenant Becker."

And so the man called the Undertaker went in and took it like a soldier, the sixth man—if you want to count Big Tim—to forfeit his life for the murder.

Then, with the earth on his grave still soft, Charlie Becker came back to Broadway. He was as powerful in death as he had been in life. His wraith seemed almost a real, touchable thing. It was for a quarter of a century to send chills up the yellow backs of the men who had sold him out. They talked—Rose and Vallon and Webber and Schepps—now that the law couldn't touch them. They admitted, separately and together, that Becker had had nothing whatever to do with the murder; this, according to numerous individuals, including a man named Isador Fischman, who had been an intimate of the four, and who made an affidavit to this effect as recently as December 3, 1936. In another affidavit, made two years earlier, a private investigator who had worked for Whitman's office at the time of the murder avowed that two of his fellow officers had ordered out of the state a certain witness whose testimony could have saved Becker.

DURING all these years, motivated only by a desire to see justice done, Henry H. Klein, prominent New York lawyer, has been trying to establish Becker's innocence. Mr. Klein, one-time newspaperman, investigator, and First Deputy Commissioner of Accounts of the City of New York, has traveled a long and dangerous road. He has seen, in this quarter of a century—a period in which a new New York has grown up about him—first one and then another important figure in the Becker case removed by death. But certain key figures still live.

And so, one recent day, Mr. Klein communicated with Liberty and said:

"A man is dying in a hospital here in New York. I think I can get a confession from him in the Becker case."

What that man said in an affidavit in which he incriminated himself in the murder plot, completely exonerated Lieutenant Charles Becker, and named as the actual killer of Rosenthal not one of the four gunmen but another whom you have met in these pages and who today walks the streets of Brooklyn, free, recalls to mind the death-house words of Becker to the Governor:

"When your power passes, then the truth of Rosenthal's murder will become known."

Who was the maker of this deathbed affidavit? Whom did he name as the actual killer? Can his sworn statement clear Lieutenant Charles Becker after a quarter of a century? You'll find out all these electrifying things—in fact, you will read the affidavit itself—in Mr. Hynd's concluding installment next week!

IMAGINE ME GETTIN' MAD AT A MIRROR!

1 I'M NO SISSY, but I figure a guy's gotta look his best. So I shoot a buck fifty on some new kind of grease to make my hair stay down. And what happens?

2 I'M ADMIRING MYSELF, when who busts in but pal Joe. And does he laugh! "If it ain't Nellie, the All-American beauty! But have a care, darling . . . will your scalp stand the Fingernail Test?"

3 WAS THAT MIRROR a liar! My hair *looked* good maybe, but boy, was it gummy underneath! "You win!" says I, "I'm off to the barber's."

4 "YOU GUYS," says the barber, "shampoo maybe once a week, then grease your hair down till it's so gummed up you could grow potatoes in it! What you need is Wildroot-with-Oil, the new 3-Action Hair Tonic. The old Wildroot formula that's been cleaning up dirt and dandruff for 30 years, *plus* pure vegetable oils that won't build up grease on the scalp. Cleans as it grooms, *and* its mild clean odor disappears while-you-wait!"

35¢ 60c and $1 at all drug dealers. Professional applications at barbers.

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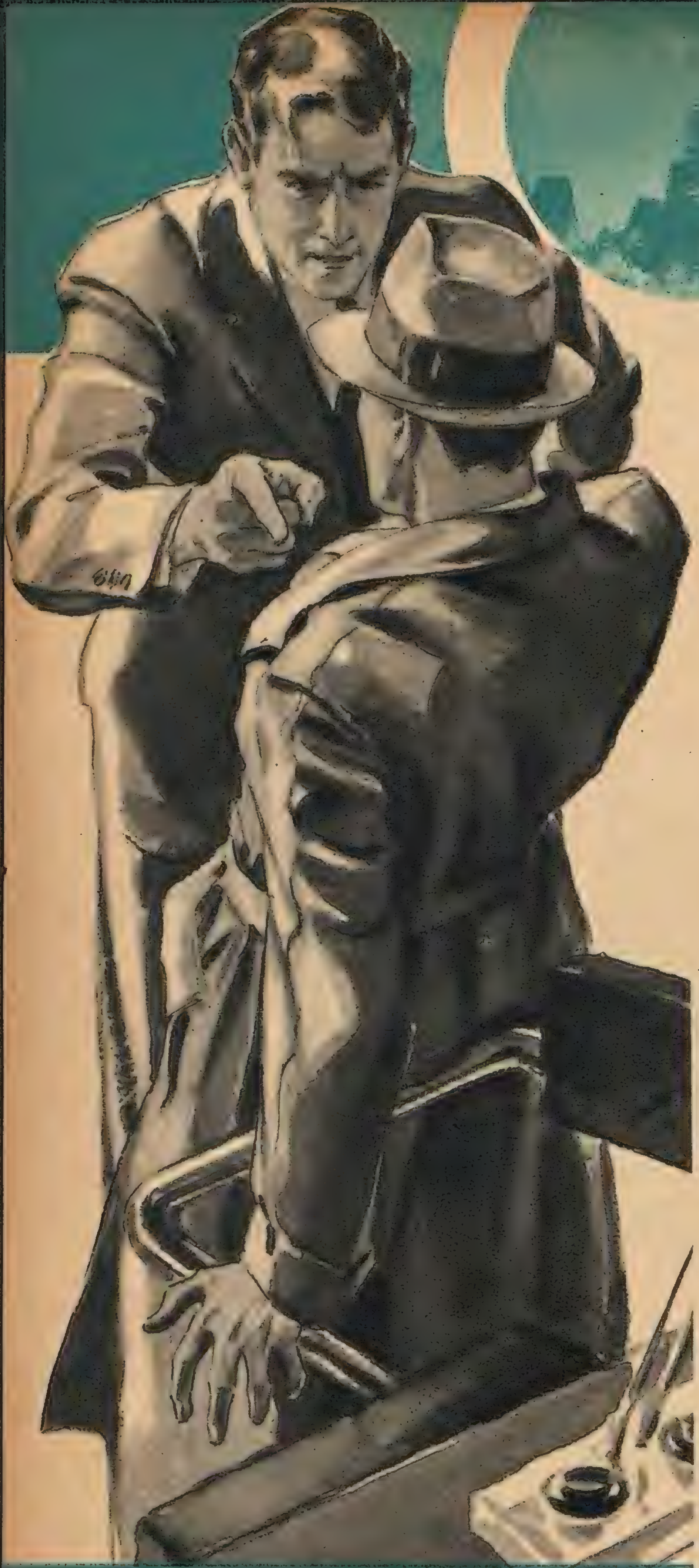
WILDROOT
Hair Tonic
OIL

WILDROOT WITH OIL

The 3-Action Hair Tonic

1. CLEANS AS IT GROOMS 2. RELIEVES DRYNESS 3. REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES

GIRL



Sally was at Hope Mayhew's desk. Pete whirled on me. "You're lying! She ain't dead!" He was desperate.

he swift, exciting story of a lovely naid of mystery, a bright young man's uspicion, and a lover's grim revenge

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

I SAID to Sally that night, I said: "Honey, that's a pretty suicide, I don't care what you say. Of course she looks bad, but that's what water does. She must have been floating in the Hudson for days, probably lying under a dock or somewhere. But you can see she used to be beautiful. Especially her hair. Like gold with a shadow on it. She has nice legs, too."

Sally said: "That's what you'd notice. The legs. But I think you're right. She looks like what's left of class."

We'd just picked up this girl. The guy that found her got excited and called an ambulance, and that's me: Emergency One. Of course this should have been a dead-wagon case; they get mixed up with us all the time like that, and busy as we are, we can't seem to do anything about it.

I had hauled this kid up with a net, and the cops arrived right behind me and gave me a hand. We brought her here to the morgue, and the cops were all over the room now, two or three detectives from Homicide, the coroner, and a Missing Persons Bureau man. The coroner had already said suicide, and they were all talking about how right he was, and taking care of the details.

"What do you make of that whack on the back of the skull?" I said.

"Screw from a ship or a piling," replied the coroner. "She was drifting quite a while."

"Maybe it was a bump-off."

"Nuts," came in Lefty Magee. Lefty Magee and I are pretty good friends. He's on the Homicide. When I asked for a special deputy badge, he got it for me. He was a big guy, half Irish, half Dutch. He had blond hair and a heavy build.

"Nuts," he said. "It's out-and-out suicide, Willie. Some poor little tramp that came to New York for a job, like all the rest. And no identification."

I guessed he was right, but I looked at that poor thing on the table and I felt kind of bad about it. Pretty soon Lefty and the other cops all went out, because they had work to do; and there was just Sally and me left. Sally is nice. She's small, very tiny, and her hair is jet-black, like her eyes. Her skin is pale and smooth; and she's got a build that the starched white of her nurse uniform doesn't hide a bit.

"I guess it's up to us, Willie," she said, "to fix it up and put it away."

I began to cut the dress off. "Sometimes," I murmured, "I get hellishly sick of being a doctor. Sometimes I get ideas I'll quit my interneship and turn into a cop like my old man." I paused and looked up. "There wasn't any cop in New York like my father, you know. He was the boy. City chief before he retired. And a record that glitters. That's why those guys at Centre Street are so nice to me."

"You're like a mascot to them," she said, "always turning in a tip-off on a case, or suggesting something that is good."

"Well, we get the scum of the world here in Bellevue. A few nice people, but a lot that aren't so nice. And when you're hopping around from ward to ward you get to see things. You hear things, too, if you have an ear bent that way. And I have. But working in and out of Emergency One, like I am now, and riding an ambulance a lot of the time, I often get in where the cops don't. And if I can help them, I like it. I guess it's the old policeman

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEWELL BOOTH

blood in my veins. I sort of have an instinct for the phony. I can smell it a mile."

"Dr. Crime," Sally laughed.

"No. I'm going to be a medicine doctor. I said I'd be that, and I'll stick to it. But while I'm in this spot for a while, and the super gives me the nod to play around a little on the outside when I get the chance, I can't see where I do any harm trying to work along with the Homicide boys now and then."

I meant that; I see so much sometimes, I like to mix into it where I can toss in a hospital angle. Maybe the chief here is tolerant because of the political influence and reputation my father used to have, but anyway I have a sort of free hand, and that special deputy badge Lefty Magee got for me so I can get through the tight spots. With that I'm set. I don't have much time, what with emergency calls and operations—they keep you jumping—but I try to keep a log like this where I can write down a few of the things that happen. Maybe some day, when I settle down to lancing corns for congressmen, I'll get a kick out of looking back at it. I don't know.

We were stripping this suicide now, and we found something. A little silk change purse she wore down in the center of her breast strap. It had a dime and four pennies in it, and a square card in which there were three punched holes. The card said that when twelve holes were punched that meant the holder was entitled to a free pair of stockings. But it had no name. What surprised me was that the stockings this suicide bought were a dollar twenty-five a pair.

"This dress," Sally said suddenly—"it's kind of the worse for wear, but feel the material."

It felt like wet sponge.

"Good stuff," said Sally, "and specially tailored. Look at these seams."

I began to catch on. "And look at the shoes," I added. "Fifth Avenue. The most swank shop." I paused. Then, "Hey, this was no kid who took the final leap because she was broke and hungry. She was a rich dame."

"We've got something!" exclaimed Sally. "You'd better go and tell Lefty Magee the new developments. He'll fondle and kiss you for it, Willie. He'll stroke your cheek and tell you you're a genius—the big stiff!"

BUT Lefty didn't even begin to get hot on the case. And the papers, suspicious that it'd turn into a washout, gave it only a paragraph buried on an inside page. The only thing Lefty Magee had handy was this: There was a tip that the Ramelli brothers, of Brooklyn, had "taken care of" a young girl two weeks ago, but the stool pigeon who had brought in the news was an unreliable hop-head.

"But you can at least go and question the Ramelli brothers," I said.

Lefty laid a cigarette on his desk and just for fun slit it down the belly with his thumbnail. "I tell you, Willie, you're a smart boy, but there are things you don't understand. We haven't got a thing. There must have been two dozen girls brought in from the three boroughs who could have been the one the Ramellis took care of, *if* they took care of any.

"And these Ramellis, they're guys you don't play with. They run a nice little flower racket. So decent and nice we can't get a thing on them. And since they're in Brooklyn, they're out of Dewey's reach. They're tough babies. We've got three, maybe four reports that the Ramellis have had their greasy fingers in hold-ups just as a side line when the flower racket gets dull. Fast cars and deadly guns. Tough all the way through. And they've a battery of lawyers that would talk them clear of shooting the President if the whim took them. We've worked on them a year, and I don't know how long the Brooklyn boys have been on their tails. But we can't get a thing; they're airtight."

"How many of them are there?"

"Three. Mike and Nasty Joe and Little Pete. Little Pete's still a kid. Twenty-one. But he's like Billy the Kid with a gun. Hopped up, half crazy. Mike and Joe knock him around, but they say Little Pete's the most ruthless of the three. He's death on wheels when he gets mad. You'd better stay away from all of them, Willie, if you want to grow up to be a nice fat doctor."

"Well, look. In view of the new circumstances, do you think this girl was murdered?"

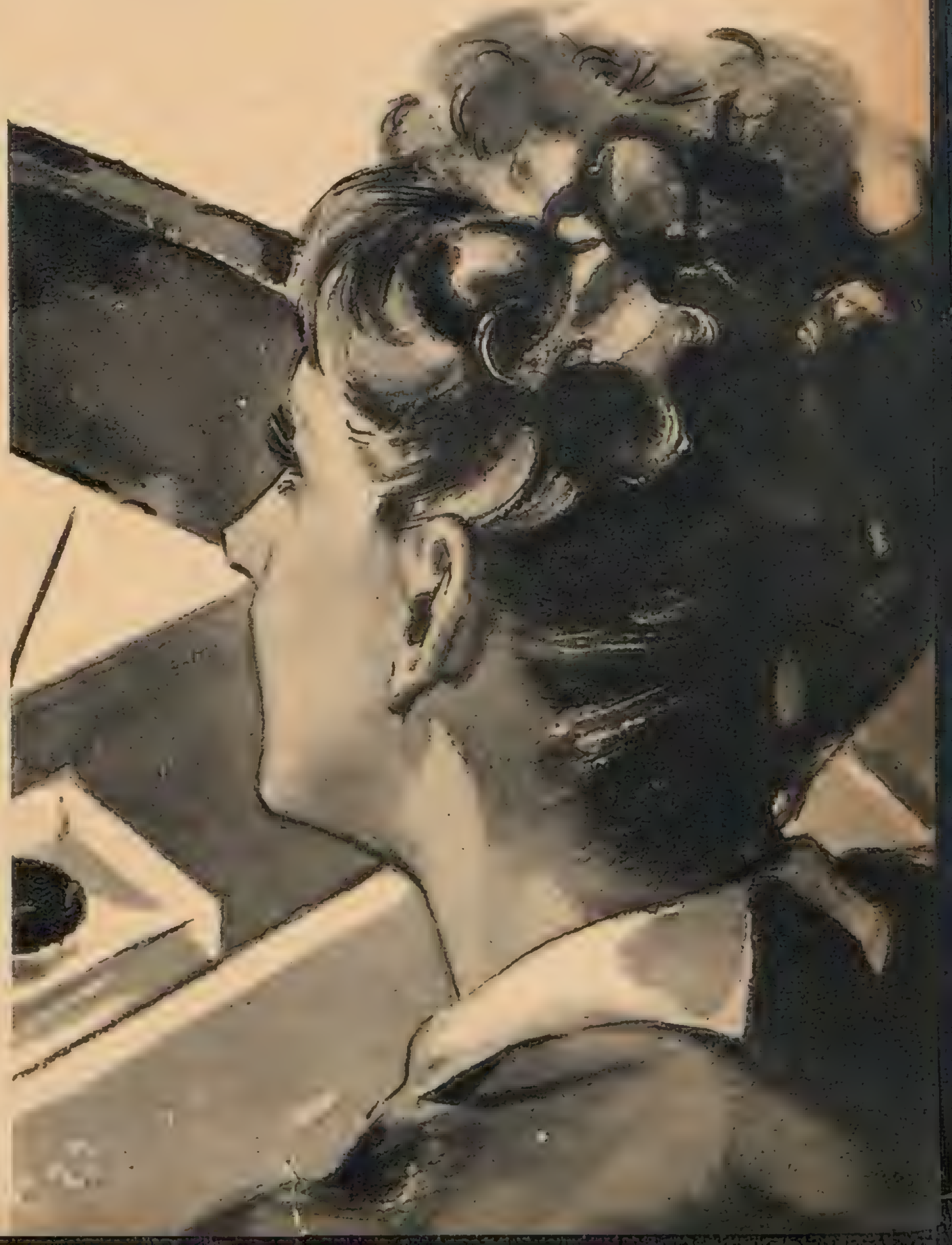
"She probably was. But we ain't got a hope of finding out who she was—let alone trying to discover who bumped her. The papers aren't touching it, so that makes it easier for us. Of course we'll do what we can in the regular ways."

I WENT back to the hospital.

"I don't like it that people can go around killing girls like that one," I said to Sally, "even if they are the Ramelli brothers. Of course it wasn't them. There was just a vague stool-pigeon report that don't mean anything, but—"

"Willie baby," she broke in, "I can tell. Every time I can tell. You think you've got a lead. When do we go and see these Ramelli boys?"

I felt warm toward her. "Right now, sweet. We'll kidnap a few hours from Bellevue and use that old spare ambulance that never goes out any more. I think maybe we can see them without anybody getting suspicious. And from what I hear, it'd be better that way."



Women that stop men cold
always stand out alone or in groups

ONE REASON will usually be found in the way they *look* and *feel*.

A clear skin . . . that is, a skin not only clear, but beaming with health and vitality . . . actually excites one to admiration.

Men are smart enough to always want to look their best, too.

rich, red blood necessary

And all this is quite simple, because when you have rich, red blood coursing through your body, you possess genuine vitality . . . the kind that makes for strength, energy . . . a wholesome complexion . . . and that assurance of well being.

If worry, overwork, undue strain, colds, or some sickness has reduced your blood strength, S.S.S. Tonic, in the absence of an organic trouble, will help you to build the blood back up to normal again.

an aid to digestion

Further, S.S.S. Tonic will help you to enjoy and get more value out of the food you eat . . . it whets the appetite . . . and stimulates natural digestive juices . . . *a very important step back to health.*

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making "you feel like yourself again."

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical. © S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones.

So we got the spare ambulance. We drove across the Brooklyn Bridge with the siren blowing. Cars scattered. I guess we looked kind of funny. Anybody with half an eye could have seen that we weren't official, me at the wheel, when I'm not a wheel man at all, and Sally sitting beside me. She looked neat. That black hair, and her white uniform, and that tiny body of hers. As I say, we must have looked screwy to doctors or hospital people, but none of the traffic cops stopped to consider our technical status; they just gave us a nice fast right of way.

We pulled right up in front of the Ramelli Retail Flower Association. I put on the brakes. People cleared the sidewalk. I hopped off and ran into the place with my kit, and Sally followed me with the stretcher under her arm. We ran past half a dozen clerks and tough-looking guys right up to the office. The door swung open. This Joe Ramelli came out. I could tell. He was big: like a mountain. His nose was spread all over his face, and his skin was swarthy, and wet with sweat. He had black hair matted down on his head but not combed. You could see a gun holster bulging under his coat.

"What the hell is this?" he demanded.

"You Mr. Ramelli?"

"That's right."

"Well, aren't you hurt, or sick, or something?"

JUST then a smaller, considerably younger guy came out of the office. I figured him for Little Pete. He didn't look like Joe, and I remembered Lefty Magee had told me the older Ramellis were only his stepbrothers. I'll say this: Little Pete was the hardest-looking punk I'd ever seen. There was something funny in the gray of his eyes that made you want to turn around and run. I'd seen guys of his type that had cracked. I'd seen them in the psychopathic ward. He was nails; but beside Joe he seemed to cower, as though greater intellect baffled him. And I noticed something else: Little Pete's hair was wavy and kind of romantic; but in circles above his cheekbones there were yellowish traces of what had been a neat pair of black eyes, and there were two or three black-and-blue spots on his jaw.

Joe was bellowing: "What gave you the idea anything was wrong with *me?*"

"Well, I got a call."

"Who called you?"

"How do I know? It was emergency, and the hospital sent me out."

Little Pete spoke. "Maybe Mike did it as a joke," he said. "Mike was always a guy for hot pranks."

Sally looked indignant. "I don't think it was so hot—wasting the taxpayers' money on phony ambulance chases."

Joe Ramelli's face colored. "You sound like you're sorry I'm *not* sick!"

"I think it's too bad you're not dead," snapped Sally. "We haven't had a dead call in a couple of hours."

Joe Ramelli lunged at her; but Little Pete grabbed him.

"She's a lady, Joe."

What Nasty Joe Ramelli said I won't put down here. I'll just say this: he's plenty nasty.

WE went back to the hospital.

We hadn't proven a thing, but we'd gotten a look at two of the Ramelli brothers. I'm no detective, as I say. I'm an interne, and right now I'm working in Emergency One. But I'm a special deputy. I just look into cases that aren't hot enough for the cops. So my dabbles are all hit-and-miss; hunch and logic, and guesswork and hope. I didn't like Little Pete nor Joe. Maybe one of them killed this girl we found. But, as Lefty Magee said, you need motives; you need stacks of evidence and clues. And what did I have? Not even identification of the girl.

Sally said: "Missing Persons has chased down the dress shop where that frock was made, and they looked in at the shoe store where the shoes came from. No soap. I mentioned something about that stocking-club card, and they said they probably have thousands of them out, and because it didn't have a name on it, it didn't mean anything. But they said I could go and find out for myself if I wanted to. So I'm going to. I've traded duties with a night girl." She paused. "This stocking thing: you get a free pair with every twelve you buy. Well, I just thought there was a chance that they put down the names of the customers who are in on that, so they can send them special ads about sales and things. Anyway, I can go to this shop and find out."

I did a two-hour stretch in Emergency One. Then Sally came back. She hiked over to the dormitory and got a guy to take my watch. It was going to cost me ten bucks, so I knew she must have important news.

"It was the stocking club that did it," she said. "They had the list. Her name was Hope Mayhew. She lived in a nifty apartment on Central Park West. Let's go over there."

"Think I'd better call Lefty?"

"Why?" demanded Sally. "Haven't *we* done the leg work? Let him stew, baby. He was *so* anxious to look into this thing!"

So I climbed into civvies and pulled the brim of a felt hat across my eyes. I used my badge in the apartment.

"Why, we didn't know anything was wrong," said the manager. "I just assumed that Miss Mayhew had gone away for a few days."

"How long has she been missing?"

"Well, I wouldn't know exactly. Ten days—maybe two weeks."

"Everything is O. K.," I said. "Don't you worry about it. I just want to look her apartment over, that's all. You understand?"

He was about to ask for a search warrant when Sally was seized with a fit of coughing. We were already on the right floor and in the hall. And Sally is really a lovely girl, that way.

You would have thought she was in the last stages of t.b. During the confusion I went on into the apartment.

I made the inspection very brief, as though I wasn't too interested. I opened two or three desk drawers. I picked up what was labeled "Appointment Book." The name *Pete Ramelli* was in it, among some other thirty or forty names. A snapshot dropped out of the pages. It was of Little Pete, and scrawled across the back was: *To the girl I adore.*

I turned to the apartment manager.

"What was Miss Mayhew's business?"

"Why, possibly you've heard of her, sir. It had occurred to me you had come up about that. She was in the very new and unique profession of consoling people. She called it 'Listener's Service.' She charged people by the hour, and all she did was listen while they unburdened themselves upon her. She was absolutely discreet. She worked on the theory that if a person could tell his innermost secrets to a total stranger he would get those things off his conscience. Perhaps you remember some of the publicity various magazines and papers gave her about this. You see, she started out to be a woman psychiatrist. She had a college degree for it, and all. But she discovered people didn't actually want advice, or to be analyzed, so much as they did to rid themselves of their woes. The idea that confession is good for the soul. Do you follow me, Mr.—ah—"

"Wayne," I said, "Willie Wayne. And I follow you perfectly. Yes, I've heard of people who do this kind of business. If not Miss Mayhew, others like her. If I may say so, things are shaping up rather nicely."

The manager dry-washed his hands. "If that is all, Mr. Wayne, shall we—ah—proceed upon our separate missions in life? I have a broken water pipe on the twelfth floor, and an old lady who is—well—ah—"

"Good-by," Sally told him for both of us. "We shan't detain you one bit."

LEFTY MAGEE said: "Well, now you've got something. I always said you'd inherited some of your old man's genius. You figure one of the three Ramellis was sap enough to tell this Mayhew girl all his troubles; then he got worrying about it and bumped her. Well, even if that's so, how you going to prove it? I tell you, these guys have alibis sewed up in leather pouches. Of course we'll go over and talk to them, but I don't want to build up any illusions for you. We've tried working on these punks before. And Hope Mayhew is two weeks dead. That makes her pretty cold."

I went back to the hospital.

Two days, and nothing happened. The cops had talked to Joe and Mike Ramelli. Little Pete was nowhere around at the time. But it was nothing doing. I got kind of sore. It looked pretty obvious. But I could see how Lefty Magee was in a hole. Sally and I put our heads together. Then we called up all the morning papers. We invested in a little advertising. We sort of had Hope Mayhew's interests at heart. We inserted all of her old ads all over again.

The next day I went back to the apartment. The cops had torn it up, but now it was empty. The manager thought I was just somebody else coming to fool around in the place. But of course he recognized me.

"Little did I think when you came here the first time," he said, "that Miss Mayhew was dead. If I'd had any idea—but fortunately the papers haven't picked it up yet, and—"

"That's because nothing's been given out. And no reporters have been nosing around. Now look. I want to ask you something. Did many people come here to see Miss Mayhew during those two weeks she was gone?"

"Definitely. Several of her old customers. And there were endless telephone calls. Of course, all we could tell them was that she was out of town."

"I see. Well, I've an ad in the paper. It's essential for this case that certain people think Miss Mayhew is still alive. I'm working on an idea. You see? I'm collecting evidence. At least, I'm trying to see what justice looks like after all these days since murder has happened."

The manager flicked dust from his coat lapel. "Ah,

LOVE IS SUCH A PRECIOUS THING!
WHY RISK LOSING IT WITH DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN?
I THINK YOU'RE JUST SILLY TO RISK GETTING DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH A LOVELY COMPLEXION MEANS TO A MAN!
BUT WHY DO YOU THINK PALMOLIVE WOULD HELP MY SKIN? WHY IS IT DIFFERENT FROM OTHER SOAPS?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!
AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSES GENTLY YET SO THOROUGHLY, KEEPS PORES SO CLEAN AND HEALTHY, LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
I GUESS I'D BETTER TAKE YOUR ADVICE AND USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, TOO! THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" OF YOURS CERTAINLY WORKS LIKE A CHARM WITH THE MEN!
PALMOLIVE
IT'S MADE WITH OLIVE OIL! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

yes; certainly, sir. If you can keep us from the unfavorable publicity of a murder, I'll go to any extreme to do what I can for you."

"You're a darling," I said. "I'll send you a tie on Mother's Day."

SALLY and I were working for Bellevue. No one knew that better than the super. But it was all right. We shifted watches in the apartment and saw lots of people. It was just lucky that we both happened to be there on the second night, when Little Pete Ramelli came up. His yellowish effects of black eyes were all cleared up and the bruises on his face had gone away. When I opened the door, hard guy that he was, he seemed awfully timid. His funny gray eyes were all soft and his voice was whiny.

"I'd like to see Miss Mayhew."

"You're Pete Ramelli?"

"Yeah. Hey, didn't I see you—"

"Sure. You saw me when I came in from an ambulance. But now I'm working here. I'm sorry; you can't see Miss Mayhew."

"But they told me at the desk—"

"It was a mistake," I said. "Miss Mayhew doesn't want to have anything to do with you."

"But she's *got* to see me! I can explain everything! She's got to give me just a minute. You see, it's—"

He sounded like he was crying. I was kind of proud because I had deliberately squeezed all that out of him.

"Come in," I said.

He came in. Sally was at Hope Mayhew's desk. Pete Ramelli stared at her. Then his eyes narrowed; the softness went and something hard covered his expression like a shell. He whirled on me.

"What's this, mister?"

"Hope Mayhew's dead," I told him.

"You're a stinking liar!"

I just looked at him.

He grabbed my coat. His face was awful with the agony that came to it suddenly. "You're lying! She ain't dead! What are you trying to do to me?"

He was desperate. You could see his muscles flex and twitch and tighten; you could see the blood vessels on his temples turning purple and bulging out; he had begun all at once to sweat. I shoved him back.

"Now, listen," I said. "You know a little of what this is about. Hope's dead. She's in the morgue. We picked her out of the Hudson. You see? A stoolie gave us a tip, but of course tips aren't anything. We haven't any leads. We have no clues. All we know is that Hope Mayhew is dead. All we know is that you told her your troubles. You probably told her about some murders, some details that could be picked up and used in a trial. You trusted her, sure. You knew she wouldn't tell. But somebody else wasn't so sure. Somebody else was a great deal more careful about all these small details than you were. Do you begin to understand?"

"You're a liar. A putrid liar!"

I was staring at him steadily; I was seeing the doubt in his eyes. I knew this type inside out. I'd worked with them in the hospital. I began walking, slowly—slowly; and he began to stumble backwards. I knew he'd do that. I kept talking. I wasn't afraid of this punk. I've seen crazies, and I've slapped them right across the mouth. Kids like this Pete. They do everything hysterically. Their life is a big pitch; everything is played on the highest note. I knew that. I was working on that.

"You loved Hope Mayhew. You loved her more than anything in all the world. You told her things. And in your boyish enthusiasm you confided your love to one of your brothers. You did, didn't you? And what did you get? You got the life beat out of you, didn't you? I saw what was left of the shiners when I got to your place that day, and gradually I figured all this out. Because, when the cops came to question you three, *you* were missing. They got you out of the way, so you wouldn't know Hope Mayhew was dead. It was pretty obvious.

"You see, Petey, everything goes along on a chain. One little thing after another builds toward these facts. You got the living dickens hammered out of you by your brothers. And the next time you came to see Hope, she was out. Nobody told you she was dead, because you may be a dumb little puke when you're in love, but nobody ever said you weren't crazy with a gun. Nobody ever doubted that you were a killer through and through—heart and soul. Little like you are, willing to take the gaff from your brothers, they knew you were nevertheless dynamite. More dynamite than the two of them put together, because you haven't got as much sense. They would have killed you—they kill guys that talk. But you were the kid brother, and they wanted to retain you. So they figured they'd get you over this romance and you'd be a good boy from now on. So, instead of killing you, they killed the girl. They bumped off Hope Mayhew!"

He was fumbling for his gun. He was shaking like a man with palsy. His face was white and sweaty. His eyes were awful.

"They slugged her in the head," I went on, "and they dumped her in the Hudson. That's what they did. A couple of nice guys. Because *you* loved the girl and trusted her, *they* bumped her off. So she's dead now. You ought to see her body. All rotting away and—"

"You're lying!" he screamed. "I'll kill you for this! My brothers didn't—"

"You know different, Pete. You know all these things just like I do. And it's kind of sad. That's what it is. Because Hope Mayhew loved you. You didn't know that, did you? But she wrote you a letter. It must have been the night she got killed. She wrote you to tell you what a swell kid she thought you were, and she said she was going to straighten you out—"

He had his gun out now, but it hung limply in his hand. He was staring at the letter I was waving. I read it to him. He shook. His eyes were dilated. He was hitting his top. He fumbled with the gun. He put it back in the shoulder holster. I kicked him out of the apartment.

I tore up the letter. It was Sally who had written it for me. Hope Mayhew had never loved Little Pete.

What happened that night—well, you probably saw the papers. Just another gang killing, you thought. They have queer twists, these gang killings that happen in Brooklyn. Like a guy killing his two brothers, and having it turn out that they were his stepbrothers. "Raving mad," the papers said, "young gunman goes berserk."

That's what Little Pete Ramelli did. He went berserk. Put it down as crazy. We got him in a strait jacket now, twitching and screaming all the time; he never stops. He'll be rocking in a rocking chair the rest of his life, and screaming and laughing.

Lefty Magee excuses me for what I did, because sometimes when it is impossible to get evidence you have to resort to other methods; and that's what Sally and I did. So I guess that ends the log on this case, and I've got to get out hopping ambulances for Emergency One.

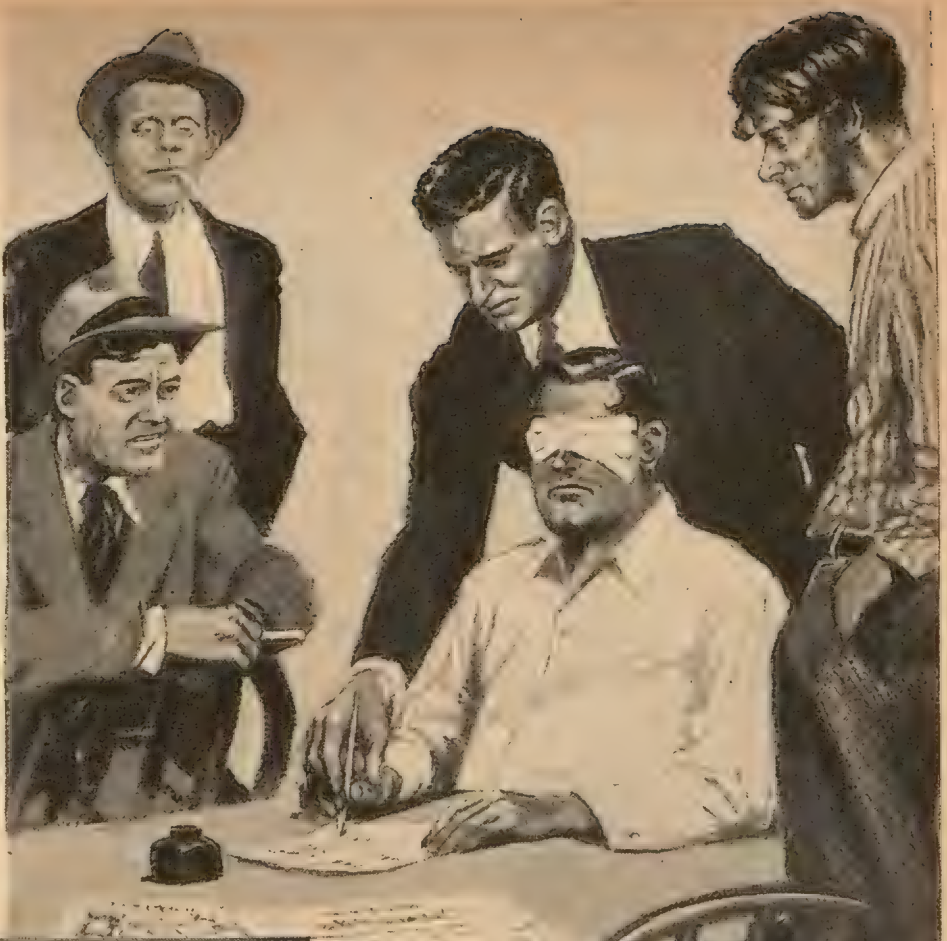
THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 15

1—Evangeline Booth.
2—Once about every seventy-six or seventy-seven years.
3—Franklin Delano Roosevelt.
4—Short-wave.
5—Farsighted.
6—South Carolina.
7—Arizona.
8—Deuteronomy 14:5— " . . . and the wild ox, and the chamois" (included among animals which might be eaten).
9—A mammal.
10—Egg, larva, pupa, imago or adult.
11—Oklahoma (it's the county seat of Canadian County).
12—The Douglas fir.
13—Apoplexy.
14—Sir Arthur Sullivan.
15—The Girl Scouts.
16—Charles Dickens.
17—London, England.
18—The kernel of a coconut.
19—Sixty-four.
20—Don Ameche

4 MEN

. . . and a Song



"He had made visits to the hide-out to secure Johnnie's signature to the ransom notes." At left: The kidnaped "Johnnie"—John J. O'Connell, Jr.

Heroes who helped the law!—Is the one for Liberty's valor award among them?

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THIS is the story of four plain Americans.

The first man was an employee of the United States Mint. He read a magazine, and unmasked his neighbor.

The second man was a garage mechanic. He lost his overcoat, and located three gangsters.

The third man was a house painter out of a job. He sold a bill of goods, and trapped two kidnapers.

The fourth man was a parking-lot attendant. He did a good deed, and caught a bad "angel."

All of which may not seem to have anything to do with the notorious Oleys of Albany; but it does.

The Oleys had, until recently, been God-fearing, church-attending people. Edward, head of the clan in the first years of the century, was a respectable milkman. To him and his pious wife were born, among others, two boys named John and Francis.

Francis, the younger by nearly six years, attended faithfully both school and Mass. He became a bookkeeper.

John, on the other hand, was a Sheridan Avenue gang leader, a poolroom loafer, a swaggering muscle man.

Joining John in many of his shameless activities was Manny Strewl, son of a hard-working Albany ashman. Manny had a winsome front, like Francis the Bookkeeper; but back of that front were the sinews, the ready fists, the rascality of John the Mug.

John and Manny were among the first to see the advantages, to them, of the Noble Experiment. They took to sticking up beer trucks, and, until their activities were interrupted by a five-year stretch in Atlanta, they were among the most successful hijackers on the "Poke o' Moonshine Trail."

By early '32 they could afford to turn "respectable" and go into bootlegging on their own account. One of their truck drivers was Percy "Angel Face" Geary, a narrow-eyed, sharp-nosed crook who was to figure largely in their subsequent history. They even persuaded Francis to throw up his reputable job to look after their business affairs.

Then came Roosevelt, beer, and the dark of the moon along Moonshine Trail.

John, Francis, Manny, and Angel Face didn't wait for the eclipse. The morning after the November election, they read the handwriting on the speakeasy wall; the hooch racket was washed up; and in December—on the night before Christmas—they met, with other and more deeply experienced outlaws, in the Little Palace Café on High Street to discuss the possibility of pulling a lucrative "snatch."

On the evening of July 6, John J. O'Connell, Jr.—Johnnie he was called by all the Albany crowd—took his fiancée, Mary Fahey, to the late show at a local theater. Shortly after midnight, alone in his car, having taken Mary home, he pulled up alongside the O'Connell home. As he stepped out, four men from a near-by car covered him with guns.

Now, Johnnie stood five feet eleven in his socks and weighed 220 pounds. Also he was an O'Connell of the Albany O'Connells, son of John J. and nephew of Ed and Big Dan, the latter headman of the upstate Democratic machine. Johnnie was not only big; he was hot.

But these Albany racketeers proved equal to the task of snatching and hiding him. The fact that they eventually got their deserts—through the alertness of four American citizens—furnishes four more outstanding examples of that valor in citizenship which Liberty's Gold Medal is designed to encourage and reward.

At the moment, they made short work of his resistance by slugging him over the head with the butt of a gun. And presently, wedged into a hidden compartment of a beer truck, he was jolting along toward their hide-out.

Subsequently he identified John and Francis Oley and

COUGHS!

Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

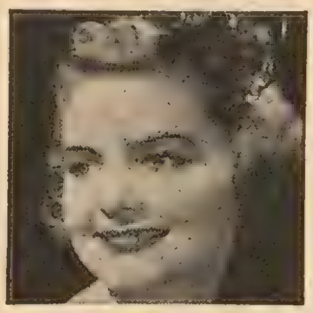
Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN

The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores.

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STOP Itching TORTURE This Quick Way

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.**

Geary as three of the four who had snatched him.

Meanwhile, the fourth, Manny Strewl, wrote the ransom notes—some to the O'Connells, some to himself—and so craftily contrived matters that the family not only chose him as intermediary in the handing over of the $40,000 ransom, but paid him an additional $2,300 for his "services" in their behalf.

When Manny accepted delivery of the prisoner and drove him to his uncle's summer home in the mountains outside Albany, he was graciousness itself to him.

"You don't need to worry any more, Johnnie," he said. "This is Manny Strewl."

There was only one slip in his plan. He had made visits to the hide-out to secure Johnnie's signature to the ransom notes. And once the captive's bandages had slipped enough to enable him to see Manny's face.

NOW, through the long night ride, Johnnie was clever enough to give no sign of that previous recognition. Once at the mountain camp, however, he had Manny arrested. After a sensational trial and conviction, and an appeal, Manny, to escape the severe charge of kidnaping, pleaded guilty to extortion and got fifteen years.

The Oleys and Geary had disappeared. A year later all three were identified from rogues' gallery pictures as members of the notorious arsenal gang. But when a raid was made on that gang's headquarters in Manhattan, the searchers for the O'Connell kidnapers were once more foiled. The police found Frank the Polack and other gunmen, but not the Oleys and Angel Face Geary.

The following January—it was 1935 now—the authorities were again sure they had struck the trio's trail. Carl Rettich's New England crime syndicate had just pulled their mail-truck robbery at Fall River, Massachusetts. Three of the participants were described as "fellows from New York." Captain Dick Oliver of the New York City police quickly checked on these three, but found that they were not the Albany ex-hijackers but well known metropolitan crooks of Rettich's crime stable, named Charley Harrigan, Tommy Dugan, and Sonny McGlone. The link between the Rettich gang and the O'Connell "snatch" had not yet become known.

In fact, if it hadn't been for Joe Schnurr, the Oleys and Geary might never have been caught.

Joseph L. Schnurr lived in Denver and worked in the Denver branch of the United States Mint. All winter, at least up to the last week of January, 1936, he had been noticing his tall handsome new neighbor, Mr. O'Neill, pottering around the O'Neills' Pontiac Street home. Although O'Neill looked strong and well, it was whispered about that he had come from the East to regain his health.

Now, Joe Schnurr in his spare hours read detective magazines. He was thus engaged one January evening, when his gaze fell on one of the pictures in a line-up of wanted men. He was looking straight into the photographed eyes of O'Neill—only the name under the picture was not O'Neill.

Within the hour, thanks to Schnurr's alertness, the G-man in charge at Denver was calling the F. B. I. office in New York City to say that the Denver authorities were holding one Francis Leo Oley of Albany, New York.

"And here's something for your end," he added. "The car he's driving was bought in Brooklyn. I'll give you the number. It may lead to something."

It did. A Brooklyn used-car dealer not only had on record the make and number of the car, but remembered that "O'Neill" had been brought to him by one Burns, who had bought a car from him some weeks before. Out of a bunch of "mug" photographs from Headquarters files, the dealer picked one of a big man with thick black hair. The following night G-men and New York police raided the address given by "Burns," and took into custody much surprised John Oley.

Almost simultaneously they raided two other apartments, said to be tenanted by friends of "Burns." In one they uncovered Angel Face Geary, in the other Harold "Red" Crowley, one of the crooks who had guarded the imprisoned Johnnie O'Connell.

Francis Oley hanged himself in his cell with twisted sheets. Manny Strewl got fifty-eight years in addition to the fifteen he was already serving. Crowley was let off with twenty-eight years. John Oley and Angel Face Geary got seventy-seven years each.

AT 3.25 A. M. of Tuesday, November 16, 1937, Patrolman Peter Bennett of the Syracuse police force, making his nightly rounds, reached the corner of State and Fayette streets, and there observed a man whose mouth was gagged and whose hands were roped together.

He was Keeper Hayes of the Onondaga County Penitentiary at Jamesville. Bennett listened briefly to his story, then ran to the near-by police box. Sixty seconds later, teletype wires were buzzing over an eight-state circuit:

GENERAL ALARM: JUST ESCAPED FROM PENITENTIARY AT JAMESVILLE, THREE MEN BY NAME CROWLEY, OLEY, AND GEARY. THEY ARE IN A FORD SEDAN AND HAVE GUNS.

Using table knives to saw through bars, and wielding guns that had been smuggled in to them, they had forced Keeper Hayes to drive them in to Syracuse, where they had trussed him, pitched him out of his car, and gone off in it no one knew where.

Within thirty minutes Syracuse was in a state of siege. Prowl cars and motorcycles patrolled every highway. Motor brigades of state troopers came from Buffalo and Albany. G-men flew up from Washington and New York. By dawn, a cordon of 350 men surrounded the city, and the Niagara Peace Bridge was guarded to prevent escape into Canada.

The Hayes car was soon found, abandoned. Did that mean that the trio was still in town? Or had they escaped in some other getaway car?

All day excited citizens were telephoning in to Headquarters, sure they had seen the criminals. Then, about eight thirty in the evening, a bespectacled garage mechanic named King rushed up to the desk with a tale so bizarre that the detectives could hardly bring themselves to hear him out.

About seven that evening, as he was going home, he had stopped on a red light at Hawley Avenue and Erie Boulevard. Three men had jumped at him out of the shadows, trussed him up as the "escapes" had trussed Keeper Hayes, and thrown him into the rear of his car. The huskiest of the three had then taken the wheel and started pell-mell for the city line. Suddenly the brakes jammed. The lights went out.

"The ——— ——— troopers!"

"They're covering every road!"

THERE was a whispered conference. Then one of the thugs prodded the bound man with his toe.

"Where do you live?"

King told. When they dragged him to his feet, he was in front of his own house. At the door, the biggest of the men stuck his revolver into the face of the frightened woman who answered his ring.

"We mean business," he snarled. "Get us something to eat, or we'll go to work on your husband!"

She brought bread, cheese, and coffee. They jumped at it, then made for the front hall.

"We're borryin' your car, and if you don't keep your mouth shut, we'll come back and blow your head off."

King went straight to Headquarters. By his prompt and, in the circumstances, courageous action, he became the second private citizen to render important service. So fantastic was his tale, however, that the police might well have doubted him but for his concluding sentence:

"They stole my overcoat and left this one in its place."

A man in the uniform of a penitentiary guard pounced upon it. "That's my coat!" he cried. He was one of the guards the gangsters had covered with their guns when they made their getaway.

Here was evidence—sustained by King's identification of their "mug" photographs—that they were, or had been until a few minutes before, still in Syracuse.

Chief of Police Peacock increased the armed force surrounding the city to 500. Squads of plain-clothes men searched roominghouses and cheap hotels, and troopers patrolled unceasingly the New York Central freight

YOU JUST TRY TO LEAVE!
THEY WON'T LET BETTY LEAVE A PARTY THESE DAYS, SHE'S SO FULL OF THE "THREE V'S"
WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY THE "THREE V'S," BETTY?
OH! THEY KID ME ABOUT MY VIM, VIGOR AND VITALITY.
MY FATHER'S A DOCTOR, AND HE SAYS IT'S BECAUSE I GET MY VITAMINS. FOR ONE THING, I EAT A DELICIOUS CEREAL CALLED PEP FOR BREAKFAST EVERY MORNING. ITS EXTRA RICH IN TWO IMPORTANT VITAMINS
LATER
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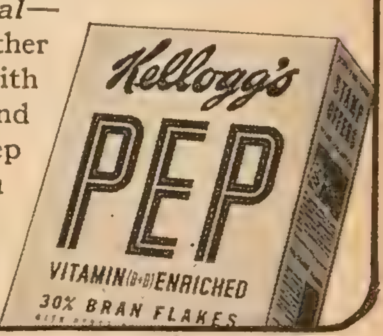
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yards. But Wednesday dawned without further clues.

Now, there was in Syracuse at this time an unemployed painter named Ivan Whiteford. He had turned his own home into a roominghouse, and was taking over neighboring vacant apartments, freshening them up with a can of paint, and rerenting them.

For a long time he had had his eye on the vacant house at the corner of Burnet Avenue and McBride Street. It was his habit, when he had time, to walk down to the corner from his own place on Burnet Avenue, and give this old house another once-over. The neighbors were accustomed to seeing him moseying along the side path to the house's unlocked back door.

On this day, if they had been looking, they would have noted that the lean little man was having more trouble than usual in getting that back door to open.

Putting his shoulder to the door, he shoved with all his wiry strength, until it gave way so suddenly that he was catapulted into the darkened interior. When he regained his balance, he was looking into a pair of narrowing black eyes and was vividly conscious of the pressure of a revolver's cold hard muzzle against his chest.

LIBERTY MAGAZINE VALOR IN CITIZENSHIP AWARD
FOR OUTSTANDING BRAVERY IN THE WAR OF CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS

Liberty's
Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship.

Two more shadowy figures emerged from the darkness.

"You know who we are?" rasped the big man.

"Sure I know you!"

They looked at each other and then back at him. They were more frightened, he decided, than he was. He boldly shoved aside Angel Face Geary's pistol, and sat down on the one kitchen chair.

"You can't stay here," he began quietly.

"Who says we can't?"

"I do. There's a fellow lives upstairs. He's due home today. He'll turn you in, sure. He's that kind. But I know a two-room vacant apartment just down the street where you'll be safe." Then he had an inspiration. "You know me, don't you? I'm the man that hid Dillinger the time he was in Syracuse."

The trio consulted briefly.

"Well," said Geary, "if you're what you say you are, get us some chow. Then we might believe you."

"Glad to. I'll be back in fifteen minutes."

"See that you come alone!"

True to his word, he was soon back with bread, milk, and sausage. The famished gangsters wolfed this food. When they had finished, he calmly announced:

"I'll hide you, but it'll cost you fifteen grand."

"We ain't got fifteen cents," muttered Oley.

"I know. But I know how to collect. You can pay me after you get out, the way John did."

"O. K., buddy," said Geary. "But how you going to get us out of here in broad daylight?"

"Yeah, with these clothes?" added Crowley.

Whiteford was equal to the occasion.

"You can wear mine. I'll take you over one at a time. People know me around here."

"Sounds crazy to me," grunted Angel Face.

"I don't know about that," said Big Oley. "He seems like a right guy. He got us the chow, didn't he?"

Crowley was already taking off his clothes. Ivan took off his. Soon, in "hot" pants and coat, he was on the street with his first convoy. Oley, the last to go, was too big to get into Whiteford's suit, but he was just able to manage the overcoat, which, topped by Ivan's turned-down fedora, made a fair disguise.

The three desperadoes for whom all Syracuse was seeking were now comfortably housed in the second-floor rear apartment of 111 Burnet Avenue, and their host was riding high in their regard.

"I'll get some more eats," he told them cheerily, "and maybe a pint of what it takes."

"Attaboy!"

But Ivan Whiteford did not stop for refreshments on his sprint to the police station. Once more the tired cops listened to a tale beyond belief. However, Officers Kelley, Holland, and Schuh were soon climbing the stairs of the house at 111 Burnet. Whiteford had had the forethought to turn the key in the lock of the second-floor rear, and leave the key on the outside.

The upshot of it all was that, thanks to him, they took Red Crowley and John Oley without firing a shot.

Angel Face Geary, who was in the apartment's inner room, leaped from the window to the back yard below.

The chance he took didn't do him a lot of good. Two hours later, Caspar Mirra, a gangling, long-nosed, smiling-eyed youngster employed at a parking lot on Erie Boulevard, saw a coatless and hatless man with a three-day beard limp for shelter into an abandoned warehouse. Thinking this was just another of the many vagrants who frequented the old building, he called to him to come over to his own neat little shack to get warm.

"I've got a stove," he said hospitably.

"O. K.," said the sharp-faced stranger. "I hurt my foot coming off a rattler."

Mirra was not more than twenty and not over-hep to rascals. He was sorry for the lame man and let him stay in the shack all night. Next morning he brought him a sandwich from home. Then, as they pored over the capture-and-escape stories and pictures in the morning paper, he noticed a queer smile on the lame man's face.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked.

"Oh, I was just thinkin' if I'd found those two guys, I wouldn't have turned 'em in."

In that moment the youngster studied his companion's face for the first time. Could this be . . .? At that moment a customer's car rolled into the lot. In a daze, young Mirra went into his routine—but to the driver of the car, a six-foot Irishman named Jack Donahue, he whispered:

"Get me a cop. I think I've got Geary."

Donahue knew his stuff. Walking casually off the lot, he broke into a run for Patrolman Tom Lewis, who was doing traffic duty two blocks away. An hour later, Geary too was on his way to jail in Albany—first stop for all three on the way to Alcatraz.

Without taking anything from the performance of law-enforcement officials—municipal, state, and federal—it must be admitted that the capture of the Oleys and their two accomplices was directly due to the patriotic acts of four alert and courageous private citizens.

There is one footnote to the O'Connell kidnaping which should not be omitted. It italicizes the fact that, in these days of expert law enforcement, crime does not pay.

There were thirteen men immediately concerned in the O'Connell snatching. All still living are now behind prison bars. But to obtain their conviction it was necessary to establish the location of the hide-out where young O'Connell was held.

Johnnie, who was bound and blindfolded throughout the three weeks, remembered these facts: he was besieged by mosquitoes; he heard frequent steam whistles; once he heard firecrackers and a band; often he heard a mother calling "Antoinette" and a small boy calling "Jackie"; and he was driven nearly crazy by a tenor on the floor above him, who *would* sing O Sole Mio.

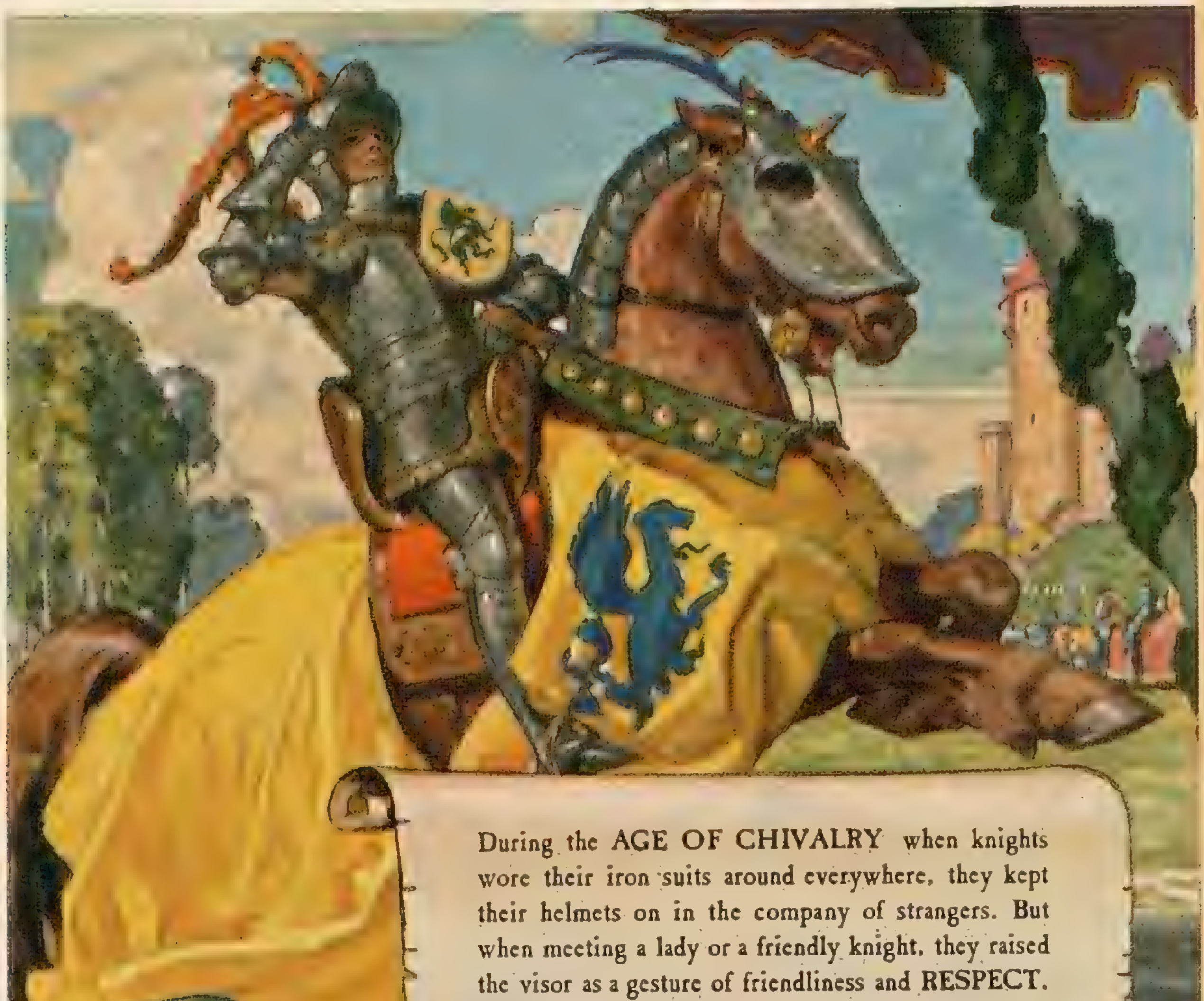
Mosquitoes might mean Jersey. Steam whistles might mean Hoboken. The G-men crossed the Hudson. The city clerk's files showed that he had granted a permit for firecracker shooting and a parade on July 25 to St. Ann's Church. Not too far from the church, the G-men found a French mother with a daughter named Antoinette and a small boy with a puppy named Jackie.

Standing in front of the corner house at 734 Adams Street, G-men Doherty, Banister, and Seery appraised their findings. They had the state, the town, the neighborhood. All they needed now was the house. And as they pondered, there wafted down to them from the top-floor windows just above them—O Sole Mio!

THE END

WHY YOU TIP YOUR HAT TO A LADY

No. 10 of a series:
FACTS
BEHIND OUR
HUMAN CUSTOMS



During the AGE OF CHIVALRY when knights wore their iron suits around everywhere, they kept their helmets on in the company of strangers. But when meeting a lady or a friendly knight, they raised the visor as a gesture of friendliness and RESPECT. This old custom is the forerunner of hat-tipping today.

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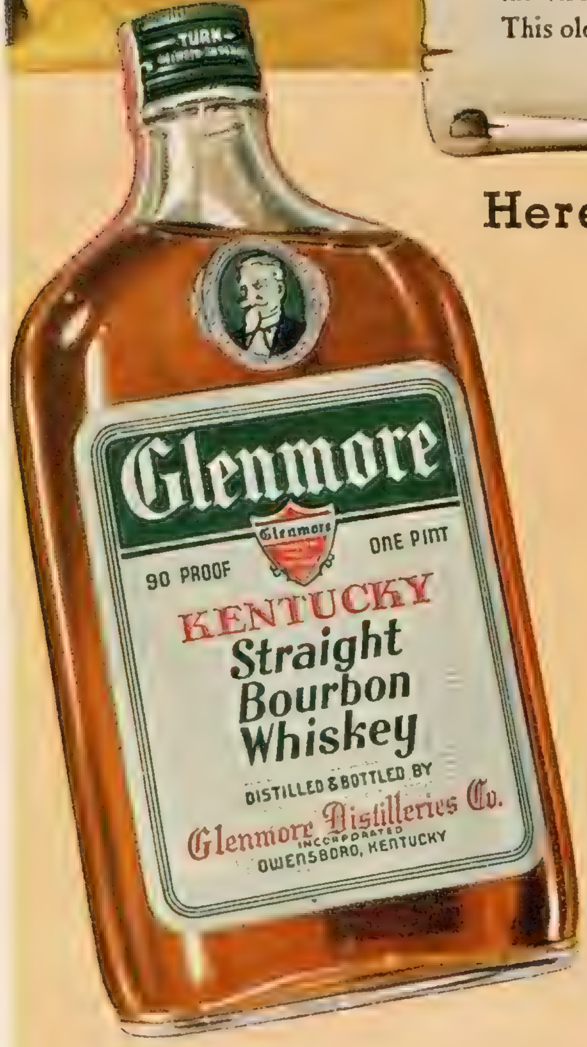

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90 Proof

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$2,000 Crossword Contest

You Can Win Money By Solving Liberty's Interesting Puzzles!

THIS is the fifth week of the cash-prize crossword game. Have you entered yet? Your chance to win is still excellent. In fact, there is no reason why some one who starts an entry this week cannot win the First Prize! Don't worry about the puzzles you have missed until you have entered the game by solving the current puzzle on this page. There's time to consider lost ground later. If you are just beginning, please read the Rules carefully in order to understand how to win. Then work out this week's solution—but do not mail it yet. Wait until you have a complete set of ten solutions, at the end of the game. Now, about the puzzles you may have missed:

LATE ENTRY

Liberty has prepared reprints of the first four diagrams with synonyms. They are obtainable by any one who has mislaid the issues of Liberty in which they appeared. Make written application to the address in Rule 4 and enclose five cents in stamps, to cover cost of handling and mailing. When you receive them, you can bring your entry up to date at your leisure.

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	**$500**
SECOND PRIZE	**200**
THIRD PRIZE....................	**100**
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10........	**200**
200 PRIZES, Each $5.............	**1,000**

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.

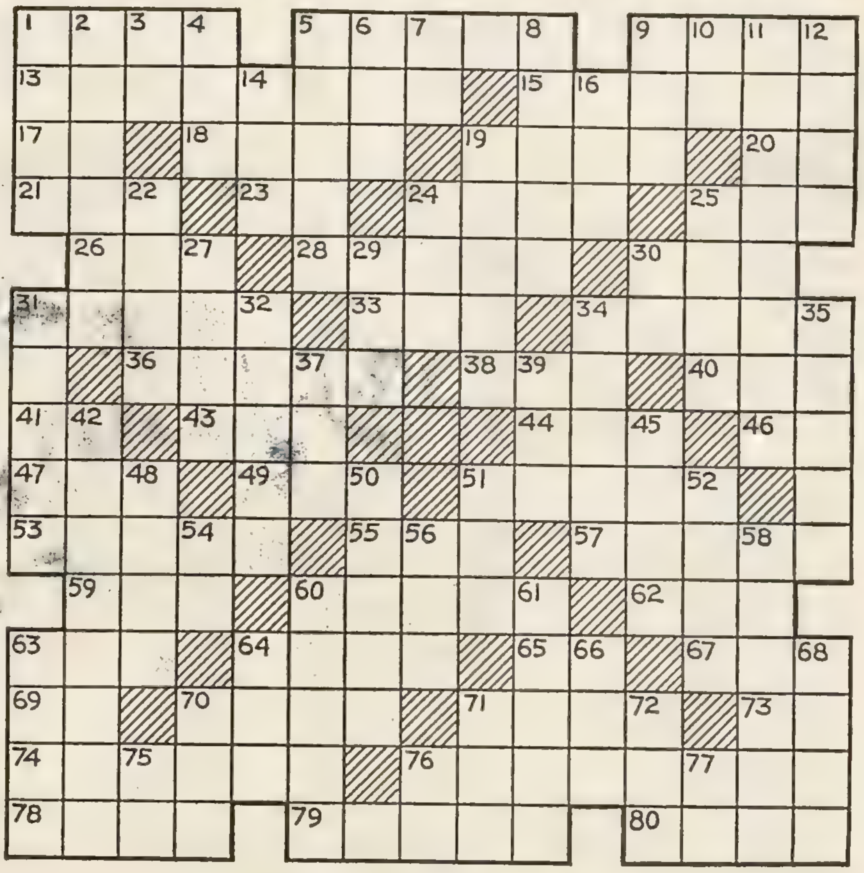
2. When you have solved all ten puzzles, enter them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words on the subject, "The Story, Article, or Feature I Have Enjoyed Most in Liberty During This Contest, and Why."

3. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The next best will receive the $200 Second Prize, and the next best, $100 Third Prize. In the order of their excellence the next twenty will be awarded $10 each and the next 200 will receive $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORDS EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Thursday, March 30, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.



CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 5

HORIZONTAL

1 Acidity
5 The lapwing
9 In the East, a nurse
13 Whilom
15 Gleaming
17 Measure used in printing
18 Spasmodic twitchings
19 To wear away by friction
20 Either
21 Combining form: air
23 Negative
24 Chinese weight
25 Part of to be
26 A varying measure of yarn
28 Belonging to Thor
30 Biblical name
31 Former English coins
33 Curve
34 Ecclesiastical stipend
36 The edible part of grain coarsely ground (pl.)
38 A tree
40 Tierra del Fuego Indian
41 Month of the Jewish year
43 Inclosure
44 A long period of time; an age
46 Symbol for an element
47 A simpleton
49 Assent
51 Pertaining to hair
53 Bovine animal
55 Pastry
57 To remove by rubbing; scrape off
59 Burden
60 Forest in As You Like It
62 A small wooden box for packing mackerel, butter, or the like
63 An adult male employee (pl.)
64 Periods
65 Babylonian deity
67 Below the normal or standard elevation
69 One indefinitely
70 Unyielding courage
71 Nuts, especially when used as fodder for swine
73 Egyptian deity
74 Arboreal mammals allied to monkeys
76 It seems to me (poetic)
78 English statesman
79 The world of land and sea
80 Word of contempt

VERTICAL

1 Toward the sea
2 Good-looking
3 A Brahman ejaculation
4 To steep in water
5 A small loop in a border
6 Square of letter m (pl.)
7 Us
8 Weeds
9 High in pitch
10 Female parent (colloq.)
11 People of a North Atlantic group
12 At this place
14 A metal
16 God of the earth (Bab. myth.)
19 Stuffing for fowls
22 To bevel out
24 High, pointed hill
25 River in Italy
27 Beverage (pl.)
29 Possesses
30 Preposition
31 Peruses
32 Species of butterfly
34 Soap substitute
35 To beat (Scot.)
37 A lixivium
39 Rumanian coins
42 Fastened down, as a ship's hatches
45 A stool pigeon (slang)
48 To alienate the affections of
50 A herring
51 A calipee
52 A bird
54 Prefix: away from
56 Small fishes
58 A wading bird with long legs and neck (pl.)
60 Get up
61 Below (poetic)
63 Masculine
64 Blunder
66 A tree
68 Lave
70 A weapon
71 Came together
72 To give a small fee or present to
75 A pronoun
76 Mister (abbr.)
77 Symbol for an element

THE GREAT BASEBALL GAMBLE

5
17
9
29
25
3
6

Who Will Be the Rookie Sensation of 1939?

BY JOHN DREBINGER

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

BASEBALL'S annual spring-training merry-go-round is about to start on another whirl, with sixteen major-league managers poised once again for their eternal quest of the brass ring—the outstanding rookie of the year.

To them, perhaps, it offers the most fascinating pursuit in all baseball. More so, in most cases, than the pennant chase itself. For only a few clubs ever have a real chance for the flag. But when it comes to landing the prize fish in the season's yearling crop, all have fairly equal chances. It may happen in the camp of the lowly Browns or Phillies as easily as with the top-flight Yankees.

For years of close observation have taught baseball men that there is no telling what those rookies will do, once the glare of the spotlight focuses upon them—which will swim to the top with strong, sturdy strokes; which will fold in the middle and sink to the bottom.

One of the outstanding freshman stars of the 1937 season was Cliff Melton, the sail-eared bean-pole left-hander of the Giants who had sauntered down from the hills of No'th Ca'lina to do some astonishing things. He actually didn't know the difference between a special-delivery and an air-mail stamp and cared less. But out on the mound he had all it required to become the first pitcher to win twenty games in his first major-league season since Grover Alexander achieved the feat more than a quarter of a century before. Bill Terry, the Giant manager who uncovered the hidden talents of the Towering Cliff, took a neat and deserved bow on this one.

But among the season's foremost rookies last year was a young fellow named Frank McCormick, and this time Terry took no bow. For it so happens that the youthful McCormick, who almost overnight became the National League's All-Star first-sacker and just missed winning the batting championship, achieved all this under the banner of the Cincinnati Reds and not the Giants, albeit as a native of the Bronx he did once try hard to become a Giant.

Just how McCormick escaped the Giant net is not quite clear. Seems Willie Schaeffer, the club trainer, had noted the youngster's possibilities in a semipro game and invited him to come around to the Polo Grounds for a trial.

But when he reported, he found Manager Terry and his coaches deeply engrossed in other matters. No one recalls ever having had a real look at McCormick, and after a few days of shoving around, the youngster drifted off, to burst forth a few years later in the heavens above Cincinnati instead of Coogan's Bluff. So it goes. You never can tell, even at times when the odds are in your favor.

Training camps have undergone vast changes since that far-off day away back in 1886 when Cap Anson, heroic figure in baseball's dark ages, led an intrepid band of Chicago White Stockings (later the Cubs) to Hot Springs, Arkansas. Even then the event was not designed as one to have a far-reaching influence on the game. It was simply an expedient method the ingenious Cap thought up whereby he might best boil out the beer his opulent champions had consumed the previous winter.

It was not until ten years later that Ed Hanlon, manager of those legendary Orioles, conceived the idea of adding "spring training" to baseball's regular curriculum. He took his Orioles to Macon, Georgia, and the immediate success of this venture had others following in its wake.

The Giants, then owned by Andrew Freedman, went on their first "Southern training trip" which had for its destination Lakewood, New Jersey.

With the turn of the century and the advent of the American League, Connie Mack and his Athletics blazed a trail to Florida, followed by the Dodgers, who pitched

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Will You Sleep or Cough Tonight
PISO'S
for Coughs due to Colds

their camp in St. Augustine. Then came John McGraw. He hauled his Giants clear across the continent to San Francisco. That was in 1907. He led his Giants into Texas the following years, while others picked their spots in Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Like the auto, spring training had come to stay.

McGraw himself made no bones about expressing its manifold purposes. There was the training of the athletes. Also the publicity which served to make the public baseball-conscious weeks before the opening of the championship season.

Third-rate hotels and cheap boardinghouses sufficed for accommodations in those early days. Today the players travel de luxe. Nothing is too good or expensive for them. Caps and sweaters have given way to the latest cuts in snappy flannels, gabardines, and Palm Beaches. Even the old ribald humor, horseplay, and hazing of the rookies have disappeared.

Vast, indeed, have been the changes that spring training has undergone. But the quest for that rookie wonder, that spring phenom who will show 'em in the fall, that one in a million, still goes on with all the old-time fervor. They come into camp from all sections of the country. Eventually a chosen few remain to wear the magic letters "New York," "Chicago," or "Detroit" on their manly chests, and the enthusiastic fans accept them as their own home-grown products.

What is it a major-league manager looks for in a minor-league prospect?

Preliminary requirements vary according to the type of play in vogue in the league in general, the club in particular, and quite often the personal notions of the manager himself.

The late Wilbert Robinson who, during his long and curious reign at the head of the Dodgers, revealed himself a master in the art of selecting great pitching staffs, had a set formula for picking hurling prospects from which he rarely deviated. They had to be big husky fellows with plenty of speed.

IN this, Uncle Robbie founded a school directly opposed to the John McGraw idea, which first demanded of a pitcher that he possess a good curve. Which is the better system may be debatable, but Robbie at least was not lacking in sound logic. For it was his theory that speed had to be born in a pitcher, while curve balls and other trick deliveries could be learned and developed.

Pitching, batting, and fielding averages in the minors contribute little toward determining a rookie's future possibilities. What scouts, coaches, and managers look for most are those latent qualities, that hidden something which, with careful handling, can be developed later into top-flight material. And even trained observers can be wrong a lot of times.

Leo Durocher, while struggling to get a start in Hartford, was told that he would never do. Yet "Lippy" Leo came on to become one of the National League's foremost shortstops, and is today manager of the Dodgers.

With the Yankees in particular and the American League in general, rookies must show early promise of developing into hitters, for the Harridge loop is essentially a hitting circuit. In the National League, still under the dominating influence of McGraw, the master strategist, and McGraw's pupil and successor, Bill Terry, defensive qualifications come first. Terry visions every prospect as an accomplished performer in the field. If he doesn't see that, he very soon doesn't see him at all.

SPEED in the legs and a good throwing arm are the primary qualifications required for a berth in the St. Louis Cardinals' far-flung chain-store system. Branch Rickey, founder and guiding genius of the system, won't look twice at a rookie who has not got both. That is why you rarely, if ever, see any lumbering fellows come up to the Cards, but plenty of streamlined birds like Pepper Martin, Joe Medwick, and Don Gutteridge.

There is a psychological aspect which also enters this thing and which often fools even the greatest of managers. For while they may be able to judge a rookie's physical equipment they can't always foresee what is likely to go on in his mind, if anything. Even a sense of humor can be a handicap. It hampered Lefty Gomez when he first came up with the Yankees, and even to this day El Goofy will do something silly just for a laugh.

He blew a shutout one day by throwing a ball to Lazzeri, who was standing some twenty feet away from second base, instead of to Crosetti, who was right on the bag. Asked why he did that, he said: "Well, you fellows have always been telling me what a smart guy Tony is, so when I got that ball I said, 'Tony, let's see what you can do about this one.'"

So, who'll draw the lucky number in 1939? It may be a young lad named Fred Hutchinson, a pitcher whose sensational exploits with Seattle last year had him hailed on the Coast as "another Bob Feller," and who, after considerable bidding, finally fell in the Detroit Tiger net. It may be Manuel Salvo, another Pacific Coast star, who will receive his trial with the Giants. It may be Jimmy Gleeson, a Newark infielder for whom the Cubs paid a fancy price; or possibly Charles "Red" Barrett, who already has stirred the Reds, in the belief they have another McCormick marvel. Then the Pirates have two catchers, Ben and Dallas Warner, whom they are envisioning as possibilities for another brother act such as Pittsburgh hailed more than a decade ago with the advent of the two Waners.

But, more likely than not, it will be some one whose virtues even at this hour still remain unsung but whose name may be as familiar as Johnny Vander Meer's when next September comes rolling around.

THE END

Mark Twain—With Improvements

The movies take liberties with Huckleberry Finn's immortal adventures, but give you excitement . . and Mickey Rooney

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

You are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, February 15. The winner will be announced in the issue of March 25.

★ ★ ★ HUCKLEBERRY FINN

THE PLAYERS: Mickey Rooney, Walter Connolly, William Frawley, Elisabeth Risdon, Minor Watson, Lynne Carver, Jo Ann Sayers, Rex Ingram, Victor Kilian, Clara Blandick, Irving Bacon, Harlan Briggs, Sarah Edwards, Leni Lynn, Johnny Walsh. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Adapted from the story by Mark Twain. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

MARK TWAIN'S classic of boyhood—his yarn of life on the Mississippi back in the days when America wore short pants and freckles unashamed—is done once more by the movies. This time Mickey Rooney is the boy who bucked at civilization as represented by the Widow Douglas' gloomy pioneer decencies and the three Rs of her prim sister, Miss Watson.

You know the story of Huck. If you don't, I'm ashamed of you. Anyway, here are the immortal adventures of the outcast Huck and his pal, the runaway slave, Jim, as they float down the Mississippi on an improvised raft while the boy tries to find a way to free the Negro. Tom Sawyer was present in the Twain original, but now he's eliminated.

I regret to report that Hollywood has seen fit to improve upon Mark Twain. Where once poor ignorant Jim sat by trembling, his freedom at stake, to guard the wounded Tom Sawyer, he now does even nobler things. He carries Huck, bitten by a movie rattler, a half mile for help. It isn't Mark Twain, but it is the longest "perambulator shot"—the camera traveling ahead of the stumbling Jim—on record. Your Beverly Hills would prefer Huckleberry Finn as he was created.

You doubtless will like Mickey Rooney as Huck. Rex Ingram, who was De Lawd of the stage fantasy, Green Pastures, is the runaway Jim. Walter Connolly is the King, the pompous faker who posed as the Lost Dauphin, rightful King of France. And William Frawley is the other river swindler, the Duke of Bilgewater.

The Inside Dope: Even a fair-to-middlin' Huck Finn has flavor. How you accept the liberties taken with the story depends upon your love of Mark Twain. But who doesn't like Mickey Rooney?

★ ★ ★ WINGS OF THE NAVY

THE PLAYERS: George Brent, Olivia de Havilland, John Payne, Frank McHugh, John Litel, Victor Jory, Henry O'Neill, John Ridgely, John Gallaudet, Donald Briggs, Edgar Edwards, Regis Toomey, Albert Morin, Jonathan Hale, Pierre Watkin, Don Douglas, Max Hoffman, Alan Davis, Larry Williams. Screen play by Michael Fessier. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Produced by Warner Brothers.

HOLLYWOOD has a set formula for service films. You see a crowd of gawky lads arrive for military, naval, or what-have-you training, you see them absorb the traditions of the service, you see them eventually graduated into fine upstanding officers.

Mickey Rooney as Huckleberry Finn.

Here you observe the lads appear for naval aviation training and you see them—most of 'em anyway—become crack flyers. One or two fail, but the others go on triumphant. Back of all this in Wings of the Navy is the love of two brothers for each other—and the same girl.

The picture cost the Warners a million—and it cost the United States government a lot, too. That's checked to good will, arousing taxpayer interest, stimulated recruiting. A Warner company of seventy spent three weeks in July at the United States Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida; ten days in August at the West Coast Naval Air Base at Coronado, California. There are all sorts of spectacular air shots.

George Brent is the older brother, John Payne the younger, and pretty Olivia de Havilland the inspiration.

Two famous stunt flyers, Paul Mantz and Frank Clark, help the excitement.

The Inside Dope: Beautiful shots of navy aviation and interesting inside views of great bombers in action —but a dull story.

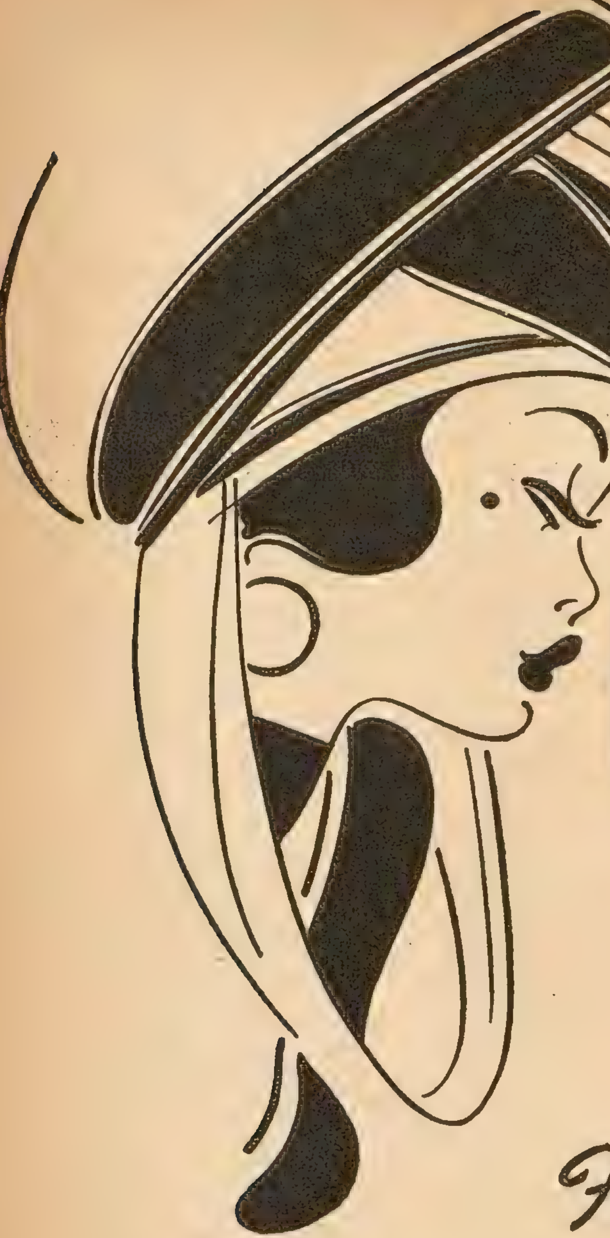
★ ★ ★ PERSONS IN HIDING

THE PLAYERS: Lynne Overman, Patricia Morison, William Henry, J. Carrol Naish, John Eldredge, Janet Walso, Leona Roberts, Richard Carle, Helen Twelvetrees, William Frawley, Judith Barrett, John Hartley, Philip Warren, Richard Denning, Dorothy Howe, Richard Stanley. Adapted from the book by J. Edgar Hoover. Screen play by William R. Lipman and Horace McCoy. Produced by Paramount.

J. EDGAR HOOVER G-man extraordinary, wrote the book from which this story was adapted. I suspect Hollywood may have movieized things—but Mr. Hoover had the final O. K. on the finished product.

The story: A small-town beauty specialist picks up with a cheap little stick-up man, plots to make him Public Enemy No. 1. In the end, retribution sets in, for the hero of this story is the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The gun moll tries to trade her headline husband's capture for the release of her mother. You see the G-men track down a kidnapers' hide-out from meager clues, you are offered educational shots of bank robbery and a farm surrounded by federal agents. But always Alcatraz hovers ominously in the background.

The bad girl is played by a newcomer, Patricia Morison, a New York



RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 6½ inches high, on paper 7 inches high. Draw only the girl, no lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. We return no drawings.
4. Print your name, address, age, occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received by February 28th, 1939. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

DRAW ME!

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Prizes for Five Best Drawings — FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfits. (Value of each course, $215.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Today design, color and illustrating influence the sale of most merchandise. Trained commercial artists have, therefore, become important in industry. They are in demand, — well paid — machines can never displace them. Artistic talent is comparatively scarce. If you can draw, why waste this rare gift? Train yourself to do work for which nature has fitted you and which few people can do. Success nowadays comes easier to those who develop natural ability. We have trained many young men and women now capable of earning up to $5,000 yearly as artists. Use this opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send us your drawing.

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girl who started out to be an artist and fashion designer, quit to be an actress, had a hard time until she understudied Helen Hayes in Victoria Regina. The hick hoodlum who pits his provincial wits against the G-men is J. Carrol Naish, who flew during the World War, came back eventually to become a Hollywood character man.

Playing the gun moll's daddy is Richard Carle, long a Broadway musical-comedy star. And Helen Twelvetrees, silent-screen star, is a G-man's lonely wife, eternally harassed by fears.

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the December 31 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Kerry Shaw, 153 East 45 Street, New York City, N. Y., for her review of Pygmalion.

The Inside Dope: The J. Edgar Hoover angle gives this an authentic interest. It all depends upon whether or not you like to watch sordid, perverted humanity trying to steal a bit of something labeled happiness at the point of a pistol.

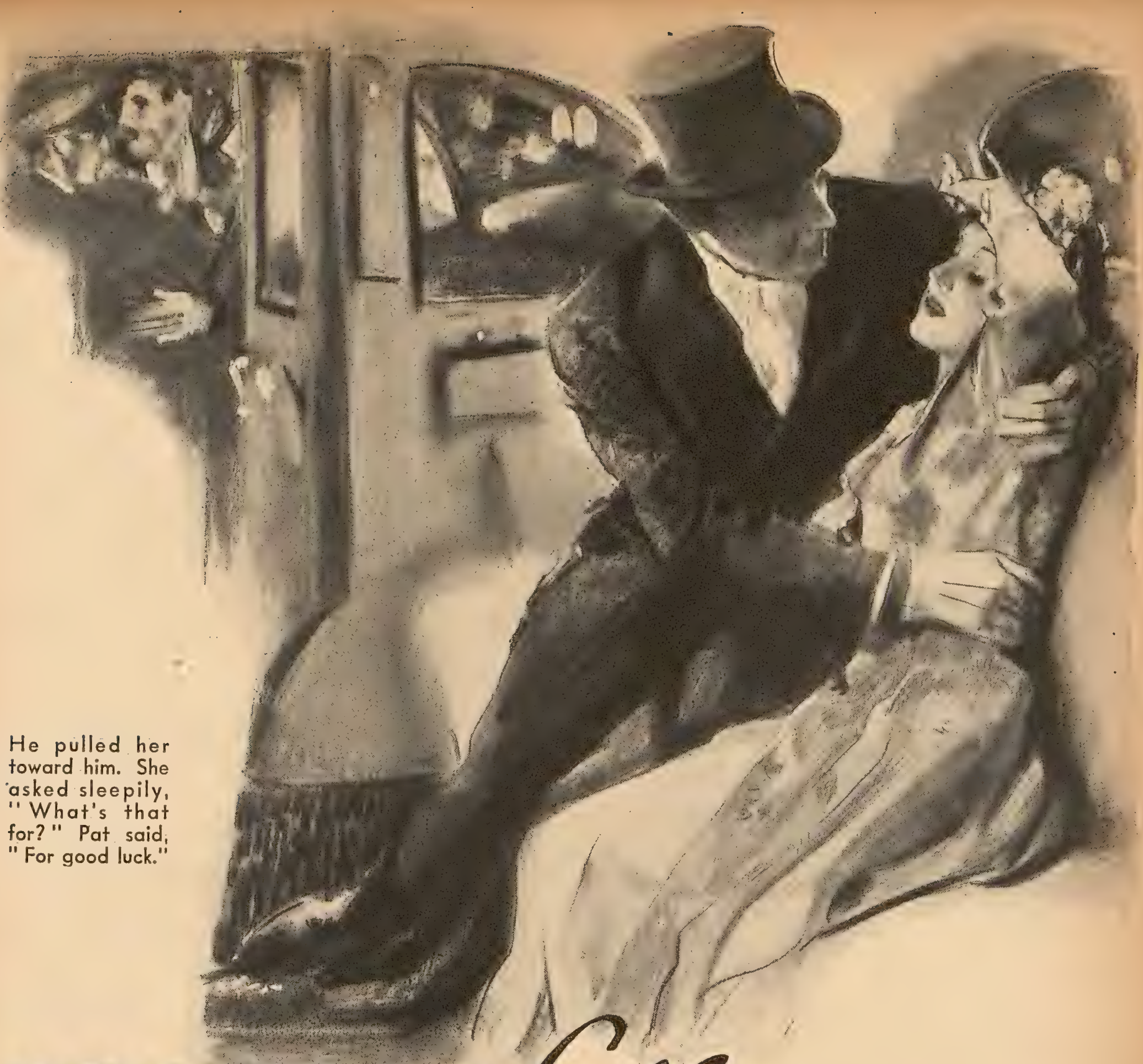
FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

The pictures are classified according to the reviewer's prediction. The figures in parentheses after a picture title show the final classification by Liberty's reviewer and the consensus of our readers' ratings.

★★★★—That Certain Age (4, 4), Suez (3, 3½), You Can't Take It with You (4, 4), Men with Wings (3½, 3½), Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—Jesse James, Walt Disney's Shorts (3½, 3½), Sweethearts, If I Were King (3½, 3½), The Great Waltz (3½, 3½), The Sisters (4, 3½), Spawn of the North (3½, 3½), The Lady Vanishes (3½, 3½), Four Daughters.

★★★—They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky (3,—), Stand Up and Fight (3,—), Pygmalion (3,—), The Great Man Votes, Gunga Din, Christmas Carol (2, 3), Trade Winds (3, 3), Dawn Patrol (3, 3), Out West with the Hardys (3, 3), Submarine Patrol (3, 3), Dramatic School (3, 3), Just Around the Corner (3, 3), Angels with Dirty Faces (3½, 3½), The Shining Hour (3, 3), Sixty Glorious Years (3, 3), The Cowboy and the Lady (3, 3), Gangster's Boy (3, 3½), Brother Rat (3, 3), The Arkansas Traveler (3, 3), Mr. Wong Detective (3, 3½), There Goes My Heart (3, 3), Service de Luxe (3, 3), Room Service (3, 3), Garden of the Moon (3, 3), Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl.



He pulled her toward him. She asked sleepily, "What's that for?" Pat said, "For good luck."

REHEARSAL FOR *Love*

A man's heart awakens . . and a vivid novel sweeps stirringly on

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WHEN Kathleen Roberts, recently out of college, becomes personal secretary to Patrick Bell, a handsome, dynamic contractor, she promptly falls in love with him. This pleases Hannah Arnold, clever young dress designer for Eloise, Inc., whose apartment Kathleen is sharing while Mr. and Mrs. Roberts are away on a cruise, for Hannah realizes that her lovely friend is replacing her in the affections of Paul McClure, a playwright with whom Hannah is in love.

She encourages Kathleen to invite Pat to a party at which Paul is also present. In the middle of the gay evening, Pat is called away by the news that the wall of a school building, constructed by his firm, has collapsed. Kathleen goes with him to the scene of the accident and they discover that the night watchman has been killed. Pat quiets the angry crowd and soothes the watchman's widow, promising to make generous provision for her. Kathleen is touched by his gentleness toward the woman, and is correspondingly surprised to see that, as soon as they return to the party, he seems to forget the tragedy. While he is laughing and talking with Hannah, Paul maneuvers to get Kathleen alone. He tells her that he loves her. He realizes that she is in love with Pat, whom he dislikes, but he says that he will always wait and hope.

The papers make a sensation of the school-building accident and shout for an investigation, but Pat remains unworried; he seems to have friends in high places who can "fix" anything.

One day, while Pat is out of the office, his mother comes in. She is a round-faced, twinkling little Irishwoman with the habit of speaking her mind. She takes Kathleen out for tea and says bluntly, "I've been thinking that my son is falling in love with you. Are you in love with him?"

PART FOUR—PERIL . . . AND PARADISE

KATHLEEN set down the cup she held very carefully. She had an illusion that it was made of crystal and if she were not exceedingly cautious it would shatter.

She experienced a second illusion, which was that the cup could not have contained the tea she was sure she had heard herself order, but champagne . . . for she was suddenly quite lightheaded, dizzy. She wanted to laugh, she wanted to cry.

The cup achieved the saucer without mishap. The tea spilled only a very little. The room in which she and Patrick Bell's mother sat was still almost empty, only three or four tables occupied on the other side. Their waitress whisked water into the glasses and departed again. Mrs. Bell was smiling.

"Well, speak up, girl," she said, with controlled impatience.

Kathleen tried to obey. She tried to say, "Nonsense!" But she couldn't say "Nonsense!" to save her life.

She said finally:

"I don't know, Mrs. Bell," with great humility.

It dawned upon her abruptly what Mrs. Bell had really said before she asked her questions. She had said that she was sure that her son was in love with his secretary. . . . Remembering that, like a sword of light cutting through the confusion, Kathleen began to color. The scarlet flooded up almost to her eyes. The blood, tingling, rushing like that, made her regard brilliant, and her breath came quickly.

Mrs. Bell nodded. She said, "You're a pretty creature. And a lady. I always wanted Pat to marry a lady." Somehow, from her mouth the words didn't sound as awful, as impossible as they should have sounded. She concluded, sharply, "What do you mean, you don't know whether you're in love with him or not? Or do you mean that you don't know what you're going to do about it, the two of you?"

KATHLEEN swallowed. Sanity in a measure had returned to her. She answered Mrs. Bell's piercing blue look gravely. She replied, with an attempt at smiling, "Yes, I'm in love with him, Mrs. Bell. . . ."

"Good," said the old lady with satisfaction. "That's all I wanted to know."

Kathleen said, "I haven't known just how I felt for very long, Mrs. Bell. I haven't been absolutely sure." She had regained her poise, she felt comfortable and at home with this round little woman with her winter-apple cheeks and her snapping eyes. If only the eyes weren't quite so much like Pat's! She added thoughtfully, "There's the legend, you know—"

"Legend?" repeated Mrs. Bell, startled. "What's got into you?"

"Oh, secretary-boss," explained Kathleen, smiling. "You know . . . stories, novels, movies . . . just one of those things. But there's something in it, isn't there? You work day in, day out with a successful man . . . a man who's rather like a dynamo—so other men seem tepid and pale to you. Then there's that old debbil propinquity—being with him all the time. . . . So, how much is love, Mrs. Bell, and how much is legend?"

"Stuff!" said the old lady. "Either you're in love or not. No two ways about it. Of course," she added thoughtfully, "you can be in love more than once, no matter what the books tell you—"

"I haven't been," said Kathleen with pride.

"You haven't? How old are you?"

Kathleen told her. She shook her head. She said, "Must have been something wrong. Before I was sixteen, in the old country, I thought I would die for a man. He was in love with my sister. Married her, too; made her a very bad husband. . . . He wasn't the only one I fancied. But when I came over here to visit my aunt, whose husband had made good money in the contracting business, and met my old Frank—Pat's father—I forgot the others. . . ."

"Rehearsal," said Kathleen, smiling.

"Eh, what's that? That's it—rehearsal . . . rehearsal for love," said the old lady. She laughed heartily, as a man laughs, and Kathleen laughed with her. Then she beckoned the waitress imperiously. She said, "I should be getting home. . . ."

Kathleen felt frightened. She had told her . . . what had she told her? She had said in effect, "I'm in love with your son. There! Now what?"

Mrs. Bell looked at her. She said, "I've worried you, coming out with it like that. I didn't mean to. I like you. If I hadn't, do you suppose I would have asked you to drink a cup of tea with me? Not Molly Bell! I would have said, 'And so my son isn't in? Thank you, young woman, I won't wait.'"

"I'm glad you like me," said Kathleen. She regarded the older woman with sweetness and gratitude, and added simply, "I like you too."

"Well," said Molly Bell, "that's a step in the right direction. I'd make a very nasty mother-in-law to a woman I didn't like!"

That was Kathleen's chance. She said, a little breathlessly:

"But—he hasn't said . . . he doesn't know . . . I mean . . ."

"You mean," interpreted Mrs. Bell, "that you'd die of shame if I should tell him. That's right. But you're not to worry about me. I'll tell the boy that I came to the office to see him and he was away, that I was tired and needed a cup of tea to warm my bones and that I took you along. I'll say, 'She's a fine young woman, Pat. . . . Ask her to have Christmas dinner with us at the house, her mother and father being away, poor girl.' . . . Have you told them anything?"

Kathleen shook her head. "No, I haven't," she answered. . . . "There wasn't anything to tell, Mrs. Bell, not really. If I wrote them, 'I've fallen in love with the boss,' it might scare them to death; they might come rushing home. They mustn't; they deserve this trip. They need it. My father's been very ill," she added, and because of her emotional confusion her eyes filled with quick tears.

Mrs. Bell nodded.

"Pat told me about your people," she said. "They sounded just fine. Why would they be scared? Wouldn't my Pat be good enough for them?" she demanded with a certain amount of severity, and Kathleen thought, I'd hate to see her in a temper!

"Of course," said Kathleen eagerly; "of course! Only—being away and all. . . . Oh, you know how it would be yourself," she went on. "Look here," and her eyes danced, the tears dried. "Weren't you just a little scared yourself? If you hadn't been, would you have come to see what I was like?"

YOU'RE smart," said Mrs. Bell with admiration, "and you're sensible. Of course I was. I was scared out of my wits. I said to myself, 'If some flibbertigibbet has got hold of him!'" She laughed and rose, and Kathleen went around to help her with her coat. And Mrs. Bell asked, "Do you go back to the office now?"

"I think I'd better. There's always some one there until late. There might have been a message."

"I'll come with you," said Mrs. Bell.

The office was empty except for a couple of clerks. No message, they said, and Kathleen looked at Mrs. Bell and shrugged.

The old lady said, "Well, that's that. He'll come walking in at all hours. We'll get a taxi and I'll take you home."

"It's out of your way!" protested Kathleen, knowing that Pat lived with his mother and sister on Riverside Drive.

"Of course it is, but it will give us longer together. If Pat had been here," said his mother with relish, "he would have raised the devil with me. He'd say, 'And where's the grand fine car I gave you and the lad to drive it?' . . . And I'd have to tell him that I let Pete off for the day; his wife's having a baby. . . . I'd be frightened out of my skin to drive with him, and that's a fact. . . . He's been running me into trucks and up on curbs, his mind not being on his work. . . ."

On the long drive uptown Mrs. Bell did most of the talking. She promised, "You needn't be afraid that I'd interfere. Not now. When I interfere it's bad. People stay interfered with . . . only maybe not Pat. He's had a will of his own ever since he was small. He's a good boy, Kathleen; impatient sometimes and stubborn as a donkey. Sometimes I think he's got too much push. It burns him out. He can ride roughshod too. He hates to be crossed. That's my advice—don't cross him, not in the little things, not in the things that don't matter very much to you. When big things come you can talk 'em out, maybe reason with him. Not," she added thoughtfully, "that I've ever been able to at all."

Kathleen said, no longer embarrassed but feeling marvelously at home, "You talk as if everything were settled."

"Well, won't it be, now? Can you sit there and look me in the eye, girl, and tell me that you haven't made up your mind?"

"No," said Kathleen, "I can't."

"Good." Mrs. Bell put out her firm, astonishingly unwithered hand and patted Kathleen's round slim knee. "Good. I like that in you. No quibbling. . . . Good luck," she said, as the taxi stopped in front of Hannah's. "I'm on your side, you know. . . . Run along now, and remember you've a date for Christmas dinner."

Kathleen was still smiling when she let herself in with her latchkey. She could hear Amelia whistling her doleful spirituals in the kitchen. That meant that she was happy, too. But she wasn't prepared for Paul McClure. He was sitting on the divan, a coffee table pulled up, a Scotch-and-soda upon it.

PAUL, for heaven's sake!" she cried, disconcerted, her holiday mood gone.

"You didn't mean heaven," he retorted. "Try to look glad to see me."

"But—where's Hannah?"

"Out—to dinner. You and I are dining home, my angel. Amelia has it all fixed up."

She said, "I hadn't asked you. You're pretty exasperating."

"I know it. You are exasperating too," he said calmly, "and a lot prettier than I am. I'm here. I brought in the steaks. There is nothing you can do about it. Amelia dotes on me."

"That's more than I do," said Kathleen. She had wanted to be alone this evening. She had been glad, remembering Hannah would be out. She had thought she could have something to eat on a tray. And later, she would tumble into bed to think over all that had happened since teatime.

Her heart sang; even Paul could not deflect the melody. Pat was in love with her. His mother had said so . . . in love, in love, in love! . . .

"You look like a pretty little Cheshire cat," said Paul, "who has devoured the entire aviary and the cream on the milk bottle too. And yet you are cross with me," he concluded in wonder. "But I had to do something. I can't go on imploring you—dine with me, come for a drive, let's go to a play, a movie, let me come sit by your fire. You've only one answer. So I have to take matters in my own hands. . . ."

No, he couldn't spoil this day for her. Perhaps this wouldn't be such a bad evening. She could tuck her knowledge away, like a jewel in the secret places of her heart; she could pretend it wasn't there. When Paul

Coffee Quiz

There are billions of pounds of coffee drunk a year, and nearly as many stories, opinions, ideas, tales, legends, and superstitions about it. Some are true. Some are false. Some have the highest scientific authority behind them; others are mere old-wives' tales. Since you probably drink coffee every day you might want to know more about it.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE? Put a check mark in the "true" or "false" squares below—then compare your answers with those at the end of each statement of the facts.

TO DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS—References to the medical authorities for the following statements will be supplied on request.

WHERE THERE'S LIFE - THERE'S COFFEE!

COFFEE MAKES YOUR BRAIN WORK BETTER.* True? ☐ False? ☐

Ham Fisher, famous cartoonist and creator of Joe Palooka, has to keep his brilliant brain clicking at top speed—with seven comic strips a week to turn out! He'll tell you how coffee helps—he drinks quantities of it. Medical science says "Coffee... induces mental clarity". . . (See "Dietetics for the Clinician" by Milton A. Bridges, M.D.)

Statement in the headline above* is True.

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YOU CAN'T SHED TEARS AFTER DRINKING COFFEE.* True? ☐ False? ☐

It is impossible to shed tears after a cup of strong coffee, the clinical effect of trimethyldioxypurin upon the nervous system.

Statement in the headline above* is True.

COFFEE IS A ROBORANT* (TONIC, STRENGTHENER). True? ☐ False? ☐

Whenever you're tired, depressed, bogged down by that exhausted feeling, remember this wise advice from The American Illustrated Medical Dictionary (17th edition) by W. A. Newman Dorland, A.M.,M.D.—"Coffee is invigorating, tonic, and conservant."

Statement in the headline above* is True.

To make good coffee use enough—a heaping tablespoonful for each cup!

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

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had gone, she could take it out and turn it in the new light, she could watch it sparkle, she could hold it in the hands of her mind. . . .

She said, " I'm resigned. Give me a few minutes to shower and change."

She disappeared into the bedroom, tore off her clothes. She stood under the shower and wished that she could sing. Her skin tingled, her hair was damp, she rubbed it with a towel and it curled. She pressed the waves back where they belonged, and put a touch of cream, a dusting of powder on her clean scrubbed face. Her eyes shone, her lips were so red she didn't need lipstick. She used it nevertheless. She put on the hostess gown her mother had given her last Christmas. It was blue quilted velvet, beautifully fitted. She looked tall in it. Impulsively she drew her hair back from her ears and pinned it high, like the girl at Hannah's party.

Amelia had made sidecars. . . . " And why not? " asked Paul when Kathleen exclaimed. " I bought the makings." The appetizer was new and delicious, the steaks and salad perfection, the little meringues as light as a cloud . . . a good dinner, with Amelia beaming fatly.

Afterward . . .

PAUL set down his coffee cup. Amelia clattered around the kitchen. The fire burned low, the lights were rosy and flickering. He asked:

" May I tell you that I love you? "

" Paul," she said, " it's no use."

" Of course not. Not yet. Some day it will be. Remember that. I love you, I want to marry you. Look, my dear. I'll make a bargain with you. Let me come see you, like this. Let me take you out. And I promise I'll never say this again. I'll not say it until you ask me to. . . . And if you never ask me . . ."

She said, proudly, " I never shall."

" Don't be too sure. There are stars in your absurdly lovely eyes tonight."

" Paul, stop talking like a play. I'm a peg on which to hang your emotions, a new heroine in a new play you're writing. Do believe that."

" I'll pretend it if you want me to. The new play's started," he told her abruptly. " No one will like it. But at least it's honest."

" But the other, Paul—you really destroyed it? " she asked.

" I did."

" No copy? I thought it was a gesture. You would have had a production."

" I think so, and most likely a hit." His lean face hardened. He looked older, he looked a stranger, no longer gay, no longer casual. He said, " Can't you see I've got to be honest? I wasn't for a time. I didn't like it. I didn't like myself. And I'm not going to weaken again, not going to do the shoddy makeshift thing. Not again, sweet Kate."

She looked at him with new respect.

" I didn't know you felt like that."

" Well, I do," he told her more lightly, " and it can't be helped. I'm screwy probably. Nuts . . . but there it is. . . . How's your dear boss? " he asked suddenly.

" Fine."

" Too bad," said Paul calmly. " Would it shock you if I said that if, by pressing a button, I could contrive that one Patrick Bell fell and broke his handsome neck, I'd not only press it, I'd stand on it? "

" That's not fair. You don't know him! "

" A case of Doctor Fell," he said glumly, " yet there is a reason . . . you know it. I swore not to discuss it. But even if you were not in the picture, my dear, I'd feel the same way."

Hannah came in. She was frowning. She had had dinner with the newest beau. He had bored her. So she had produced a silver box of aspirin, sighed at him prettily, permitted him to kiss her gently in the taxi. That was that. She cried, entering:

" Well! You two! "

" A fine greeting," Paul told her. " You're just in time to save Kate's reason. She's bored to death with me. . . ."

Hannah emerged presently from her bedroom. She said, " Where did you dine? "

" Here," said Paul. " Kate invited me."

" I did not," said Kathleen.

" Amelia did, then."

" Who's to pay for it? " asked Hannah, and looked at Kathleen obliquely. She laughed when she said it, but her eyes did not.

Kathleen's face grew hot, and Paul said lazily, " I did, my angel; be not distressed."

The telephone rang, and Kathleen, nearest to it, answered. Her voice was cool and indifferent. . . . " Yes," she said. Then her voice was colored with warmth and personality. Hannah grinned at Paul and raised a dark eyebrow. He said nothing, his face was a mask.

" Yes . . . of course, Pat," answered Kathleen. " Where would I be? "

Pat said, " Look. I got back to the office at all hours and you'd gone. . . ."

" I didn't think you'd return. There was no message. . . ."

" I know. My mother told me. She's taken a great fancy to you, Kathleen. You'll come Christmas? "

" Of course; but I'll see you before that! "

" Tomorrow," he said caressingly, " tomorrow. . . ."

" Good night," said Kathleen softly, and hung up.

Paul was on his feet. He said, " I just remembered I have to see a dog about a man! Good night, girls, and thanks for a lovely evening. . . ."

He kissed the top of Hannah's head lightly and waved to Kathleen. And the door closed after him.

Hannah asked softly, a little later, " Where are you going, Kate? "

" To bed . . . and to do a few chores first, that Paul interrupted. When I reached home he was here. I had no idea—"

" You don't want him, do you? " asked Hannah.

" Of course not! " said Kathleen.

" He wants you," Hannah told her.

" He just thinks so," retorted Kathleen, going into her bedroom, but Hannah followed. She stood against the door, looking very smart in her tailored black dinner suit with the sequined blouse. She said:

" Then you won't mind if I try to get him back. It won't be easy . . . but "—her jaw hardened—" things have never been the same. . . . There must be a way," she said desperately, " there must be! I let him go, I didn't put up a fight. It isn't your fault. . . . I wish I'd never set eyes on the man," she said. " You don't know what it's like. . . ."

" Yes," said Kathleen, " in a way, I do. . . . Good luck, Hannah."

" Do you mean that? . . . Pat Bell—" She broke off. She said, " I shouldn't say this—I'm being too honest for my own good. Pat's not your man, Kate. . . ."

" You don't know him."

" I dare say not. Has Paul asked you to marry him? She could do one thing for Hannah. She could lie. She did lie steadily. She said, and laughed, " Of course not, Hannah," and turned away in order not to see the stark, overwhelming relief on Hannah's little face.

A FEW days later Paul called Kathleen at the office. " I have tickets to the opening tonight," he said. " Will you come? "

She said instantly, " I'm sorry, Paul, it isn't possible. Hannah was talking about the opening this morning—it's the Fontanne-Lunt, isn't it? She'd adore to go—"

" Look," said Paul sharply. " I thought we made a bargain. What changed your mind . . . big business? "

" No. . . . Oh, don't let's discuss it now, Paul. I haven't time. I'm sorry about tonight."

She hung up and swung around to see Pat standing by the windows with his back to her.

" I didn't hear you come in," she said.

" So I observed. . . . Quarreled with McClure? "

" No, of course not. Why should we quarrel? He called up to ask me to go to the opening tonight."

" And you refused. Why? "

She said hesitantly, " Hannah wants to go—"

" None of that Girl Scout business. . . . Why? "

He came and stood by her desk, looking down, smiling, his eyes very bright. She said evasively, " Perhaps I had a previous engagement."

" Of course you had. You're going with me! " he said.

She laughed. . . . " You just thought of that one. Admit it."

" I can get tickets," he said, " pick you up at seven thirty, we'll have dinner. How about it? Supper after. Perhaps your little friend and McClure would join us? We rate a celebration. Jobs have been coming in fast and furious. And after the first of the year the new city subway contract."

" You're pretty sure of getting it," she told him.

He said carelessly, " I've reason to be sure. No nonsense, Kathleen. Best bib and tucker and we'll go out tonight and do the town."

Reaching home, she found Hannah burrowing in a clothes closet, flinging out heaps of rosy chiffon, stiff damask, and cream-smooth satin. . . .

" What in the world! " Kathleen exclaimed on the threshold.

" Haven't a rag to wear," said Hannah frantically. " Well, maybe . . ." She regarded a full-skirted sage-green velvet with a necklace of pale pink camellias at the low bodice line. It was one of the very first of the strapless dresses and Eloise, Inc., had made it. " That's new," she said, frowning, " but I hate the color."

" It will be lovely," said Kathleen. " What's up? "

OH," said Hannah overcarelessly, " nothing, except that Paul has asked me to go to the Lunt-Fontanne opening. . . . I was never more astonished. . . . I thought he'd ask you. . . ."

" I'm going with Pat," said Kathleen, turning away to go into her own bedroom and inspect her wardrobe. She couldn't compete with Hannah, but, as far as that went, she didn't want to. She thought, I've never worn the lamé . . . too formal. It won't be tonight. She took it down, a slim russet-colored frock with simple clean lines and heavy glints of gold. It matched her hair. It had been a great extravagance when she bought it. Now she was glad.

She said, sticking her head out the door, " If you and Paul haven't any plans, Pat proposes to throw a party after. . . ."

" Frankly," said Hannah, " I'd like to get Paul to myself over a bottle and a small table. But if worst comes to worst . . . You understand, don't you? "

" Perfectly," said Kathleen with relief. She had not looked forward to the proposed foursome with any great enthusiasm. Silently she wished Hannah luck, and congratulated herself that she had not been forced to lie.

Paul came first. Hannah was ready, enveloped in the circular ermine wrap she had bought from Eloise when a client had thrown it back on their hands. She looked smart and prettier than usual. Her eyes had topaz lights,

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with excitement. She said, "Regard . . . and if you don't tell me I'm the last word in what the well dressed woman can get on credit, you're crazy."

Paul said perfunctorily, "You're always charming, Hannah." He added, "Where's Kate?"

"Oh, around, dressing for the heavy beau . . . and wondering if she can bear up under twelve tons of orchids," Hannah answered. She raised her voice, "Kate," she called, "look who's here."

"Sorry," replied Kathleen, muffled, "busy. Have a good time. . . ."

She was dressed, in the gold and russet frock. The orchids were brown and green and yellow. She stood before the mirror and pinned them at her shoulder and let the long spray fall downward. Very effective. She stood back, smiling, and waiting until she heard the door close.

Amelia waddled out. She said, "'Fore the Lord, Miss Kate, I never seen you look handsomer."

Pat said so too, arriving. He said, staring at her, "You look like a million dollars. Come on, let's go."

Leaning back in the big car on the way to the Colony, Pat asked, "Met Hannah and McClure as I came in. Did you ask 'em for after the show?"

"I spoke to Hannah. . . . I didn't see Paul. . . ."

He commented after a moment, "How in blazes can she afford ermine?"

"Don't get any notions," said Kathleen a little sharply. "Hannah makes a very good income. Pat, don't you think of anything besides money and how to get it and how other people get it?"

"Not too often," he admitted cheerfully. "What else is there to think about—that's important, I mean?"

"Lots of things," said Kathleen with energy—"books and flowers—and yours are lovely, by the way—and people. Gardens and sunsets, mountains and the sea. And where we're going from here and why. And what directs us. That's all very important, Pat. . . ."

"You are," he said . . . "too important. You worry me, Kathleen; I think about you too much. So there is something besides money, after all."

SHE touched his hand with hers in warning. The window between them and Garman, the broken-nosed driver, had been rolled down. And Pat said casually, "Oh, what difference does that make? You look marvelous," he added boyishly, "like a—a duchess—"

"Oh, no," she denied, laughing, "not like the average. Wait until you see my aunt!"

"I'd like to," said Pat. "Why doesn't she and her husband come on over when your people return? We'd show 'em a time."

"They'd hate it," Kathleen told him. "Now, there are people who *have* to think of money. They're land-poor, Pat, and they have responsibilities and obligations toward the many people dependent on them. I don't suppose they've been to a night club in years. Or to a first night."

He asked, "What's wrong with their picture? I thought people in their position always had money."

"Tell them that," said Kathleen, "and see what they'd answer. You're still believing fairy tales and the novels of the '90s. . . . Here we are!"

They dined very well, they were only a little late at the theater, but so was almost every one else. . . .

Pat's seats were very good, better than Paul's, which, while down front, were on the side. During the entr'acte Pat suggested, stretching, "Let's get out of here."

Kathleen would rather have remained where she was. . . . She was still under the spell of the play and its actors. But every one else was going out and she was being stepped upon. So she rose reluctantly.

"Have to show you off," said Pat in her ear.

People looked at them, looked, she believed, mostly at him; he was extraordinarily striking in evening clothes.

He was having a good time. He liked being stared at; he was thrilled as a kid at the circus when some one recognized him, as happened once or twice, and turned aside to hiss his name audibly to a companion.

In the lobby they encountered Paul and Hannah. And Pat demanded, "Well, how about it?"

"How about what?" asked Paul, and Hannah said quickly, "I forgot to tell him, that is—"

"Forgot what?" Paul asked her, puzzled.

"Pat wants you to have supper with us," Kathleen broke in. The moment seemed awkward. Hannah looked anxious under her rouge and not especially happy. Paul seemed morose and disagreeable. But Pat was like a triumphant army, complete with banners.

Paul said slowly, "It seems like a very sound idea. . . ."

Kathleen returned to her seat, disappointed, as she was aware Hannah was disappointed. But if it made Pat any happier. . . . He was gregarious, he liked lights and music and people around him. He liked admiration and ordering waiters about. . . . He liked being seen.

The rustle was subsiding, the people were taking their places, there was a faint odor of tobacco, of perfume . . . the house darkened and the curtain rose.

Afterward, while they were waiting for Paul and Hannah, Mrs. Doringford-Carter came wandering up to them, her weather-beaten face rising from masses of sapphire tulle striped with silver. She was covered with a quart or two of sapphires and a diamond-and-sapphire feather was fastened to a tulle band around her head. She said, screaming, "Wasn't it divine? . . . And who's that with you, Kathleen? Oh, don't tell me. Let me guess. When are you going to bring him to tea?"

Pat beamed, glad that she had remembered him. He said something and Mrs. Doringford-Carter laughed. She said, "Too amusing. Come, Carter," and drifted on, towing her mild-as-junket little husband in her wake.

Hannah came up panting. "Thought we'd lost you," she said. "Did you see the Carter woman? A spectacle, my dear. How Eloise can bear . . . Oh, there you are, Paul. . . ."

PRESENTLY they were in Pat's car, headed for the Stork Club, at which Pat had had the foresight to engage a table. Kathleen hoped it would be satisfactory. And was relieved when it proved to be.

She danced with him after they had ordered. He held her closely, dancing very well, humming to the music. He asked, "Having a good time?"

"Elegant. And you?"

"Of course!"

Later she danced with Paul. He said, "So you lied to me, sweet Kate. . . ."

"No," she said . . . and then caught herself back. Which was worse, to say, "Yes, I lied. I was going out with Pat all the time," or to say, "No, I turned you down and then accepted his invitation"?

"It doesn't matter," said Paul. "And I promised I wouldn't talk about subjects which are taboo. You are wearing very lovely orchids, Kate. You look—as always—radiant. Am I to congratulate Mr. Bell?"

She asked, "Haven't you been drinking too much?"

"Not nearly enough. . . ."

They were passing Pat and Hannah now. Hannah waved and smiled, and Pat called, "How goes it?" The floor was crowded, they were caught there together dancing on their separate dime-sized spaces, almost touching. . . .

"Swell," said Kathleen, but Paul did not seem to see the others. He said, "You fixed it all up nicely, didn't you . . . me and Hannah, you and the tycoon?"

They returned to their table, ate, drank, and talked. Pat did most of the talking. Had they seen so-and-so across the room? Who was that, just coming in? He recognized an ex-ring champion, three actresses, a banker. He was in his element.

He and Kathleen danced again, and when they returned to the table Paul was there alone. He said, "Sorry, Hannah has a headache. . . . I'm taking her home."

Kathleen took a deep breath. Had Hannah overheard, or had they quarreled and had Paul told her? She said, "Tell her we'll be right along— Why don't we go now, Pat?"

Pat looked like a child whose toy is about to be snatched from him, but said promptly, "Of course, if you wish, Kathleen."

"No, better not," advised Paul. "I'll look after her. . . . Florence Nightingale, that's me."

Kathleen was silent the rest of the evening, and distracted, and Pat asked, "What's the matter?"

"I'm worried about Hannah. . . ."

"Women always have headaches," he said. "Don't be silly. Here, drink up and let's have another bottle."

"No, I've had enough," she said, "and it's getting very late. It's been such a nice party, Pat. Let's go."

He took her out without further demur. In the car, she leaned back gratefully. Presently she felt his arm around her, and he pulled her toward him. She asked sleepily, "What's that for?"

And Pat said, "For luck. Good luck. Mine and yours. . . ."

He drew her closer, put his hand under her chin and bent to kiss her without another word. That was right, she thought, wide awake now and alive from head to foot; that was where she belonged, here, in Pat Bell's arms. . . .

She drew away and tried to laugh. She said, "No nice girl gets herself kissed in cars. . . . *Oh!*"

Garman had been driving rather fast. He could not slow down in time to avoid the taxi swinging around the corner. . . .

She heard Pat curse . . . and then she heard nothing else for a moment or so. She was flung forward violently, her head struck something unyielding . . . there were stars and singing darkness and then silence.

WHEN, a little later, she opened her eyes she found herself in Pat's arms again. He was saying savagely, "Clumsy fool!" He was saying, heedless of the group of spectators, the two policemen, of Garman arguing with the taxi driver, "Are you hurt, Kathleen . . . darling? Are you hurt?"

"I'm fine," she assured him, sitting up dizzily. "It's just a bump. . . . Please don't bother, Pat. . . ."

The fender was dented, the steering wheel twisted. Pat got out of the car and talked to the policemen. Names, addresses, questions, and witnesses. "O. K.," said Pat to the officer. "The insurance company will handle it. Get me a taxi, a safe one. . . ."

In the taxi he asked anxiously, "Sure you won't go to the hospital?"

She said, feeling her head gingerly, "It's just a bump, as I told you. I hope it won't be in the papers. A garbled version might reach mother and father. They'd be wild."

He said savagely, "How do you suppose I felt? For a crazy moment I thought you were dead! I didn't realize how much I loved you, darling, until I thought I might never be able to tell you."

Kathleen has gained the love of the man she loves, but is happiness ahead? Can two people with such different backgrounds and ideals avoid conflicts? Read next week's installment, in which Kathleen meets another woman, and gets a cruel surprise.

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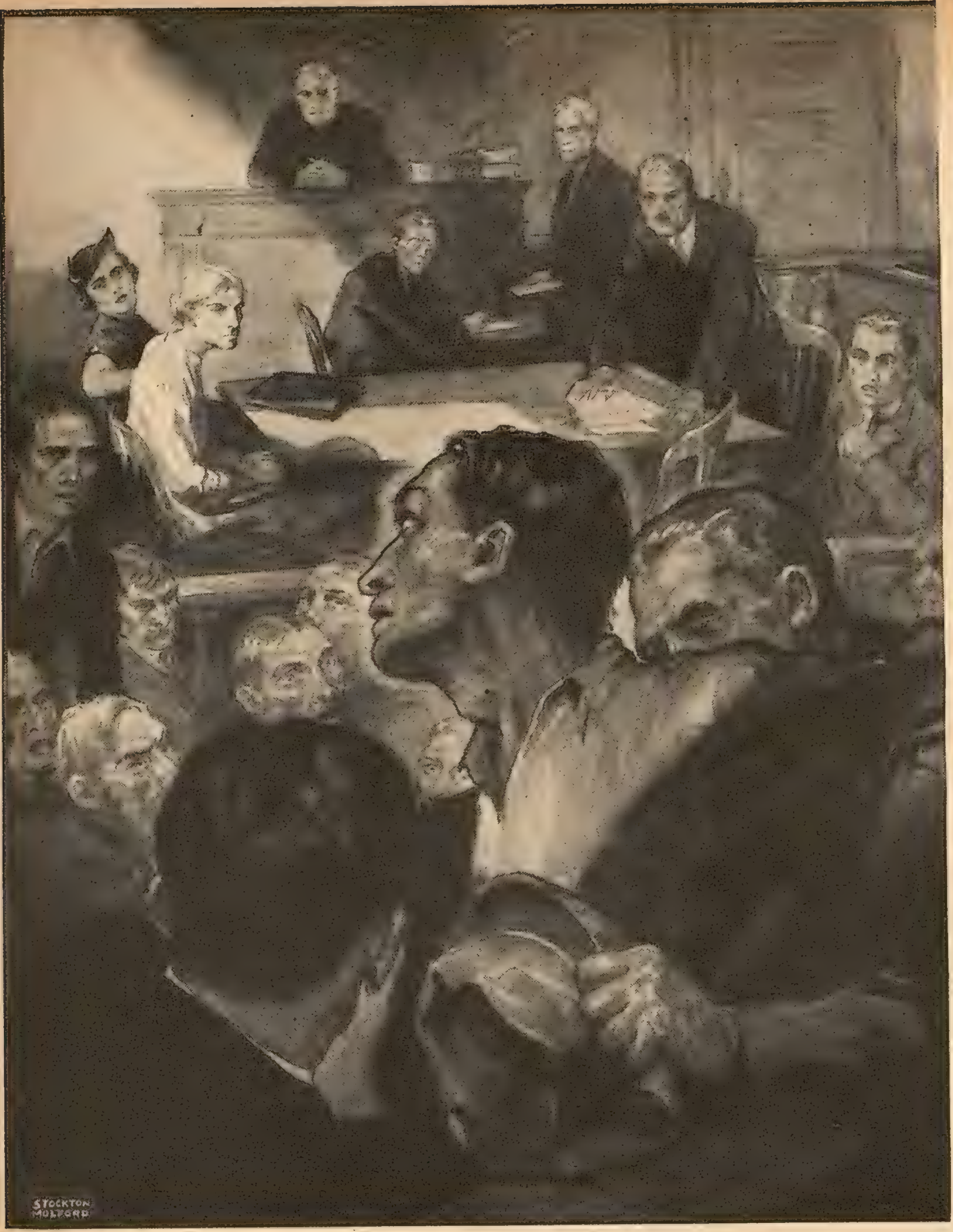


"We gotta see the jedge!" bawled George. "I gotta talk to the jedge, I tell you!"

DEAD ENDS IN DIXIE

THE TRIAL OF ROXANNA SPENZOR

by MAY DIXON THACKER

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Justice wins in the mountains—The dramatic, surprising sequel to a strange true story told in Liberty last week

THE yard of the courthouse at Milton, North Carolina, buzzed with highly excited mountaineers. A murder trial was on. Roxanna Spenzor from Black Cove was to be tried for the murder of her husband Leon.

The jail stood across the street from the courthouse. Roxanna sat by a cell window and gazed through the rusty bars at the expectant gathering. No one in all those groups knew that she was a direct descendant of the first dainty patrician Roxy Spenzor, who in 1789 had fled from the home of Aaron Burr in New York because he coveted her young beauty and innocence.

Never in her life had Roxanna seen such sights as she was viewing out the jail window. In all her fifty-three years she had not gone ten miles from the cabin in which she was born. She couldn't remember clearly what had happened to her in the night after she left her baby boy with a married daughter and had made her toilsome way to the gas station and tourist camp where the government was building the great Skyline Drive. . . .

When—tortured from lack of sleep because of what her girls, Lilly and Myrtle, hostesses at the tourist camp, had told her about her husband making a lot of money and keeping a young girl at the camp—she had waited outside it until she saw a man and a girl go down a path to a little white house . . .

When she had knocked on its door with the butt of her rifle, and Leon had appeared, and she had taken aim and had seen him fall . . .

Paying no attention to the girl's screams, she had scurried away into the forest. She remembered an awful noise that had roared deafeningly close by her. Never had she heard anything like it. As she stumbled through the brush, she had listened as this great noise seemed to die away into a far distance. . . . Finally she had fallen prone and dropped to sleep.

She had been awakened by a bright light in her face and a rough hand on her arm.

"Git up, you!" one of several men had ordered. "Did you kill Leon, your husband?"

She had nodded. "I reckon. I aimed to."

"Then you come with us. We're takin' you to jail."

It was the first automobile ride Roxanna had ever had.

When they started the engine, she knew what the terrible noise she had heard had been. It had been close to her. Somebody must have seen her—yet why had they started their engine and run away?

In the milling crowd she was now watching for one figure—that of a woman welfare worker who had said she would come and go with her to court. This welfare worker had been different from the preacher who had come to the jail to labor with Roxanna. The worker hadn't told her that Leon had gone to hell and she would join him. She had just talked, friendly, and before Roxanna knew it she had told the worker all her life story. It wasn't much to tell, but the worker didn't seem to think she was so terribly bad.

George, Roxanna's oldest son, had acted powerful queer from the very first. It had worried her. Of course she knew he had his own troubles—he and her other grown sons, Will and Charlie. He tended the still at Devil's Den, but they were hunters, fur trappers, and cured the fox furs and sold them at a little stand on the highway. Their wives made candlewick bedspreads and hooked rugs.

They had all been doing right well—till the new highway had been made, and the gas station and tourist camp. Then along had come some men with great bundles of fox furs from a big city somewhere, and they had hired mountain men to sell them—so cheap that Will and Charlie couldn't compete. The gal Leon had been living with was the wife of one of these men. . . .

Others had come with factory-made candlewick bedspreads and hooked rugs bought cheap in Japan. They had undersold Roxanna's sons' wives. . . .

With all these troubles of their own, George and Will and Charlie had been to see her twice in the jail. It was Will who had told her what had happened to the gal that Leon had been keeping. The very next day after she, Roxanna, had shot Leon, somebody had found this girl's body beside the highway about five miles away, partly covered with leaves. She had been beaten to death. . . .

The welfare worker? At last Roxanna spied her, and presently she appeared before the grated door.

"Roxanna! It's almost time for them to come for you, and you are not ready. I was sure your daughters would bring you clean fresh clothes."

"This dress ain't wore out yit," Roxanna told her. "I ain' never got but one dress at a time. I did have Lilly bring me a bonnet." Gratefully she pulled it on. "These here shoes, they be good enough. Hit don' make no odds," she sighed.

THE guard came and opened the door. Marshals opened a path through the crowd, and the two women walked across the street and into the packed courthouse.

Roxanna sat in the chair placed for her, her gnarled hands folded in her lap. She could scarcely understand the judge at all. He was a "furriner," not a man of the mountains; he didn't have their kind of talk. Then the jury box filled with men of the mountains—and, so far as she was concerned, the trial was over. Those men would be dead set against any woman who dared lift hand or voice against a man.

She only half listened to the lawyer who ranted at her and told what a bad woman she was. The lawyer the court had assigned to defend her didn't have a chance, she thought. His words fell on barren ground. She had no defense.

Suddenly the worker got up before the judge.

"Your Honor, may I speak a word for this woman? I'm a welfare worker for a private philanthropy."

She paused, and the judge nodded. "Proceed."

"I've known Roxanna Spenzor for several years. Her forebears came from England, from British nobility. Roxanna, take off your bonnet, please."

Roxanna hesitated a moment, then removed it, smoothing back the straggling wisps of gray hair.

"You can see her clear-cut English features, her large gentle eyes. You can see wisdom, beauty, force, and power in her weather-beaten face. She is silent, inarticulate, bent with the 'sorrows of the ages.'"

A hush of amazement fell over the courtroom.

"Your Honor, Roxanna Spenzor scarcely knows what this trial is all about," the worker continued. "She lives in Black Cove in the rotting cabin in which she was born, in which all her own twelve children were born.

"In that cabin she was married, when she was fourteen, to Leon Spenzor. She was a good wife to him—a good wife in their manner of living. When not actually in childbirth she was toiling incessantly. She has endured every hardship, and never a complaint. The wonder is that she lives at all, that life hasn't beaten her down.

"And then—all at once—to have to know that her two young daughters had crossed the newly opened highway into another world—that they were abandoned to a profitable life of tinsel and bauble and all it means . . .

"And *then* to have to know that the man with whom she had lived in rags for thirty-nine years was making money and keeping a young girl in luxurious ease . . .

"What happened?

"Something elemental deep within her surged to the surface. How could this poor creature meet it? In the only way she knew—and that was to kill.

"Your Honor, hasn't she suffered enough? Surely the ends of justice will be met if you let her go back to her miserable cabin and her children for the few remaining years of her life—"

The prosecutor jumped up. "Your Honor! If you let this woman off, no man's life will be safe in all this county!"

The judge addressed the worker: "You have made a good plea. But you must understand that law is law—"

JUST at that moment there was a commotion in one of the doorways. Everybody stared as five men, elbowing their way in, were seized by five marshals.

"We gotta see the jedge!" bawled the leader—Roxanna's eldest son, George. Behind him she saw his brothers Will and Charlie.

"I gotta talk to the jedge, I tell you! This here trial's agoin' to stop! We got evidence!"

The judge ordered that the five be searched. The Spenzors surrendered pistols. The other two had none. At the judge's nod, George strode to the bench.

"Jedge—your Honor—maw never killed paw nohow. Hit war this-a-way: When the body of the gal war found with her head busted in, I 'lowed hit war the fur man what done that. She war his wife."

"The—fur man?" frowned the judge.

"The man what brings down fox furs from the North. The gal paw had, she war his wife. Wal, we heard tell that this man's car war found down the side o' a mounting—a thousand feet down—turned over, and the man a-lying under hit. Dead. Dead fer a week. An' he had a pistol in his pocket.

"I tuk a notion that paw war killed by that pistol an' not by maw's old rifle. I had to go plumb to New York to git that pistol. Hit's thar at the door. The officer's got hit.

"Then I got two doctors, an' here they air"—indicating the strangers behind him. "We dug paw up—"

"You dug up your father's body?"

"That war the only way to find out what killed him. We'd buried him right thar in Black Cove in our own land. We got together, my brothers and me and the two doctors, and we dug him up, and, shore enuff, the bullet in his body war from that very same pistol the fur man had. Here's the papers to prove hit—the papers they give us in New York."

The pistol was produced; the papers from New York experts were authentic. The two doctors from a neighboring town took oath and corroborated the story. The evidence was convincing and conclusive. Said the judge:

"This case is dismissed."

The trial of Roxanna Spenzor was over.

Roxanna thanked the welfare worker and said good-by when she was put into the sheriff's car to be taken back to Black Cove. She couldn't enjoy this second automobile ride of her life any more than she had enjoyed the first. She was too busy wondering if Sally had tended to things right at home. She herself had lost a powerful lot of time. It was almost too late now to get the patch ready to sow turnip seeds. . . .

A body had to eat.

THE END

VOX POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Mr. Wells and the Future of the Jews

COLUMBUS, GA.—Thanks for the delightfully interesting article, The Future of the Jews, by H. G. Wells (December 24 Liberty). Due to the overwhelming mass of propaganda flooding this country, it's seldom that we obtain an intelligent and truthful version of the Jewish situation.

The only salvation for the Jews must come from the Jews, and from the Jews alone. They must lose their identity! Assimilate! They must turn their Judaism into some kind of ethical or social religion. They must forget their ancient traditions—traditions that have been strangling them for generations. The Jew is just about as much "chosen" as the rest of "God's chillen," and the quicker he becomes cognizant of the fact, the sooner will he be accepted by all as a desirable neighbor and friend. —*Dan Gillis.*

NEW YORK NY
ONE NEED NOT WAIT TO READ MRS ROOSEVELTS REPLY TO H G WELLS TO SAY HOW THOROUGHLY COCKEYED ARE HIS IDEAS AND OPINIONS OF HIS SUBJECT THE FUTURE OF THE JEWS I HAVE SELDOM READ A MORE INADEQUATE AND INACCURATE VIEW OF A TOPIC AS MR WELLS HAS WRITTEN FOR YOUR CURRENT ISSUE FOR A WRITER OF MR WELLS STATURE HE IS LAMENTABLY DISAPPOINTING ANY FAIRLY WELL INFORMED LAYMAN CAN COMPLETELY REFUTE AND DISPROVE ALMOST EVERY QUESTIONED SENTENCE MR H G WELLS SHOULD STICK TO WRITING NOVELS TO AVOID IMPAIRING HIS PROFESSIONAL REPUTATION—JOSEPH GLADSTONE

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Mr. Wells has pointed out that as long as the Jews remain a separate group they cannot contribute to the progress of the nation in which they live. Surely he has not forgotten the Disraeli whom he himself mentions, and the great contribution he made to the development of the author's beloved Britain. Then there are the Heines, the Freuds, the Spinozas, the Einsteins, who have not only given to the culture and science of their adopted nations, but to the world.

The possible future of the Jews is, of course, a matter of conjecture; but I do not think—nor do I believe that Mr. Wells thinks—that a race which has created so much of the foundation work of modern society, which has contributed so much to the knowledge and beauty of the world, will be allowed to be stamped out by the intolerant might of tyranny.—*Bernard Schram, Managing Editor, the Jewish Journal.*

NEW YORK NY
H G WELLS SAYS BRITISH RESENT HAVING TO PROTECT JEWS AGAINST ARABS TRUTH IS THAT JEWISH SOLDIERS HEROICALLY DEFENDING BRITISH AS WELL AS GENERAL ARAB POPULATION AGAINST TERRORISTS WHO ARE PAID TO BE PATRIOTS BY GERMAN AND ITALIAN AGENTS—SAMUEL BLITZ

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—May I thank Liberty and Mr. Wells for the firm and concise article that I know will be resented and misunderstood by a great many of my people.

I would say to the Jews of America: My people, let's join our America fullheartedly and not by the back-door method of calling attention to our so-called Biblical superiority. Nationalism first, religion second. Put the shoulder that is under the "chip" against the wheel of progress toward a better understanding based on personal ability and usefulness in the service of our country, God bless it.—*M. J. D.*

NEW YORK NY
JEWS WILL NOT BE DESTROYED BY VIOLENT ASSAULT OF HITLERISM NEITHER WILL THEY BE DESTROYED BY THOSE MEN LIKE WELLS WHO PREACH NAZISM IN THE GUISE OF VAGUE DREAMS OF UTOPIA—LOUIS RIMSKY

PATERSON, N. J.—Popular novelists as well as morons have the privilege of making stupid statements. If Mr. H. G. Wells would only think a little before he writes, he would observe that *it is not the Jews who make anti-Semitism* but *it is anti-Semitism that makes Jews.* If it weren't for persecution, the Jews would have disappeared hundreds of years ago.

These people have been trying to assimilate with their neighbors since the time of the great Greeks. Wherever and whenever Jews are allowed to live as equals they adopt the habits and customs of the majority, they intermarry and merge with the population. In Germany they became so Germanized that they completely forgot they were Jews until Hitler came along and reminded them of it.

If Mr. Wells is right, then Germany should have been the last place in the world for anti-Semitism to have arisen. —*Harold Brown.*

NEW YORK NY
H G WELLS BRAVELY KICKS A PEOPLE THAT IS DOWN PILING FRESH TINDER ON THE FIRES OF A RELENTLESS ANTI SEMITISM—MENDEL FISHER

NEW YORK NY
H G WELLS IS BRAZENLY SPREADING NOTORIOUS LIES ABOUT THE JEWS HIS VIOLENT LANGUAGE BETRAYS A STREAK OF SADISM THAT IS REVOLTING IF ANY MAN WHO PROFESSES TO BE AN ENLIGHTENED HUMAN BEING CAN PREACH SUCH HEINOUS DISTORTIONS THEN MANKIND IS DOOMED TO UTTER DARKNESS—LEON GELMAN PRESIDENT MIZRACHI ORGANIZATION OF AMERICA

THE BEER INDUSTRY DOES NOT NEED TONY GALENTO!

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your article on Tony Galento (December 24 Liberty) was well and cleverly written, but we in the beer industry—which is an organized branch of the alcoholic beverage business that can point with pride to its efforts to clean up from within itself—cannot agree with Yankee Stade's efforts to classify, subtly enough, the beverage of beer as a symbol of unhealthful living.

One horrible example who likes beer, ostensibly for reasons of commercial gain and tomfool ballyhoo in a cheap business, does not and should not be allowed to condemn a conscientious and striving industry.

The beer industry does not need Galento. His efforts to become a fistic challenger will hang on his own fists, without benefit of beer. No title was ever won with a pail of suds, and we are the last to admit one iota of Tony's contention that he can knock over Joe Louis in that way.—*Russell H. Hopkins, Editor, Beer Distributor.*

BEAUTY AND LIBERTY SHOULD BE SYNONYMOUS

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Why can't we have more really fine covers like the one painted for December 3 Liberty by C. D. Williams?

With the other magazines going cute and dizzy, it is refreshing to see a beautiful cover for a change.

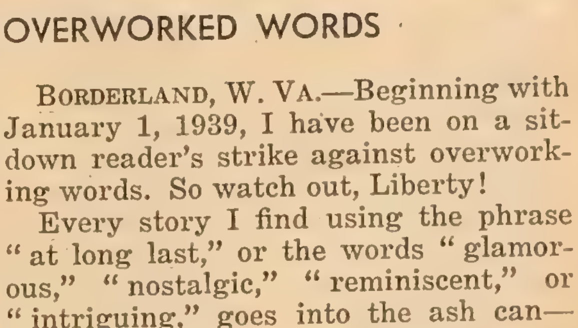
Beauty and Liberty should be synonymous.

Here's for more C. D. Williams covers! —*Wilma Earle.*

ONLY CORRIGAN COULD DO IT!

ORLANDO, FLA.—Ah-ha! I am referring to That's My Story (December 17 Liberty, page 39, lines 4 and 5 from top): "and took the motor *all apart. Three hours* later I got *started again.*" (Italics mine.)

Only Wrong-Way Corrigan could do it—or could even *he* do it?—*Radio Nick.*



OVERWORKED WORDS

BORDERLAND, W. VA.—Beginning with January 1, 1939, I have been on a sit-down reader's strike against overworking words. So watch out, Liberty!

Every story I find using the phrase "at long last," or the words "glamorous," "nostalgic," "reminiscent," or "intriguing," goes into the ash can—pronto!—*Willa Freeland Morris.*

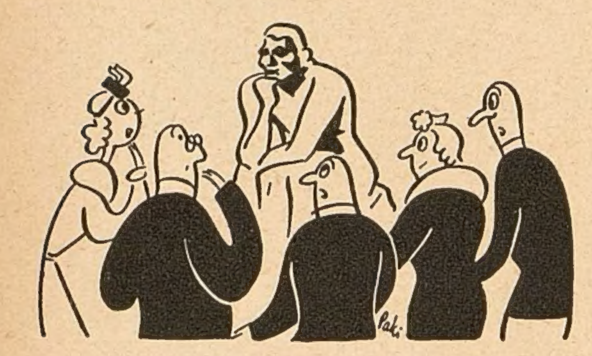
WOULD A SURGEON OPERATE WITHOUT RUBBER GLOVES?

AKRON, OHIO—In reading Every Girl a Queen, by George E. Sokolsky (December 17 Liberty), I noticed he writes in one paragraph of a surgeon in Cincinnati "who perspired to such a degree that his instruments slipped out of his hands."

Was there ever a time that a surgeon operated without rubber gloves?—*Mrs. S. C. Glenn.*

WHY DOES A MAN THINK WHAT HE THINKS?

GAINESVILLE, TEX.—I have no hesitancy in saying a nickel never did, and never will, buy so much as the nickel invested in a copy of Liberty.



Mr. Macfadden has ever impressed me as a man who thinks. Now I would like to ask, What is thought? And why does a man think what he thinks?—*Owen Saunders.*

ON THE GUILLOTINE

WESLEYVILLE, PA.—No. 17 in December 24 Twenty Questions reads: "In which country was the guillotine invented?"

Your answer, "Italy," does not check with an article that I read in the New York Sunday News of December 18.

According to this account, the guillotine was invented by Dr. Louis, assisted by Dr. Guillotine and Louis XVI, and built by a German piano constructor, Tobias Schmidt, in France. May I ask who is right?—*C. Doritty.*

[The New International Encyclopedia states: "The invention of machines of this kind [the guillotine] is ascribed to the Persians. In Italy, from the thirteenth century, it was the privilege of the nobles to be put to death by a machine of this kind, which was called *mannaia.*"—VOX POP EDITOR.]

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "GOB"

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—I note a "Pop" from John Bunyan Atkins of Hono-[illegible]lu (December 31 Liberty) [illegible]hich he criticizes your [illegible]n writer for using [illegible]rd "gob" in referring to a sailor of the U. S. Navy. Atkins tells us that the term "gob" entered the navy about 1914, having come from Scotland via China. Let me inform Atkins that he is "all wet."

Reams of paper have been devoted to an effort to discover the origin of the word "gob." The most likely version is that of one authority who claims that the word was brought from Japan by our sailors who visited the shores of Nippon many years ago. He points out that many of our seamen of that day came from the inland farms of Iowa and Nebraska, and invites our attention to the fact that the Japanese word *gob-ono-shito* means "fighting farmer." Our seamen contracted it to plain "gob."—*William A. Mason, Lieutenant Commander U. S. Navy (retired).*

ASKS MR. MACFADDEN TO READ SENATOR WHEELER'S COMMENTS

PORTLAND, ME.—With reference to Mr. Macfadden's editorial in December 24 Liberty, it would appear that Mr. Macfadden is much more devoted to writing than to reading.

Would suggest that he read U. S. Senator Burton K. Wheeler's comments on the railroad wage question, released to the press October 15, 1938; also the opening statement of Judge Charles M. Hay before the fact-finding committee, September 30; both of which may be found in the November Locomotive Engineers Journal.

It is not necessary to go into details, but it is apparent that the fact-finding committee was fully in accord with Judge Hay.—*C. L. Tucker.*

BLOB: A. BLISTER, A BUBBLE

TOPEKA, KAN.—In December 31 Liberty, Brenda Ueland, in Warmer Tonight, says: "A mournful northeast wind piled blobs of thick snow on his eyelashes."

Whoever "he" was, he was in one h—l of a shape. I looked up the word "blob" in my dictionary. Here is the meaning: "A blister, a bubble."

Needless to say, I read no further, as such senseless verbiage floored me and I assumed the rest of the story would contain more of such asinine expressions.—*M. C. King.*

MUST YOU BELIEVE A DESIGNER FROM A STUDIO?

PARK CITY, UTAH—"Nuts" is an expression that many people use in disgust and disbelief. The word is right to use concerning Florence Thomas' letter (December 24 Vox Pop). Please, Florence, must you believe a designer from a studio that probably goes around most of the time with a handkerchief in his hand and a French accent upon his pure sweet lips?

I would be willing to put my life at stake that no male member of this he-man's town will don short pants and long stockings or such a thing as a girdle. Sweet mama!

Your Hollywood designer probably has a nose so inviting that even a born pacifist would like to spoil its looks with a stiff right.—*M. Fletcher.*

MORALS OF THE OLDER GENERATION

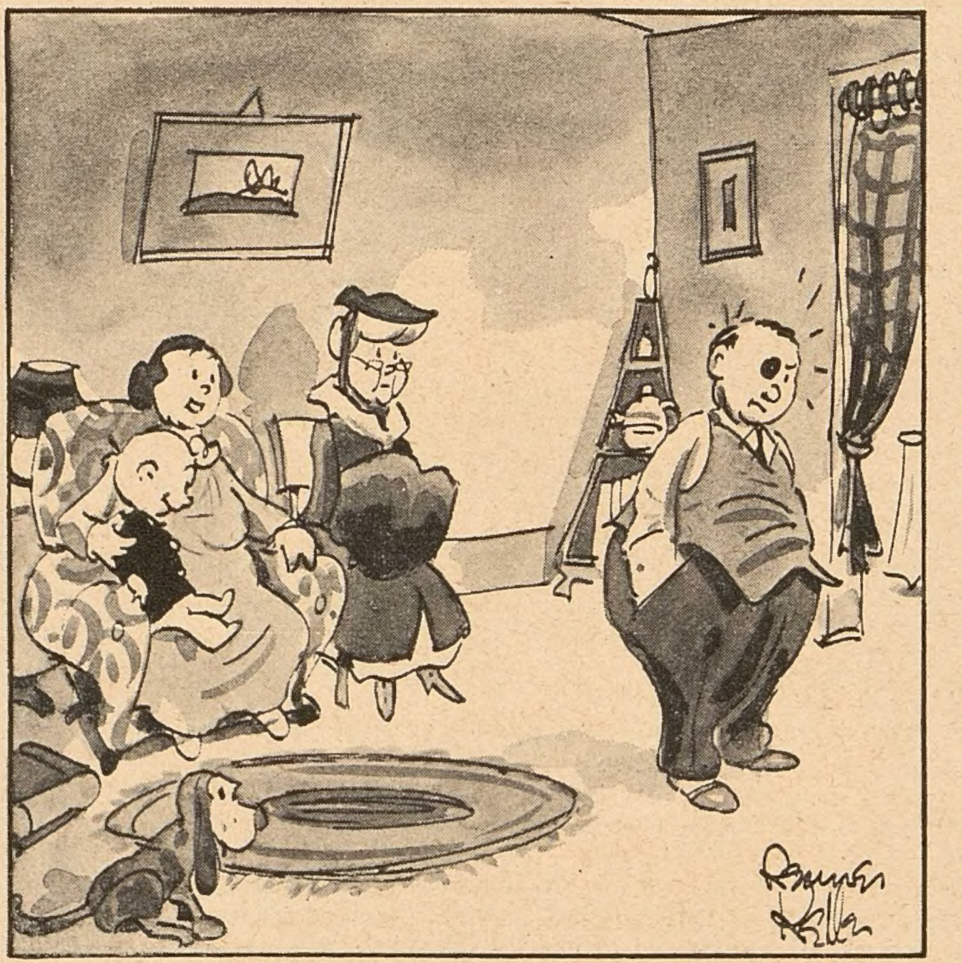
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—There has been an epidemic of articles on the morals of modern youth, and I see (November 12 issue) that Liberty got in quarantine again. I must mutter a protest.

Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.'s Debunking the Immorality of Modern Youth was good as such articles go, but I think it is time for them all to go the way of the wastebasket.

Why not turn to the morals of the older generation, or to the return of hoop skirts?

As I once heard an old Irishwoman say, "Crack a nut, and l'ave it so!"—*Winifred Moore Currey.*

"HARDTACK"



"Ernest was showing Hardtack a left hook."

A Letter from a Beloved Jewish Friend

THE FOLLOWING LETTER came just a few days ago:

Dear Fulton:
I just heard that Sylvester Viereck had written an article in which he attempts to prove that Jews are Communists, and which might find publication in the near future in Liberty. I hope the report is untrue, as I cannot conceive of anything better calculated to stir up race prejudice and intolerance than such an article.

You have undoubtedly seen the article entitled Unser Amerika in the January Readers Digest, showing the intensive and extensive workings of the Nazi propaganda machine in attempting to Germanize the United States by inciting racial hatreds and religious prejudices.

Whether Viereck is and has always been strongly pro-Nazi, whether he is another Nazi mouthpiece, lending himself in furtherance of Nazi efforts, are matters which should be capable of ascertainment. Of one thing I am certain, and that is that the statement that Jews are Communists is as false a statement as any that can be made. I recognize the fact that some Jews are Communists; so also are some Catholics, some Protestants, and others of other religious groups.

As you know, I was born in New York and have lived here all my life. I know a great number of people. I know a great number of Jews. I know rich Jews and poor Jews, highly educated and poorly educated Jews, Jews in high position and in humble position, Jews who are employers and Jews who are employees. Yet I have no hesitation in saying that I do not know a single Jew who is a Communist, or one who comes within miles of being a Communist. Furthermore, I have no hesitation in saying that my experience can probably be duplicated by that of a great number of others.

Therefore any attempt to establish hat Jews are Communists is necessarily sed on an appeal to lies and gross slander, with a definite design to foster prejudice, bigotry, and the destruction of all those values which humanity and civilization have been struggling for centuries to establish against frightful odds. If I am correct in my information, then Viereck's proposed article will serve that shocking purpose which, as much as anything else in recent decades, has aroused the indignities of all decent citizens of all countries.

Even if the article were followed by the publication of another in refutation, the desired destructive effect would have been attained. It is almost axiomatic that accusations of wrongdoing are more widely read and more readily believed than subsequent actual exoneration therefrom.

As true Americans, we all realize that democracy cannot survive except by the exclusion of intolerance and prejudice from our lives.

To which we replied by telegram as follows:

Report is preposterous and must have been spread by Communists. No such story contemplated. On other hand, cannot agree that any policy of restraining free expression of ideas can be considered good Americanism. A free press means precisely that; to curb criticism of any kind is not American but Nazi or Communist. The charge that most Communists are Jews is being constantly circulated by enemies of your race. I respectfully suggest it is time for Jews to stop denying these charges and do something positive. Why not form a Jewish League Against Communism? Take up the fight actively; it's a good American scrap.

FULTON OURSLER.

To this, Mr. Blume replied:

Of all people, I should well know the woes of an editor and all the crimes charged to him. How I could have so sheepishly believed such a rumor now passes my own understanding. Probably it was due to the actions of my informant, who was as persistent as he was erroneous.

Your suggestion for a Jewish League Against Communism I think is excellent. I shall most certainly discuss it seriously with several of my friends who are interested in doing something to combat these villainies.

80 Maiden Lane, Cordially,
New York City. AL BLUME.

This leaves only a little white paper space to tell you that next week's Liberty will be packed with exciting and substantial features for entertainment, information, and inspiration. Included in the table of contents will be I Married a Nazi, a narrative from life about an American wife in Germany, by Oscar Schisgall; What Is Jimmy Roosevelt's Real Job in Hollywood? by Frederick L. Collins; Old-Time Prisoners Do Make Good, a valuable contribution to that penal-system discussion of some weeks ago, this one by Maud Ballington Booth; some front-rank short stories, including Love and the River, by William Arthur Breyfogle; and Where Angels Fear to Tread, by Edwin Rutt; and many other interesting stories and articles. Especially don't miss reading The Battle of the Fairs--New York vs. San Francisco.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL
Why Not Divide the Wealth?...........Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES
Valkyrie in Rags..........................Vingie E. Roe 12
Liberty's Two-Minute Story................................ 26
Girl from Nowhere..........................Steve Fisher 40

SERIALS
Dark Soul: The Secret of Coster-Musica's Crimes—Part I
Frederick L. Collins
in collaboration with William Healy, M. D. 8
Death Takes a Reno Holiday—Part III..........Philip Wylie 28
Murdered by the State?—Part V..............Alan Hynd 35
Rehearsal for Love—Part IV................Faith Baldwin 55

ARTICLES
The World Crisis..........................Anthony Eden 6
Hollywood Thanks Hitler..............William C. de Mille 16
The Cop Who Cared......................Edward Doherty 21
Give Us a Modern Army!
Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard 24
4 Men . . and a Song......................Frederick Lewis 45
The Great Baseball Gamble................John Drebinger 51
Dead Ends in Dixie: The Trial of Roxanna Spenzor
May Dixon Thacker 62

FEATURES
Twenty Questions, 15; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 18; $2,000 Crossword Contest, 50; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 53; Vox Pop, 64.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name o in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincide

COVER BY R. JAMES STUA

Its taste holds the answer

Drink
Coca-Cola
Coca-Cola

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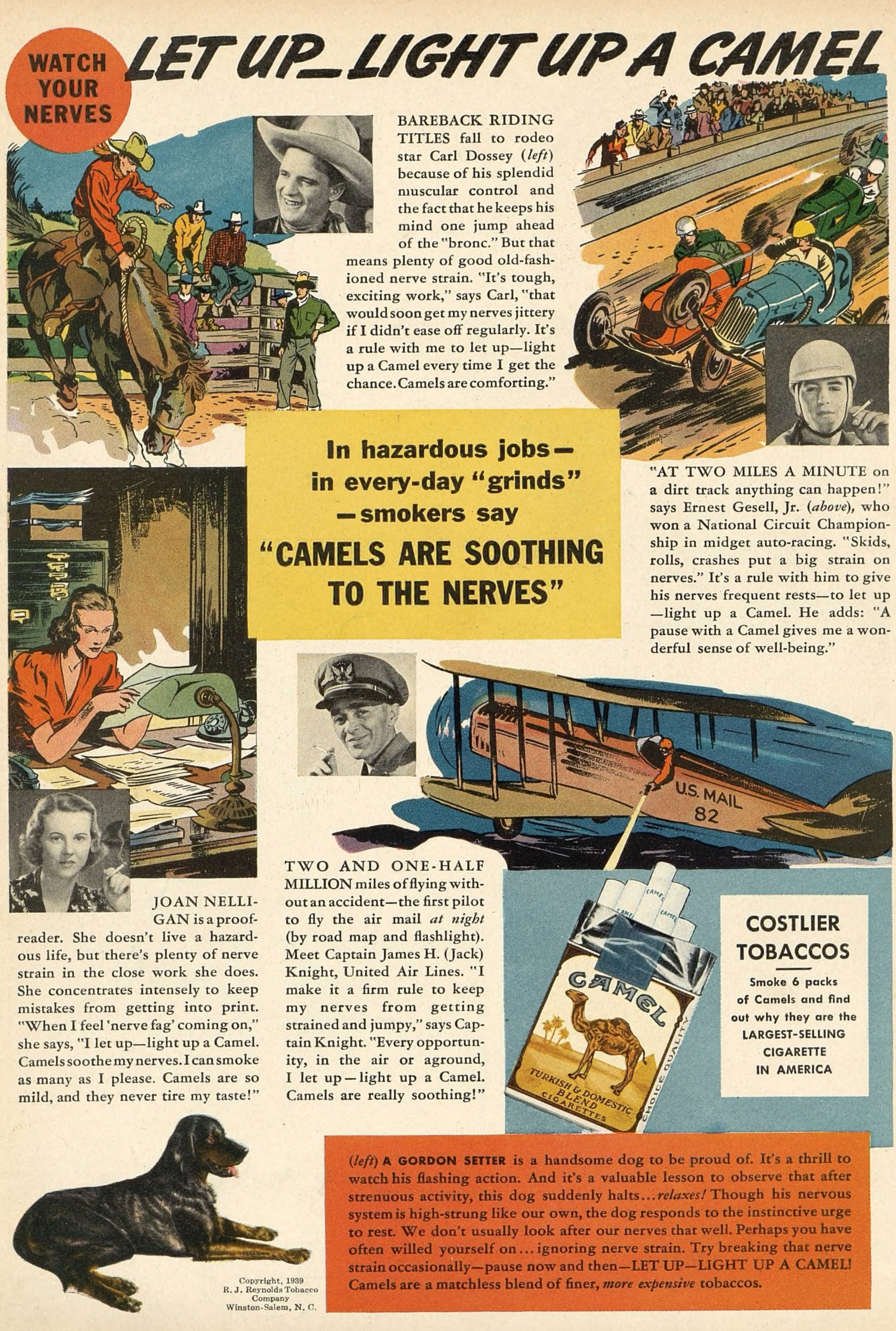
"Delicious and refreshing." That's ice-cold Coca-Cola...the drink everybody knows. Good things from nine sunny climes poured into a single glass. Your thirst asks nothing more.

Drink
Coca-Cola

THIRST STOPS HERE...
FOR ICE-COLD COCA-COLA



WATCH YOUR NERVES

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL

BAREBACK RIDING TITLES fall to rodeo star Carl Dossey (*left*) because of his splendid muscular control and the fact that he keeps his mind one jump ahead of the "bronc." But that means plenty of good old-fashioned nerve strain. "It's tough, exciting work," says Carl, "that would soon get my nerves jittery if I didn't ease off regularly. It's a rule with me to let up—light up a Camel every time I get the chance. Camels are comforting."

In hazardous jobs—
in every-day "grinds"
—smokers say
"CAMELS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES"

"AT TWO MILES A MINUTE on a dirt track anything can happen!" says Ernest Gesell, Jr. (*above*), who won a National Circuit Championship in midget auto-racing. "Skids, rolls, crashes put a big strain on nerves." It's a rule with him to give his nerves frequent rests—to let up—light up a Camel. He adds: "A pause with a Camel gives me a wonderful sense of well-being."

JOAN NELLIGAN is a proofreader. She doesn't live a hazardous life, but there's plenty of nerve strain in the close work she does. She concentrates intensely to keep mistakes from getting into print. "When I feel 'nerve fag' coming on," she says, "I let up—light up a Camel. Camels soothe my nerves. I can smoke as many as I please. Camels are so mild, and they never tire my taste!"

TWO AND ONE-HALF MILLION miles of flying without an accident—the first pilot to fly the air mail *at night* (by road map and flashlight). Meet Captain James H. (Jack) Knight, United Air Lines. "I make it a firm rule to keep my nerves from getting strained and jumpy," says Captain Knight. "Every opportunity, in the air or aground, I let up—light up a Camel. Camels are really soothing!"

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

(*left*) **A GORDON SETTER** is a handsome dog to be proud of. It's a thrill to watch his flashing action. And it's a valuable lesson to observe that after strenuous activity, this dog suddenly halts... *relaxes!* Though his nervous system is high-strung like our own, the dog responds to the instinctive urge to rest. We don't usually look after our nerves that well. Perhaps you have often willed yourself on... ignoring nerve strain. Try breaking that nerve strain occasionally—pause now and then—LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! Camels are a matchless blend of finer, *more expensive* tobaccos.

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